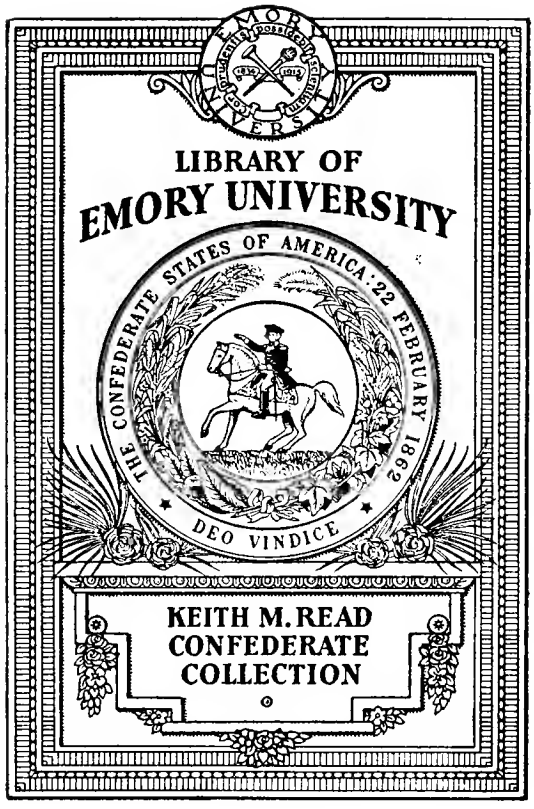
# CONFEDERATE CAPITAL AND HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE

By Mrs. A. V. Winkler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# THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL

AND

# HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE

BY

MRS. A. V WINKLER

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

AUSTIN
EUGENE VON BOECKMANN
1894

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TO THE
LIVING AND THE DEAD
OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE, ARMY OF
NORTHERN VIRGINIA, WHOSE DEEDS OF HERO-
ISM ARE EMBLAZONED UPON THEIR SOUTH-LAND'S HIS-
TORY IN LETTERS OF BLOOD AND GOLD; WHOSE LAUREL WREATHS
OF GLORY ARE ENTWINED WITH THE ROSES AND LILIES OF
THE APPRECIATION OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE—A
PRECIOUS HERITAGE TO THEIR DESCEND-
ANTS—THIS VOLUME IS DEDI-
CATED BY THE

AUTHOR.

# PREFACE.

The student of American history will notice that in the very foundation of the government there were two political parties, each struggling for supremacy, the one advocating that all power must rest in the central government; the other that each State was a sovereign in its own right to control the destinies of its own people. One party thought the "Union was one and indivisible," the other, that States had a right, whenever wearied of the Union, to secede from the compact, by the consolidated will of the people.

This right was not questioned, and had such strong adherents as John Randolph, of Virginia, Jno. C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, and others, who were not considered traitors because they openly expressed this belief.

The sovereignty of a State was admitted until the days of Daniel Webster, when he awoke the echoes of the United States Senate by declaring that "in the Constitution it is the people who speak and not the States."

Slavery had been introduced into the colonies first as an act of humanity to some Africans brought on a vessel to Jamestown who were literally starving when received there. When found to be available for tilling the soil, the slave trade was opened and the traffic became legitimate throughout the United States. As the Northern States did not find slavery profitable, it was gradually abolished.

The relation of master and slave grew closer as the years went on in the South, and each worked to the other's interest, ties being formed in the order of living and working which seemed indissoluble.

The abolition of slavery began to have its advocates at the North. Much discussion about settling the new territories, and allowing slave-holders to retain their property therein invested, often descended from their ancestors, was the result. Many compromises were made; the line of Mason and Dixon was established, the subject agitating the best minds of both rival sections —slavery, the great bone of contention, that right guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

The abolition party grew in power and wealth, violating their contracts with their Southern neighbors. Books were written which, in a graphic, imaginary style, depicted the horrors of our institutions, and a great wave of sentiment overspread the North, overlooking all the care of the helpless, all the responsibility, all

the Christian education amongst the most refined, cultivated people of the land, lifting the race from the state of savagery from which they were rescued when brought to the South and sold as slaves; and casting a stigma upon our people as lost to all sense of the wants of common humanity.

This distorting of the subject, this denying of individual rights, incensed the whole South as to clearly indicate that when so much was misunderstood, coupled with the desire which animated their ancestors, that no other than the Anglo-Saxon race should rule this land; that freedom of the negro meant universal suffrage, and the introduction of a dangerous element into politics, there seemed no other help for the evils of the land than to quietly and peaceably dissolve a Union which had grown into a disagreeable relationship, and could no longer be continued in harmony.

War was declared, the whole people rushed to battle; the South was overpowered, laid down her arms, and, after years of peace, has arisen, phœnix-like, from the ashes of despair, glowing with new life and energy. This record has been written as a pleasing task to commemorate what a brigade and people endured and suffered in behalf of the "Lost Cause," which goes down to posterity with its wonderful romance, exciting the admiration of future generations, and stamping their ancestors as heroes, if unsuccessful, as grand as the "Tenth Legion of Cæsar," or Old Guard of Napoleon.

The Confederacy is an ideal conception of the past, that flashed as a meteor of scintillating brilliancy across the world's horizon, sinking beneath the clouds of defeat in a flash of never-ending glory.

With great care the following record has been collected by one who was a resident of the capital city, and united by sacred ties with Hood's Texas Brigade.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit his fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Hood's Texas Brigade Association was organized at Houston,

May 14, 1872, Col. C. M. Winkler, President; Gen. J. B. Robertson, Vice-President; Major Robert Burns, Secretary, which position the latter has held ever since.

The lamented Col. Thos. M. Jack, of Galveston, once, at reunion at that place, uttered the sentiment of the entire State when he said:

"If the voice of Texas could be expressed, she would say, These are my sons! I am the mother of Hood's brigade."

At the fourth meeting, June 27, the anniversary of the battle of Gaines' Farm, was selected as the time most appropriate for annual assembling, and has thus been kept ever since.

At the second reunion, at Barton Springs, Austin, plans were inaugurated for collecting data, looking towards the publication of a history of the brigade. Gen. J. B. Robertson, in a glowing speech, advised every member to contribute something of his knowledge for this purpose, saying: "We hope this will be done, as a History of Hood's Brigade would make a most valuable and interesting volume to every Texas library." Committees were appointed, but very little was ever done.

It was suggested to the author to write up a personal reminiscence of life at Richmond during the days of the Confederacy, in connection with Hood's Brigade. In hours of leisure, several chapters had been completed, when, in 1882, the publication of Texas Prairie Flower was undertaken, and within the pages of this literary journal first appeared the articles now comprising the Confederate Capital and Hood's Brigade.

After the reunion at Crockett, in 1883, the Historical Committee, of which Capt. W. C. Walsh is chairman, placed in our hands the work of collecting, arranging and preparing all possible information upon the subject, the agreement being that the whole should be under the supervision of the committee, and subject to their approval.

Books of reference used have been Pollok's History of the War; Stevens' War Between the States; Advance and Retreat, by General Hood; Jones' Life of General Lee; Life of General Jackson; Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, by Jefferson Davis; Swinton's Army of the Potomac; Ely's Journal (Federal); Federal and Confederate Records issued by Congress, and Rev. N. A. Davis' work, issued during the war, at Richmond, "From Texas to Maryland;" clippings from Federal and Confederate newspapers, verbal statements of members of the brigade, articles when possible to be obtained, jottings from note-books and private letters, have all been woven into the record, with the earnest desire to make the whole as correct as possible, and no individual effort has been spared to accomplish that end.

We are under special obligations to each member of the Historical Committee, who have been just in all criticism, unwearied in their enthusiasm and interest, and sensible of the weight of responsibility placed upon them by comrades.

After many disappointments, this publication is an outcome of the kindness and liberality of Hon. G. T. Jester, one of the last recruits of Company I, 4th Texas Regiment, who was *en route* to join the Virginia army when General Lee surrendered, and Captain James Garitty, of the 10th Louisiana Regiment, army of Northern Virginia, patriotic citizens of Corsicana, Texas. The engravings are the gifts of Byrd Warwick, of Richmond, Virginia, brother of Colonel Bradfute Warwich, who fell at the moment of victory at Gaines' Farm, and Dr. C. S. Morse, Clerk of Supreme Court, Austin, Texas, a young admirer of the deeds of brave men. Col. C. S. Venable, University of Virginia, Aid to General Lee, gave important statements as eye-witness of the charge at the Wilderness, and members of the brigade and personal friends throughout the State have grandly aided in rescuing from oblivion much that otherwise would have been lost.

It was impossible to obtain, at this late date, a muster roll of the 1st Texas Regiment, and with the consent of the committee, that of the 4th and 5th Regiments has been omitted from the appendix. The names of all who surrendered at Appomattox are given, from an authentic list published by the Southern Historical Society of Paroles of the Army of Northern Virginia, presented by W Ellis Jones, Richmond, Virginia.

The work is sent forth with belief in its success and satisfaction to all interested. A. V. W

Under a resolution adopted by Hood's Texas Brigade Association, at Livingston, Texas, on June 27, 1891, the undersigned, as members of the Historical Committee of the brigade, have read and carefully examined the manuscript of a history of Hood's Brigade, by Mrs. A. V Winkler, and do hereby approve and endorse the same in behalf of the brigade, as being as correct and accurate a history of the old command as can now be written from the data and memoranda available. The story of Hood's Texas Brigade, its marches, battles, privations and triumphs, is so closely interwoven with that of the Southern Capital that the history of one would be incomplete without the other.

HAYWOOD BRAHAN,
JOHN H. WOOTTENS,
BEN. S. BAKER,
J. M. SMITHER,
W. C. WALSH,
Historical Com. Hood's Brigade Association.

# ORIGINAL CAPTAINS OF COMPANIES OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE, AND WHERE TROOPS WERE RAISED.

## FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT.

Co. A—Capt. H. H. Black, Jefferson. Marion county.
Co. B—Capt. D. D. Moore, Livingston, Polk county.
Co. C—Capt. A. G. Dickerson, Houston, Harris county.
Co. D—Capt. A. J. Clopton, Jefferson, Marion county.
Co. E—Capt. F. S. Bass, Marshall, Harrison county.
Co. F—Capt. P. A. Work, Woodville, Tyler county.
Co. G—Capt. Dr. Jno. R. Woodward, Palestine, Anderson county
Co. H—Capt. A. T. Rainey, Palestine, Auderson county.
Co. I—Capt. D. E. Currie, Crockett, Houston county.
Co. K—Capt. B. F. Benton, San Augustine, San Augustine Co.
Co. L—Capt. A. C. McKeen, Galveston, Galveston county.

## FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

Co. A—Capt. J. C. G. Key, Goliad, Goliad county.
Co. B—Capt. B. F. Carter, Austin, Travis county.
Co. C—Capt. W P Townsend, Owensville, Robertson county.
Co. D—Capt. J. P. Bayne, Seguin, Guadalupe county.
Co. E—Capt. E. D. Ryan, Waco, McLennan county.
Co. F—Capt. E. D. Cunningham, San Antonio, Bexar county.
Co. G—Capt. W J. Hutcherson, Anderson, Grimes county.
Co. H—Capt. P P Porter, Huntsville, Walker county.
Co. I—Capt. C. M. Winkler, Corsicana, Navarro county.
Co. K—Capt. W H. Martin, Athens, Henderson county.

## FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

Co. A—Capt. B. A. Botts, Houston, Harris county.
Co. B—Capt. J. B. Upton, Colorado county.
Co. C—Capt. C. M. Whaley, Leon county.
Co. D—Capt. R. M. Powell, Montgomery county.
Co. E—Capt. J. D. Rogers, Washington county.
Co. F—Capt. King Bryan, Washington county.
Co. G—Capt. Jeff Rogers, Cameron, Milam county.
Co. H—Capt. J. C. Cleveland, Liberty county.
Co. I—Capt. J. B. Robertson, Washington county.
Co. K—Capt. J. K. Turner, Polk county.

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October 15th, 1859, dawned clear and cloudless in the city of Richmond, Virginia. Her streets were filled with well-dressed citizens and beautiful, refined ladies, wending their way to the various churches which adorn the "seven-hilled city," to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and the little ones sported along on their way to Sabbath-school. Even tired man drew his breath easier, for the burden of the week was rolled away, and the hazy atmosphere of the Indian summer brooded deliciously over all surrounding objects, making the blood course evenly and joyously through the veius of every one.

Little did the people think that there was approaching danger hovering in the exquisite beauty diffused by nature, or that wicked men were meditating, even theu, the overthrow of the country.

Our peculiar institution, slavery, had become a thorn in the side of many, but we only desired to be let alone, to preserve the property which had descended from father to son, until the slaves, whose interests were so interwoven with those they served, seemed related by the strongest ties of affection.

This day, long to be remembered in the annals of the South, John Brown spent perfecting his plans for a raid upon Harper's Ferry At the hour of midnight he took possession of the armory and government works with an armed force of picked comrades, and struck terror to the hearts of the inhabitants of the quiet village, all unconscious of the danger, until it burst upon

them. Several men lost their lives, but John Brown and his men remained in possession of the arsenal and works.

Monday morning, as soon as the facts were ascertained, the news was telegraphed to Richmond, and a call was made by the Governor for volunteers to suppress the insurrection. The Richmond Grays and Blues, two militia companies, went promptly to the scene of action.

The Blues traced their organization back to the days of 1776, and had never disgraced their colors.

Before reaching Harper's Ferry, Col. Robert E. Lee had been sent down from Washington with government troops and had routed the invaders, capturing John Brown and such of his men as were not killed, landing him safe in jail at Charlestown for trial for his life.

The people at Richmond were filled with consternation. That generation knew knothing of wars and rumors of wars, and this first sound of the tocsin of approaching strife was terrifying.

Wild tales were afloat,—that other agents of the abolition party of the North were amongst us; that the armory at Richmond was to be taken, and the slaves had agreed to flock to their assistance. Never will I forget that Sunday night, as I sat all alone, although but a girl, and awaited results.

The militia had gone, and no information could be obtained by telegraph. We pictured all the horrors of a negro-insurrection; recalling the Southampton massacre of the whites several years before, when the negroes, led on by a vile wretch, Nat Turner, who pretended to be inspired by heaven to deliver his people from bondage as Moses had delivered the Egyptians, killed about sixty persons in their blind rage, before the tumult was quelled.

We had heard all those tales from older persons, and living in Richmond were many who had escaped from San Domingo, when the negroes rebelled and drove out the whites; and some had friends who had been brutally murdered by these fiends in human form. The negro, we all knew, was peaceable when controlled by superior minds, but easily led estray. and like some beast of prey when his passions became excited. All this filled the minds of the people with alarm as they conjured up the terrors to which they might be exposed.

John Brown had been a notorious character in Kansas and had acted the role of border ruffian to perfection, as the unfortunate settlers of the new State could testify He became enthusiastic on the question of slavery, and going north ingratiated himself into the good graces of many otherwise good people, and obtained the means by private contribution to effect his nefarious object.

He laid his plans stealthily, and must have expected simultaneous action in other places. A man answering his description had been prowling around the negro quarters of the plantations on the upper James river, and mysterious individuals had been seen in other localities during the spring and summer previous.

The negro is a natural coward, and the promptness of John Brown's defeat made it complete. No one else, even amid the horrors of the war that followed, ever made a like attempt.

When the military companies returned a few days afterward. they brought some of John Brown's pikes which he had manufactured for placing in the hands of the blacks. These consisted of a staff of wood about ten feet in length, perfectly round, inserted into the pikes, iron, sharp-pointed instruments about one foot long, making the most murderous-looking weapon that could be imagined. It seemed startling that a sane man should have originated such diabolical plans and be able to secure assistance from Christian people.

Hon. Henry A. Wise was Governor of Virginia, and promptly brought the prisoner to justice. He had a fair, impartial trial, was convicted and hung at Charlestown, in the presence of a multitude of witnesses, closely guarded by troops, as it was believed that an attempt might be made to rescue him by like fanatics as himself. There was, however, no disturbance, for the Governor and people were quietly determiued he should meet his fate.

Probably the mind of man never conceived to perpetrate an outrage upon a more beautiful spot of earth, than when John Brown made his descent upon Harper's Ferry—even as the fairest places but cover the crater of the volcano, which breaks through the crust of earth, casting forth the fiery lava, blighting and scorching all verdure from view. So here the wild passions of man burst forth, destroying forever the peace and harmony of the village, for Harper's Ferry has seemed a doomed place since that midnight work in the month of October, so long ago.

The little town is nestled in between mountains which rise percipitately all around. On one side is the town, arsenal and government works, the location having been selected by General Washington; on the other, towers Maryland Heights, in all its grand, rugged beauty. Through the mountain side rushes the Shenandoah river, sparkling and bright, here uniting with the Potomac, on its course to Chesapeake bay. It seems a place specially dedicated to all that is peaceful, calm and refining in nature, inspiring sublimity of thought and feelings of thankfulness to Him who has fashioned all this wondrous work, enabling us to drink in this loveliness at one glance. This was the selection of all the Southern land to begin a fierce war of destruction, probably as being nearer the fanatic's base of supplies.

"Bells were tolled in many New England towns on the day of his execution." Sympathy was openly avowed, many ministers not hesitating to pronounce John Brown a martyr, who had been "taken by wicked hands and slain." This then was the beginning of the end.

After this raid, as it was called, there was a general feeling of insecurity pervading all classes of society in Virginia. People began to see this cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," approaching nearer and nearer, overshadowing the sky that had gleamed fair and peaceful for so long.

Military companies were formed all over the State, to be ready, at a moment's warning, for any emergency that might arise. The homes of Virginia, the fair Southern homes, but another name for genial refinement, whole-souled enjoyment, and world-renowned hospitality, had been ruthlessly threatened with destruction, and human life had been sacrificed to an ideal sentimentality. The condition of the negro slave was a matter of sympathy, but no charity was bestowed upon the master who labored for his comfort and happiness, who was not responsible for his condition, and who often involved himself hopelessly in debt to provide for so many during infancy and old age, too helpless to be anything but a care upon their protector. Was it wonderful that public opinion on the situation all pointed toward self-preservation? Was it wonderful that the grandsons of the revolution should seek to protect those sacred rights guaranteed by the provisions of the surrender at Yorktown, set forth long before that event by the Declaration of Independence?

This feeling of alienation began to be felt, and in nothing was it more forcibly manifested than the withdrawal of Southern students from Northern institutions of learning.

During the winter of 1860 we began to see notices of the meeting of Southern students attending lectures at the Philadelphia school of medicine. Southerners had considered a diploma from Philadelphia or New York a sufficient passport into the profession everywhere. About one hundred and fifty students left Philadelphia in a body and came on to Richmond; a committee of citizens met them at the depot the afternoon of their arrival. They marched through the capitol square, a small park in the centre of the city, to the governor's mansion. Governor Wise came on the portico and gave them a hearty welcome, both to Virginia, and the South. The news of their expected arrival had been announced through the papers, and quite a crowd of ladies and gentlemen had gathered to witness their reception by the Governor. He made a telling speech, congratulating the young men on their determination to return to their native soil, inter-

spersed with all his happy hits and fund of anecdote which never became exhausted.

He urged them to stand firm by their States in time of peril. His speech was delivered with such vim and fervor that he was loudly applauded. Never will the scene be forgotten. The grave determined faces of the students, their firm, proud step and dignified bearing as they seemed to realize the responsibility of the position they had assumed, and then the welcome home, hearty, and cheering—Southern in every respect.

Soon after this, Governor Wise's term of service expired, and Governor Letcher was inaugurated. The latter was wise, learned and great in all that makes up a statesman, and true as steel, yet he was slow to decide upon a State measure and had none of the impulsive promptness which was a characteristic of Governor Wise.

Events now began to crowd one another. President Lincoln had been nominated by what was known as the Republican party, an outgrowth of the free soil party which had been originated as directly opposed to the introduction of slavery into new Territories and States. His election being considered as a menace to Southern institutions, and growing weary of the strife that had agitated the country so long, South Carolina considering his election an insult to the South and an infringement of States rights, called a convention and formally withdrew from the Union. Her example was followed by all the cotton States and Texas, but Virginia hesitated to throw herself in the breach.

Here she deserves to be called the "Mother of statesmen," for she acted in this crisis of her fate with all a mother's coolness and sagacity. She wished to do nothing hastily, nothing she might regret in after years.

She was situated geographically between the contending factions, and was painfully conscious, in event of war, her plains would be the battlefields of the contest.

The legislature called a convention of the people. The majority of that convention were cool, dispassionate men who had a high regard for the Union, and great veneration for the flag of their country, but who were prepared to defend to the uttermost, Virginia's proud emblem, *Sic semper tyrannis.*" They met in what was known as the Mechanics Institute, afterwards the War Department. This building had been constructed for the purpose of holding Mechanics' fairs. The exhibition rooms occupied whole floors of this commodious edifice, and easily accommodated the convention.

Large crowds of ladies and gentlemen met there daily, to listen to the discussions which occupied the attention of members on the floor. The former took a deep interest in the arguments pro

and con, and were nearly all original secessionists. 'Tis said woman acts from the promptings of her heart rather than her intellect, and this was verified at this time. While the gentlemen were willing for the convention to deliberate, the women were impatient for them to act.

Many were the speeches made by the learned savants of the time, on both sides of the vexed question; members exhausting their eloquence and rhetoric, but hesitating to take the decisive step. Their cuts at one another were at times very amusing. Old line Whigs, and Democrats of the Jeffersonian school, were here thrown together, and although the subject under discussion had no reference to either, yet party animosities would creep out occasionally.

However much they differed upon other subjects, nobody favored coercion—forcing back the seceded States into the Union. The public mind was in a state of feverish unrest and impatiently awaited the result.

In the meantime these States had banded themselves together under the name, "Confederate States of America," electing as Provisional President Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi.

Preparations for war rapidly went on at the South. General Beauregard had been placed in command at Charleston, but Fort Sumter was still held by United States troops.

President Lincoln was trifling with the peace commissioners sent to Washington, cracking his dismal jokes, and asserting that "nobody was hurt" by the secession of Southern States.

Fort Sumter was attacked. President Lincoln made his requisition upon Virginia for her quota of 75,000 men to coerce the States back into the Union. The supreme hour had come. No more hesitancy about casting her all with the fortunes of the South. No more weighing the chances of success. Lincoln had decided his policy, and Virginia must decide hers.

Without one dissenting voice the ordinance of secession was passed, the convention pledging Virginia's assistance and Virginia's blood to seal the compact with her Southern sisters. This occurred April 12th, 1861, the day the news of the fall of Fort Sumter was received. After years have flown, it is pleasing to review the calmness and deliberation of that time, and with pride remember how nobly that pledge was redeemed amid the shock of battle and simoon of destruction which followed.

A memorable occasion, a few days later, was the illumination of the city in honor of two events:—Secession of Virginia and fall of Fort Sumter.

That evening, with a brother, who had raised a company of volunteers amongst the sturdy miners, at the Clover Hill coal-pits in Chesterfield county, I went to witness the torch-light pro-

cession and illumination. Never before was such a fine display of the varied styles of illumination made.

Standing upon the sidewalk, watching the crowd surging and rolling as a mighty sea in commotion, with the torches flickering in the breeze, the faces of the men seemed to grow white and ghastly in the uncertain light. I looked until the sight grew sickening.

I can never explain the feelings of that night. War, with all its horrors, seemed to pass before my vision, and warp my faculties. The procession, with all its lights, appeared like ghastly denizens from some distant sphere, marching to a fearful death; blood seemed to stain each paving stone, and appeared as sprinkled upon the lintels of every doorway,—a premonition of impending disaster crowded upon my mind, and I shrank back affrighted.

Why was this? I felt that Virginia had taken a mighty part in the impending struggle, and had need of every brave soul, man and woman, in her midst.

I am conscious that deep down in my soul, that night, was the crushing of youthful feelings forever, as my future was laid with my State upon the altar of a sacred cause. I determined to abrogate self forever, and with a consecration that was complete, enlisted in the struggle upon which my people had entered amid this crowd, and the flashing of thousands of lamps lighted here in triumph for the first and last time during all the weary years that followed.

## CHAPTER II.

Colonel Robert E. Lee's Record in United States Army—His Resignation to Throw His Fortunes with His Native State, Virginia, and the Southern Cause—The Sacrifice of His Ancestral Home at Arlington Heights Involved—Governor Letcher, with Consent of the Convention, Tendered Him the Command of the State Forces—His Work of Drilling Raw Recruits—Arrival of Kershaw's South Carolina Regiment—The Heroes of Fort Sumpter Received with Open Arms by the People of Richmond—Ladies Devoting their Time to Making of Soldiers' Uniforms - President Lincoln's Blockade of Southern Ports—Advancement of Prices for Necessaries of Life—Removal of Confederate Seat of Government from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond—General Lee's Resignation of Command of State Troops, other Officials in Confederate Government Outranking Him—Providing for Munitions of War, and Supplies for the Army—Children Catching the Inspiration of the Times.

General Robert E. Lee had been educated at West Point. He was one of Virginia's truest sons, "descended from a family illustrious in the Colonial history of Virginia, also for their bravery during the Revolutionary War, and was endowed with a high sense of duty to his country, und unswerving devotion to her cause.

"He had come home from Mexico crowned with honors, covered with brevets, and was recognized as one of the ablest of his country's soldiers." He held the position as colonel of cavalry in the United States Army.

It was a severe trial for him to leave the army and sever his connection with the officers with whom he had studied at West Point, served with in Mexico, and been associated intimately with on the Texas frontier for so long a time.

He loved the flag he had followed so often, amid so many shifting scenes of blood-shed, and for which he had endured privation and suffering, and his soul was grieved at the thought that the position of affairs in his native State demanded the service of each one of her children. Duty was the watch-word of his life. He could not act the craven part and turn his hand against the mother who had nurtured him at her breast. When Virginia seceded, he resigined his position in the United States Army

He knew he was sacrificing his all, when he thus threw his fate with the Southern cause. His ancestral home, "Arlington Heights," was so close to Washington City, just across the Potomac river, that with war's desolating influence his beautiful

grounds and fair fields would be laid waste, and his household goods scattered.

Governor Letcher, with the unanimous consent of the convention, tendered him the command of the State forces. He accepted the trust, and immediately proceeded with the work of organizing the available troops that had already volunteered to serve the State in her hour of extremity, soon bringing order out of chaos.

Drilling the raw recruits according to the tactics of military law, was a mighty undertaking. Most of them were ignorant of the first duty of a soldier, and did not even know which foot to put forward when the order was given to march. There is scarcely a more amusing sight than the drilling of an "awkward squad" upon their first initiation into a soldier's life.

The Agricultural Fair grounds, situated at the head of Main street, afforded a fine place for a "camp of instruction." Its name was changed, and it was known afterwards as Camp Lee,* and here the regiments were received, and instructed by officers who understood their duties thoroughly.

Whenever one body of men became sufficiently expert, they were sent off, and another took their place. Camp Lee became a place of resort during the afternoon. The attention of the people was absorbed in war, and anything was interesting connected therewith, and to witness dress-parade became quite the fashion.

There were only Virginia troops for a few days after secession of the State. General Winfield Scott telegraphed the Secretary of War to send down a force and capture Richmond. His advice was unheeded, but being in such close proximity to the Federal capital, no one would have been astonished had his message been favorably considered.

Governor Letcher had no power to order the State troops to seize Fortress Monroe, as before secession he had no right to take such an aggressive step.

Fortress Monroe commands the entrance of James river and Hampton Roads, and would have been quite an advantage to the Confederate cause could it have been retained, effectually rendering the blockade of the James river useless, but the opportunity was lost.

When the fortress was re-enforced and put on the defensive, the possibility of recovering it was forever lost; to besiege it would have been worse than useless.

Colonel Kershaw's South Carolina Regiment was present at the fall of Fort Sumter. It was immediately ordered to Richmond. Never were soldiers received with such an ovation as

*Now Munroe Park.

was tendered them on their arrival. Crowds lined the sidewalks when the cars came in, and they were escorted to their camp in grand style. Baskets filled with dainties, and waiters piled with every delicacy, were borne to their camp by servants, every one striving to add their mite to welcome the first heroes of the Southern cause,—and inviting them into the homes of the best citizens.

Greggs' regiment from South Carolina was the next to arrive. They were also as eagerly welcomed. Conventionalities were thrown aside; every soldier respectfully lifting his hat while passing a group of ladies, and they responding to the salutation.

Their manners were genteel, dignified, and bespoke a gentlemanly refinement and chivalrous courtesy. They were, of course, very much pleased and flattered by their reception. No other troops were afterwards shown so much general attention, as they began to arrive too fast; it became impossible to feast them so sumptuously. The feeling towards those who came first was peculiar. We felt insecure so close to danger. They were our defenders. They had participated in the battle of Fort Sumter, were heroes in the eyes of the people, and their arrival awakened considerable enthusiasm.

Some may wonder what the ladies were doing while affairs were in so much commotion. Nearly every church, previous to the war, had its sewing circle, and appropriated the money earned to some benevolent purpose. The regiments arriving, as a general thing, were not uniformed. These societies resolved themselves into bands to meet the emergency of the times.

The basement of every church was open each morning, the officers of circles busy distributing work, while the click of the sewing machine and the cheerful hum of voices was heard, as women worked to equip warriors for the field. Day after day this labor of love went on, and regiment after regiment was prepared for service by those who had never made a masculine garment before. Some amusing mistakes were made by these novices at the beginning, but never were they rectified more cheerfully, and never was soldiers' clothing so neatly made, as when it was the gratuitous offering of these ladies whose hearts were in the cause. Tents, haversacks for carrying provisions, battle-flags, havelocks to button around their caps for protection from the sun, had all to be made, and canteens covered with woolen cloth which, when kept wet, cooled the water within, the hottest day.

All this was necessary to be done in this way. The departments of government had not been systematized, no clothing bureau had been established, and therefore the soldiers had to be uniformed by the ladies. There was no shirking of duty, but

rather a laudable ambition to excel one another in good works. The brave soldiers nobly redeemed their honor; but the women deserve to go down to posterity with a fame as great as the most valiant.

I well remember hearing old ladies tell about Revolutionary stories their mothers had told them, how women worked to prepare their friends for the field, and very knowingly would they shake their heads and deplore the degeneracy of the times. They grieved that in these latter days nothing received attention but dress and personal enjoyment; that the vim and determination of our grandmothers had departed; that while women had superior advantages for study and education, yet in a time of trial they would not be able to meet an emergency as those who had enjoyed fewer facilities for improvement.

These prophecies were not fulfilled. Great events bring forth great characters, and those who seemed least likely to be serviceable, when the time came, proved worthy descendants of those distinguished for their zeal and patriotism in the past. These petted favorites of fortune, these ladies who had graced society's halls, the beautiful, intellectual and true, vied with each other in this good work for the sake of those who took their lives in their hands and went forth to battle for their personal rights.

President Lincoln issued a proclamation April 19th, declaring the Southern ports in a state of blockade, shutting out the South from any assistance from abroad. Gun-boats were ordered to the mouth of each stream that opened its port to the shipping of the world, so the rebels might be forced, from sheer necessity, to desist from their efforts to maintain the rights of States. There were large stocks of dry goods, shoes, groceries, medicines, etc., on hand in the Richmond market at the time, but as these could only last a short while at farthest, prices immediately advanced, as, according to an established rule of political economy, when the supply is limited and the demand great, the value is bound to be enhanced. Coffee, that great product of foreign countries, and which is considered essential to the happiness and comfort of so many persons, went up in the scale of prices; but there were many who resolved to have all commodities at any risk, and they prepared to run the blockade and bring in goods by which they could not only meet the demand, but make a fortune. Thus, amidst all this tribulation, the avarice of man became manifest, and this method of procedure became inaugurated thus early in the conflict.

The Confederate government was removed from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, May 20th. President Davis was enthusiastically received by the people, but without public demonstration. The large residence, corner of Clay and Twelfth streets

the old home of the Bruce family, a fine, elegant mansion, was placed at his disposal, and there he resided during all the days he was President of the Southern Confederacy. The city council offered to purchase him a home and present it to him and his heirs forever, but he kindly, yet firmly, declined to be the recipient of their bounty, evincing his unselfish principles, which rose above place and power of personal aggrandizement.

As stated above, General Lee was given command of the State forces, before Virginia united with the Confederacy. After that event, when the seat of government was removed to Richmond, there arose a serious difficulty. There were officers in the Southern Army who outranked General Lee, and his admirers in Virginia were unwilling he should yield supremacy to others, as the Convention had ratified his appointment. When the difficulty was explained to General Lee, he quietly obtained commissions for his staff and prepared to take up the line of duty as a private soldier. This was found out and his proper place assigned him. He had to wait his turn through the line of succession, yet fate had decreed he should prove the grand central figure of the times.

Pollok in his history of the war, says: "General Lee took command of the Confederate forces in Virginia immediately." This is not a true statement of facts from personal recollection verified by Dr Jones' Life of General Lee. It is unfortunate for posterity that so much time and labor was spent upon a work so full of inaccuracies.

General Floyd, Secretary of War, during President Buchanan's administration, doubtless foreseeing the approaching struggle, had distributed to Southern arsenals a large quantity of the most improved firearms, which furnished the States with their equipments for the time. The indomitable energy of the people under the pressure of events, brought forth the hidden resources of the country and made them subservient to the cause involved.

The Tredegar iron works, where every description of machinery was manufactured, from a steam engine to the plainest of agricultural implements, became government works, and here was cast cannons, field pieces, and even the largest columbiads, which afterwards figured in the defenses of the Confederate capital. Cartridges were made at regular laboratories established for the purpose, by women, girls and boys, who in this manner earned a livelihood while their protectors were absent, and at the same time performed important service for the public benefit.

Thus was every branch and industry utilized until everything and everybody were enlisted.

All kinds of government work was found on every hand, for making cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, swords, gun-carriages, am-

bulances and everything needed for supplying the army—all had their grand center in and around Richmond, the work being done by those detailed for the purpose or not subject to military duty. There were some persons, at first, who hired substitutes—paid others to do their fighting, but the flower of the South was in the rank and file of the Confederate Army.

Everything was on a war-footing. Even the boys played soldier, gathered their companies, and with tin-horns, whistles, bones rattling for martial music, sticks for guns, wornout case-knives strapped around their waists for swords, and a piece of cloth tied to a stick for flags, they marched up and down the streets playing "Dixie," "Bonny Blue Flag," etc., their captain giving the order "hep" as lustily as any sergeant in the army. It was quite amusing to sit in some secluded place, free from observation, and watch these pickaninnies manœuvre their forces, their dirt begrimed faces beaming with as much enthusiasm, and as terribly in earnest at their play efforts to "fight the Yankees," as if the weight of a nation was resting upon their puny shoulders.

The troops, during the first year of the war, were scattered about in different localities defending the route across the Potomac, operating in the Shenandoah valley, and occupying the "Peninsula," a neck of land running down between the James and York rivers, and others still, defending points along the lower James, Sewell's Point, Suffolk, etc. To a sane person, now the conflict is over, it seems ridiculous that our people should ever have contemplated such mighty schemes for defense, trying to hold the vast Federal Army, with all its resources of men and means, in check by means of this remarkable division of strength. The people were inspired by a lofty patriotism and the belief in a just cause, and the idea of not being able to cope with any amount of unequal numbers never crossed their minds. They believed they would succeed in establishing their independence, and be recognized by the great powers of Europe.

## CHAPTER III.

Battle of Bethel—Funeral of Henry Wyatt, the First Martyr of the South—Arrival at Richmond of Washington Artillery and Dreux's Battalion from New Orleans—Colonel Zulukowsky's Regiment, from the Levees of New Orleans, afterward known as Tigers—Battle of Rich Mountain—Bravery of General Garnett—Suffering of the Soldiers—Northern Sentiments—Refusal of the 7th New York Regiment to Fight Against the People of Richmond after their Reception when President Monroe's Remains were Removed from New York to Richmond, when they Acted as Guard of Honor.

Col. J. Bankhead Magruder had command of the forces on the Peninsula, about eighteen hundred men. Here was fought the first battle upon Virginia soil.

The Confederates were entrenched at a place called Bethel, about nine miles south of Hampton, sent there to watch Federal operations about Fortress Monroe and prevent an advance to Richmond by that route.

A force, estimated at four thousand, was landed from their boats, in two bodies, one above, the other below, Magruder's troops, and made the attack simultaneously, June 10. A battery of the Richmond Howitzers, under command of Major Randolph, received the first shots. The firing was cool and deliberate. The troops engaged were Virginians and North Carolinians. The attack was repulsed.

Major Winthrop, a brave Federal officer, fell pierced with a bullet, while standing upon a log waving his sword and vainly striving to rally his men to the charge. Their loss was some thirty killed and one hundred wounded. The Confederates, one man killed and seven wounded.

There was a small house in front of our works which was thought to afford protection to the enemy. Four private soldiers, from North Carolina, volunteered to set it on fire. One man advanced beyond the rest and fell shot through the forehead. This was the first Confederate who died in his country's service.

Everybody was elated at this victory, this battle—as it was called—but which did not afterwards amount to a skirmish, such affairs sometimes not being considered of sufficient importance to receive more than official mention. The enemy was repulsed, the Confederates victorious; the public mind inspired with confidence and a great victory gained.

Henry L. Wyatt will go down to posterity remembered as a

brave man who voluntarily exposed himself in the line of duty. His remains were taken to Richmond. Sympathy for the widowed mother was felt by every one, who had sacrificed her only child, first, upon her country's altar. The body was prepared for burial, the finest of caskets procured for its reception, and the funeral was announced to take place from Broad street Methodist church. Very solemn and impressive was this first burial service of the Confederate dead. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity by those eager to honor one who had so fearlessly laid down his life. The coffin, wrapped in the Confederate flag, the stars and bars of the Southern cross, was borne by Governor Letcher and the distinguished of Virginia's sons. President Davis and his Cabinet occupied seats near the altar. The organ pealed forth its saddest dirges; the mother, shrouded in deepest mourning, was supported on the arm of a noble and and wealthy citizen who had added substantial sympathy in her bereavement. The heads of the gentlemen were all bowed in awe and the ladies wept throughout the ceremonies. Dr. James A. Duncan, one of the finest pulpit orators the South has ever produced, delivered a most stirring discourse. This scene was touchingly referred to in a fast-day sermon, preached by the same eminent divine, during the last year of the war, when the nation was steeped to the lips in the blood and agony of her children.

The procession passed out to Hollywood Cemetery, and there deposited the remains in those grounds rendered famous since, as the resting place of the great army of the Confederate dead. Thus died this brave young spirit; in this way was he honored and buried—the first of that vast number who fell upon Virginia's battle-fields—martyrs of the "Lost Cause."

About June 10th the Washington Artillery and Dreux's battalion of infantry from New Orleans reached Richmond. They were the most splendidly equipped and uniformed of the Southern troops, from the highest ranks of life, many serving as privates worth large fortunes. Their uniform was fine blue cloth, brass buttons and white gloves. They were physically a magnificent looking set of men; born and bred in society, refined and cultivated, they had acquired a polish, graceful and courteous, and were, in every respect, fit specimens of the high-toned chivalry of the Sunny South. Their dress was soon exchanged for the Confederate grey; they went immediately into the field, and gained a great reputation for intrepid bravery. Those who had graced the drawing-rooms of the Crescent city fought her battles most heroically.

Just the reverse of these gentlemanly soldiers was Colonel Zulukowsky's regiment, which arrived at the same time, and

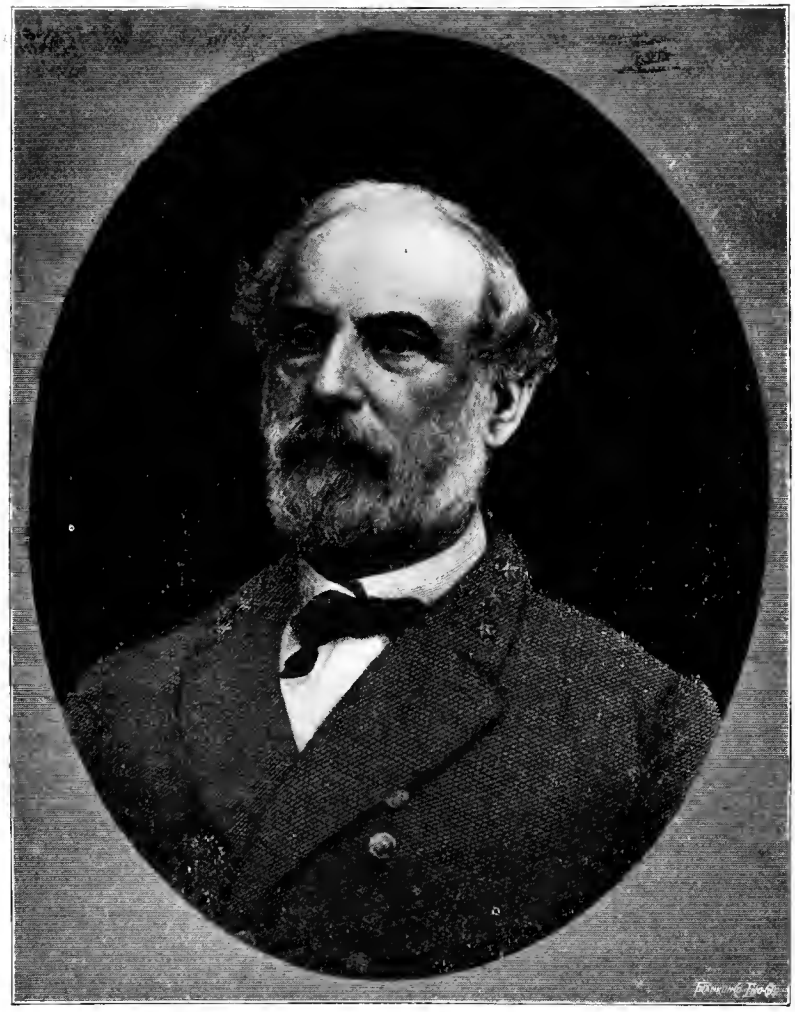
were a terror to the city until ordered to the front. They were ferocious-looking men, utterly destitute of morality. who could only be controlled by brute force. Their commander was a Polish exile who had collected these men from the levees of New Orleans; criminals from every nationality; the most debased and hardened of their species. Their dress was that of French Zouaves, full red cloth pants, trimmed up the sides with blue, and gathered round the ankle; a short blue sacque, trimmed with yellow, and a red tasseled cap. Such a uniform was odd and startling, but when worn as the dress of such a class of men, the effect was horrible in the extreme. All ordinary methods of punishment under military rule failed, and their commander would coolly present his pistol and threaten them with instant death unless obeyed. He was a man of iron nerve, trained to a soldier's life in a foreign land, and exacted and compelled obedience. They committed so many outrages while quartered in the city, that they had to be removed. They obeyed through fear, and fought bravely from a thirst for blood. They gained afterwards the soubriquet "Tigers," and became famous by their exploits upon the battle-field of Manassas.

General Joseph E. Johnston was the senior officer in the Confederate Army. He was placed in command at Harper's Ferry. Amongst the regiments there stationed were Colonel Jackson's and Colonel Stuart's. Opposing him was General Patterson, making his way from Maryland.

General Beauregard was at Manassas. Opposing him was General McDowell. General Garnett was appointed to the command of the forces in Northwestern Virginia, and occupied a strong position at Rich Mountain in Randolph county. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan was advancing into the upper portion of the valley.

The Federal generals all acted under the direction of General Winfield Scott, a Virginia officer, born and reared under the folds of her banner, distinguished for his courage and bravery during the Mexican war, honored and feted by the people, yet, soiling the proud escutcheon of his fame by turning his hand against them in their hour of extremity. He preferred retaining his position in the United States Army, to assisting his native State, when invaded by a hostile foe; to receive the emoluments of a Federal position, rather than cast his fortunes with those who had everything at stake. The measure he had meted to others was destined, very early in the war, to be measured to him again, and this proud officer with all his pomposity was brought so low there were none to do him honor.

General McClellan advanced upon General Garnett at Rich Mountain and attacked him in front, General Rosencrans ad-



GEN. R. E. LEE.

vancing in the rear, and Colonel Pegram's forces occupied the mountain, with General Garnett himself at Laurel Hill in the vicinity.

On the morning of July 11 he ordered an officer to move his men to the path by which the enemy must come. That officer failed to perform his duty, and the road was not defended. The fight lasted three hours, and the men nobly resisted the advance, but were unable to cope with the large force brought against them.

The artillery was not available; the heavy timber of the mountain side concealing the Federals from view, was cut down by our batteries, but failed to damage the enemy

Colonel Pegram, while endeavoring to escape with five hundred men, was wounded, and most of them captured. A portion of his men made their way to General Garnett, who was compelled to retreat.

He fell back to Cheat river, his command in good order but suffering terribly, the blue coats in full pursuit. The river had to be waded, their knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, and all unnecessary clothing thrown away, to facilitate their progress, and their sufferings were great in the hot, sultry weather. After crossing the river, they took a stand and fought manfully, preventing their opposers from crossing the river, till nearly every cartridge was expended. They retreated to the second ford. General Garnett selected Captain Tomkins' company of sharpshooters, from Richmond, belonging to the 23d Virginia Regiment, to form a skirmish line. Firing suddenly began again. His little body of men and himself were exposed. He gave the order to retire, and was struck by a ball and instantly killed.

The Federals abandoned the pursuit in a few moments, but the little army was worn out with fatigue and hunger, a portion of their comrades and one gallant officer wounded and captured, many left dead, and to crown the disaster of the day, their commander killed.

General Garnett is perhaps overlooked and his courage overshadowed by those whose fame was afterwards developed, but there was no braver man, none more faithful and true to the cause he loved, and no officer met his death more gallantly. His life was a sacrifice. He was sent into a mountainous country with men unused to hardship, untried in the field, and with insufficient numbers to resist a determined foe.

This initiation for the men was terrible. The remnant made their way to General Jackson, at Monterey, but those who were sick returned to their homes. A young officer, of Richmond Sharp-Shooters, was so exhausted from fatigue and exposure when he reached his home, that he was only able to ring the

bell, and sank fainting upon the threshold. This is only one instance of the fatal disaster at Rich Mountain.

The people began to see what war, with its train of evils, meant, when they saw the pale, saddened look of the defeated, and watched the ravings of their delirium. There were never more woe-begone looking objects than these men who had gone forth with enthusiasm, and returned broken down in health and spirits.

Northwestern Virginia was lost to the South. Soon afterwards its people, adhering to the Union cause, banded themselves together as a separate State, was admitted by the Congress of the United States under the name of West Virginia, and remains to this day a distinct State.

The feeling at the North was bitter against the rebels, but their troops only volunteered for three months, as they laughed to scorn the idea of the South, shut in from the world, holding out for any length of time.

The famous 7th Regiment, of New York City, refused at first to fight against the State of Virginia. A brief digression to explain this reluctance will be admissible:

President Monroe, one of Virginia's distinguished sons, died and was buried in New York. Years passed. Hollywood Cemetery was purchased by a company of stockholders. Its natural growth of holly was trimmed; its grounds, diversified by hill and dale, was laid off and beautified in every conceivable manner. Its graveled, winding walks, its artificial lakes and islands, flower-bedecked graves and gleaming monuments, all attested to the artistic eye that had chosen this spot as a burial place for the loved and lost.

One of the most elevated sites was selected and reserved for the distinguished of Virginia's dead,—overlooking the falls of the James river; commanding a view of weird, rugged beauty, wooded plain and flowery dale unsurpassed, while in the distance was the majestic city—a queen upon her seven hills.

The Legislature decided to remove the remains of President Monroe here, amongst his own people he had so faithfully served. The 4th of July was the day selected for the ceremonies to take place. The 7th Regiment of New York volunteered to act as escort. This was in '58, or '59, I fail to remember which, but before the John Brown raid.

The steamer, with its precious dust and escort, arrived the evening before, at the wharf at Rockett's, and the regiment was received and magnificently entertained by the Council, at the expense of the city

Next day, the casket was placed in a hearse drawn by four white horses with black plumes waving. Preceded by the band,

followed by the New York escort, the military companies of Richmond, Governor, State officers and citizens in carriages, they proceeded to pay the debt of gratitude Virginia owed a true son, and deposited his remains within her bosom. This spot has ever since been called President's Hill.

The military display was upon a grand scale that day, long to be remembered; and although sectional strife was already rampant through the land, the hope was expressed that the good feeling engendered by this union of sentiment would cement New York and Virginia together forever in the bonds of friendship.

After the duties of the day were over, the guests were entertained at a banquet in one of the large buildings of the place. High hopes and kind feelings were expressed, as toasts were offered and responded to, pledging themselves to be friendly to Virginia and Richmond under any and all circumstances.

When hostilities commenced between the North and South, the 7th Regiment steadily refused to fight against those who had so cordially extended their hospitality, and to whom they had pledged fraternal fidelity. They did not enter the army till forced to do so by popular sentiment being turned against them. New York may always look with pride upon the honorable action of these men, bravely resisting the clamor of the multitude so long, being unwilling to go back upon their past record of friendship.

## CHAPLER IV

Confederate Money—Care of Sick Soldiers—How the Emergency was Met by the Women of Richmond—First Battle of Manassas—Provision for the Wounded Prisoners—The Libby—Civilians Captured at Manassas—Action of Union Females of the City—Burial of a Civil Prisoner at St. John's Churchyard—Release of those Captured Merely as Spectators of a Farce.

The money for carrying on the government was manufactured on the faith of the Confederacy and was supposed to have sufficient stamina, as the South had large quantities of tobacco and cotton on hand. Mr. Davis advised the purchase and shipment to Europe of all the cotton, which might easily have been effected. All writers agree, that had that advice been heeded, the South, having such a permanent capital, might have been recognized and assisted by foreign powers. Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury, took time to differ with the President, the blockade was established and the opportunity lost.

These notes of Confederate currency were engraved at Columbia, South Carolina, and bore on the face the promise of payment two years after a treaty of peace between the contending parties. They were neatly gotten up and printed upon good paper,—in every way as good a circulating medium as the greenbacks of the United States.

They were printed on large pink-tinted sheets, and brought to Richmond to be prepared for distribution. Each note had to be cut apart, numbered, and signed by two parties, and persons of intelligence were required for the work.

There were numbers of ladies who had fled from their luxurious homes as refugees, living in Richmond, as itbecame dangerous for them to remain in proximity to the armies. They had, in many instances, lost everything and become dependent upon their own resources for making a living. They were refined, cultivated and intelligent,—their male relatives in the army.

This work in the treasury department was light and more lucrative than anything else. Writing their applications, with the endorsement of some prominent member of Congress, they received appointments for these positions.

One room was used for cutting, another for signing, and another for numbering these notes. From nine until three were the office hours, and they worked steadily at their tasks, which were light but compelled to be very accurate, and became monot-

onous, still they were eager to obtain these clerkships and glad to retain their places. About fifty occupied each room. They were known as "treasury girls," and that was a sufficient passport into society, as they could not obtain these positions unless some gentleman of unsullied reputation had recommended them as ladies in every repect and worthy to fill the appointments.

Besides these notes there was a fractional currency, called shinplasters, and also postage stamps became a medium of exchange from sheer necessity in making small change. The latter became quite a nuisance, as they were small, easily lost, and inconvenient to handle. They were five cents each, and bore upon the face the likeness of President Davis, and had to be cut or torn when used, as the instrument which pierces the holes to divide the United States stamps is a patented article and could not be infringed upon.

During this summer was inaugurated that grand system of benevolent kindness, the care for the sick, which has rendered the name of the women of Richmond so dear to the hearts of Southern soldiers, and sent their fame sounding down through future ages.

The troops were gathered from their sunny, peaceful homes, from mountain and valley, hamlet and city, where they had quietly lived. Going suddenly into camp, changing their mode of life and style of living, many fell sick, and lay battling with disease within their tents, which proved a feeble protection from the scorching sun. Measles became a fearful scourge, many more dying from sickness during this first year than were killed in battle.

Poor, brave hearts! Coming so far from home and friends, so full of vigor and determination to do their whole duty, it was indeed discouraging.

It is said woman is equal to any emergency, and it was beautifully exemplified by the manner in which they bestirred themselves to provide suitable places for these weary ones, taking them under their care and protection, and treating them as brothers in a common cause.

The basements of the churches were appropriated for their reception, and the cushions from the pews in the audience room overhead were made into temporary beds. Each church had elderly gentlemen members who were exempt from military duty, and they willingly assumed the supervision of these impromptu hospitals. The ladies divided into committees, relieving one another alternate days. Thus was the first provision made for the sick.

As soon as possible, buildings were provided, servants pro-

cured, cots made, and more comfortable beds fixed. It is wonderful, the resources of a crowd of women.

From their homes came the sheeting, pillow-slips, towels and bed clothing,—the free-will offering of the generous hearts touched with pity and sympathy for the pale invalids brought from camp so dependent upon their care and nursing. Mothers and sisters, know ye that your loved ones were as tenderly cared for as they would have been had you been by their sides? Patient watching, day and night, was cheerfully rendered, and if one died, his last moments were cheered by attention from loving hearts. The pale hands were crossed over the pulseless bosom, the body dressed for the long, dreamless sleep, in fresh clothing, and flowers strewn over the coffin lid, while some of the ladies always contrived to pay the last tribute of respect to the dead.

During this year, all the nursing was done by the married and elderly ladies. Those who were younger, did the sewing for the soldiers, but the matrons applied themselves devotedly to the sick. When they became convalescent, homes were provided with some kind family until they became entirely well, and able to return to camp. In this work the people of the adjacent country joined. One could go into scarcely any house, town or country, but there convalescents were found, not pensioners upon the bounty of its inmates, but entertained as honored guests. This was the spontaneous outgushing of the hospitality for which Virginia has so long been renowned.

General McDowell had made vast preparations for his "on to Richmond" move by way of Manassas, and assured the authorities at Washington that in ten days at furthest he would plant the "Stars and Stripes" upon the rebel capitol. General Beauregard and his troops were confronting him, both armies at that time styled "Armies of the Potomac."

The Federals advanced to Bull Run, and opened fire, on the 18th of July. The attack was received in gallant style by our men. The fight that day resulted in merely an artillery duel, and in comparison to the grand battle of the 21st, was but a brilliant skirmish.

Longstreet's brigade figured conspicuously in the early part of the day, before the infantry ceased firing and the artillery was called into play. The Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, particularly distinguished themselves for their dauntless courage. The enemy was routed, threw away knapsacks and camp equipage, and gave up the attempt to cross Bull Run.

The news of this brilliant action was telegraphed to Richmond, and around the bulletin boards were congregated crowds of eager people, anxious to get the latest reliable information from the

seat of war. Every one was excited, but waited calmly the battle that was inevitably to follow.

General Scott ordered General McDowell to advance without delay. In Washington, everything wore a bright, promising look for the Federals. The army, the largest ever before collected upon American soil, was splendidly supplied and drilled, and in such superior numbers to the Confederates it was considered mere child's play to defeat them, and return in a few days, victorious. This feeling was so universal that curiosity got the better of the people, and parties of private citizens, congressmen, fashionable women, editors—a vast crowd in all kinds of vehicles, went down from the city to witness the discomfiture of the rebels.

On the 20th, General Johnston joined General Beauregard at Manassas, bringing the larger portion of his troops from Harper's Ferry. He, being the ranking officer, of course assumed command.

The attack commenced early in the morning, and the battle was fought without any definite plan on the part of the leaders, or, at least, entirely different from any previous ideas they might have entertained. Fierce was the conflict, and on that hot, July day, our men were sometimes, seemingly, victorious, and again repulsed with heavy loss. When General Jackson came up, late in the day, with his brigade, General Bee's command had just before seemed overwhelmed by superior numbers. He said to Jackson: "General, they are beating us back." General Jackson replied: "Sir, we will give them the bayonet."

General Bee rallied his dispirited and broken down men with these cheering words: "Yonder stands Jackson like a stone wall, let us die here and we will conquer."

The reserves were brought up, the Confederates massed to receive the grand finale, and the enemy became utterly demoralized and were driven from the field. They had no forces to cover their retreat, and back to Washington they fled, a panic-stricken multitude of soldiers, sight-seers, artillery, ambulances, supply wagons, all rushing in pell mell confusion with General Stuart's cavalry in hot pursuit.

There could scarcely be imagined a scene where "confusion was worse confounded," the dead, dying and wounded strewing the road of their flight, they who had so lately passed jesting of their certain triumph, now terror-stricken, eager to get away from the conflict and the spectacle of a horrible battle-field. Our cavalry were not in sufficient numbers to continue the pursuit; had they been, Washington could easily have been captured, the administration caught unawares in the surprise. The troops were

wearied out with the severe day's fighting, and the officers felt they must recuperate.

While it was a certain victory for our people and a certain defeat for the North, the news was received at Richmond without public demonstration; not a bell was rung, not a cannon was fired at this wonderful victory. Why was this? The feeling was too deep for such expressions, and the advantage won at the cost of our true and brave who had fallen in the clash of arms, the flower of our Southland, all too precious to lose.

The loss of officers killed was very great. General Bee, of South Carolina, fell clasping the sword his native State had presented him for gallantry during the Mexican war, at the storming of Chapultepec. Colonel Barton, of Georgia, was also killed. He said just before he became engaged, "I will go into this fight with a determination to gain a victory or die." When he fell, pierced by a mortal wound, he rallied his men by exclaiming, "They have killed me, but never give up the field." Could nobler words have been uttered in the supreme moment of life when the world was receding from his vision and he beheld his men struggling in the thickest of the fight! They caught the spirit of their fallen leader, and beat back the invaders from that portion of the line in obedience to him who was "faithful unto death."

Generals Johnston and Beauregard have been severely censured for their failure to follow up the victory by an advance. The whole country waited impatiently, the soldiers were restive, but they did not take advantage of their success and remained at Manassas, strictly on the defensive. Here the first grave mistake was made. The Southern character is quick, impulsive, mercurial and impatient of delay. Obstacles then were easily surmounted by the fresh courage of the men eager for the fray. Had they been allowed to force permanent victory while flushed with success, the North might have allowed her unruly sister to "go in peace and sin no more." The people were disappointed and freely expressed their sentiments.

Women who had buckled on their husband's swords, bidding them go forth and fight, realized what a fearful thing is patriotism when their loved ones returned wounded and maimed for life, lingering through months of agonizing suffering or bearing upon their brows the pale signet of death; mothers wept the fate of sons, sisters of brothers, and the wail of the fatherless went up from many a home. Grief for the fallen was everywhere visible. "Rachel weeping for her children because they were not."

The Confederates had suddenly thrown on their care hundreds of wounded prisoners by this battle. Dr. Higgenbottom, assisted by Federal surgeons who had been captured, proceeded to pre-

pare a place for their reception. The new city alms house was chosen. This building had been under way for two years, and was completed just as the war broke out. It was the most desirable of all the available houses for a hospital, built of brick, three stories, large airy rooms, wide halls, and long porticos, cool and pleasant during the hot weather and away from the noise of the city. This was known ever afterwards as "Hospital No. 1."

To this place was taken the Federal prisoners, and their own surgeons had the principal charge of them. The "Sisters of Charity" did the nursing, keeping everything neat and orderly about the premises and surrounding their patients with all the tender care for which that noble band are famous.

Among those here wounded was Captain Ricketts, of the Ricketts battery, from what State, I am not informed. He was severely wounded in several places, and left upon the battle-field of Manassas. His wife was in Washington, and, hearing of his misfortune, went down to look for her husband. After the engagement was over, the rain poured in torrents, which is usual when so much gun-powder is exploded. She braved the elements, the rebel sentinels, and walked over the field in her search, until her dress was stained with blood and water over a foot in depth. When found, he was suffering with thirst and his severe wounds. She took her place with him in the ambulance to the cars, came on with him to Richmond, and remained at the hospital, nursing and caring for him, until she succeeded in obtaining his exchange. The conduct of this wife excited much admiration, and several ladies called to express their sympathy in her trying situation.

"The Libby" has become famous in history as the principal prison in Richmond. This was a large tobacco ware-house, several stories high, in the lower part of the city, near the river, used for the storing of tobacco, and occupying nearly a whole block. It was unusual for a lady to defy public opinion, and visit Federal prisons. Some few, however, did supply them with many dainties, but most persons had so much to do, attending to the wants of Southern soldiers, with their limited resources, as to render it impossible to include the prisoners.

Two civilians, who went from Washington to the battle-field of Manassas, were captured and became inmates of the Libby. One was Alfred Ely, member of Congress from New York; the other, Calvin Huson, a nephew of Hon. Wm. H. Seward, both from Rochester, New York, rivals in the congressional race, but fast friends afterwards. Mr. Ely was prompted by curiosity, but it is said Mr Huson went down with the noble object of caring for the wounded. Their capture naturally excited a great deal of amusement in the South, as it seemed ridiculous to those

whose every idea and feeling were enlisted in some work for the troops, that these men should have arrayed themselves daintily and gone to Manassas in a carriage. It is scarcely to be wondered that press and people held them as objects of sarcastic mirth.

Mr. Ely was an inhabitant of Libby after his arrival in Richmond, and was visited by many of the public men who knew him while together in political life. They extended every attention admissible, offering to lend him money, and do all in their power for him. He steadily refused to accept these loans until his necessities forced him to do something to render his prison life more tolerable. There has been a great deal said and written about the treatment of prisoners, but really they fared better than our men in the field. They were brought suddenly to the care of the Confederates, when every nerve was strained to provide for the requirements of the army, and the only wonder is they fared as well as they did. This inability was deplored by the people, but they were utterly powerless to do better, being shut in by the blockade, with both armies occupying the country and subsisting upon the citizens. The authorities did all in their power to effect an exchange, but the government at Washington saw fit to meet these overtures with indifference and neglect.

Captain Warner, commissary of the prisons at Richmond, deserves a great deal of credit for his kindness to the prisoners. He purchased for them articles of food and clothing when they had money, loaned them money when they had none, looked after the sick, and in many ways strove to mitigate the evils by which they were surrounded.

This old man was for years after the war night watchman of the State Treasury at Austin, Texas; but has never had credit for his benevolence while commissary of Federal prisons at Richmond. He performed his whole duty to the best of his ability The writer has watched him often hobbling along on his stick, eking out a miserable support in his old age, and wondered if, "after awhile," he would not receive some reward for the kindness to those thrown upon his care, and "be judged according to the deeds done in the body." Mr. Ely, in his journal, published after his release, mentions him with many expressions of gratitude.

Mr. Huson took sick with typhoid fever. In looking around for a more desirable place for a sick man, and a civilian, distinguished at the North, it was arranged by the captain of the post, to remove him to the residence of Mrs. John Van Lew, on Church Hill. This lady was quite wealthy. Her husband, a hardware merchant in the city for many years, had accumulated a large fortune and left his family in comfortable circumstances.

They were Union in sentiment, as it was called, openly expressed their feelings and openly defied public opinion in visiting the prisoners, and literally doing all in their power for those with whom they sympathized. This excited the indignation of their old friends, but they firmly withstood all attacks and acted entirely independent.

Their sick guest received every attention that the most refined and delicate could render, attended by his own physician, and nurses paroled from the prison to wait upon him. All this availed nothing. After days of suffering he died, and Mrs. Van Lew decided to bury him in her lot at Church Hill Cemetery. This is the oldest in the city, and for years few new interments had been made, as only those whose friends were there buried had access within the inclosure. It is called St. Johns Churchyard, after the old English style. St. Johns Episcopal church stands in the centre, upon one of the most elevated hills of the place, and the proudest, most aristocratic of old Virginia's sacred dust there moulders into decay. In this building Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech—"Give me liberty or give me death!"

Mr. Ely and others, personal friends from the prison, gathered around the new made grave, accompanied by the ladies of the household. The service for the dead was read by the prison chaplain.

Mr. Ely received many marks of attention from this family, all of which he seemed to appreciate, from the remarks in his journal. He considered himself very badly treated in not being exchanged, and became quite sad and dejected after his friend's death. President Davis sent him a pair of blankets when the weather became cold, and it was currently reported that Mrs. Davis exerted herself to effect his exchange.

It was finally arranged to exchange him for Hon. Chas. Faulkner, Minister of the United States to France. This gentleman, on his arrival in this country, went to Washington to terminate his connection with the government, was arrested and thrown into prison.

He was paroled from Fort Warren and directed to proceed to the rebel capital and effect the release of the Hon. Alfred Ely, or return to prison if unsuccessful.

He was welcomed by Governor Letcher and a crowd at the depot upon his arrival. Mr. Faulkner was a Virginian, a lawyer of distinction, who had served his State in many positions of trust. He was Minister to France during President Buchanan's administration.

He called upon Mr. Ely the next day, with the pleasant intelligence that in an interview with President Davis his release had

been agreed upon. He was soon interviewed by Gen. Winder, Military Commandant of the city, who showed him the documents authorizing his exchange, and gave him a passport.

(To those unfamiliar with military rule we explain, that after a city is placed under martial law, the military usurps civil authority,—no person can pass the sentinels stationed at every road, steamboat, cars or other avenue of exit from a place, without a passport, signed by the commanding officer.)

Red tape, probably, never appeared so beautiful before to this Congressman. That afternoon, Mr. Faulkner called in the Governor's carriage and they proceeded to the Executive Mansion, where together they enjoyed an excellent dinner.

The next day was Christmas, and that morning Mr. Ely took an early train from the city, no doubt glad to "shake the rebel dust from his feet." He proceeded to Acquia Creek and thence by flag of truce boat to Fortress Monroe. Everybody was really glad when he was exchanged—the people never rejoicing in the misfortunes of the captured. For more than five months he had been a prisoner, and went home with his curiosity thoroughly satisfied—gaining the dear-bought experience that a battle-field is no place for idle spectators. He advised, in the work published immediately after his return, all civilians "who wished to become acquainted with the mysteries of war, to pursue that knowledge somewhere north of the Potomac, and out of the reach of the rebels." His experience proved a salutary lesson, for it is not recorded that any other member of Congress ever ran the same risk of being captured.

## CHAPTER V

Effect of the War upon the Aged—Volunteering of the Youth—Plans for Furnishing the Troops with Arms and Munitions of War—Trials of President Davis—General McClellan Placed in Command of the Federal Troops—The Enlistment of Texas Soldiers for the Army of Virginia—Their Arrival at Richmond and Welcome by the President—Selection of Colonel Hood to Command the Fourth Texas Regiment—Sketch of Other Officers—Major Warwick, of Richmond—Colonel Robertson, of Texas—Organization Complete.

Many of the older citizens passed away during this summer. It was often remarked that the war was breaking the hearts of all the aged,—whether the constant strain of intense excitement was too much for those who had passed their days in calm peacefulness, distress for the grief of those who mourned their dead,—whatever might be the cause, they bent as reeds before the blast. Their sympathies were generally with their State, but long association had taught them a reverence for the "Stars and Stripes" under which their fathers had fought. They craved rest, after a toilsome business life, and did not accommodate themselves to new ideas, new surroundings, soon grew weary of confusion and excitement, and quietly faded away, out of the torments of a daily existence overshadowed by so much that was repugnant to their feelings.

Another grave trouble was the volunteering of the young into the service. Boys became dissatisfied with the dull monotony of the schoolroom when the very atmosphere was rife with the sights and sounds of conflict,—when the tramp of armed men was hourly heard upon the ringing pavement—and all the conversation in the social circle was upon the one absorbing subject.

Mothers and sisters looked with dismay upon this rending of all domestic ties, but it availed little. There is something in every male breast which kindles the desire to go forth and do battle for their country,—something not explainable, impelling them to do and dare anything for the land of their birth, in spite of all the endearments of home. The evil influence of some of the associations of camp was destined to cast a shadow over their future as deadly as the upas. They had been taught to respect the rights of others, but amongst the free and easy around the camp fire "might was right." The hen-roosts, the pig-pens, the orchards and cornfields of the people became public property, and were despoiled to furnish variety to the usual daily

rations. These exploits were retailed with bravado, and the most daring of these knights were looked upon as heroes. They did not realize that what was only a joke, to be laid aside when the war was over, as part of their experience, would bring to these boys, by their example, a fearful harvest of sin and despair.

Many of these volunteers gave up their young lives upon the battle-field, but many lived through it all, fought bravely; after the war, wandered hopelessly into foreign lands and became lost to all who had loved them—human wrecks upon the great ocean of time, drifting recklessly to eternity.

There were two attempts made to furnish the soldiers with arms and munitions of war. One was, by sending north, and the other to Europe, both of which schemes necessitated "running the blockade," which was hazardous and became part of the secret service. The men engaged at Manassas supplied themselves with superior rifles, captured from the Federals, yet the supply from all sources was limited.

The leaders, particularly President Davis, saw all the complications of the situation and tried their best to meet every emergency, but unfortunately the President was surrounded by men who had too much confidence in their own powers and opinions and were unwilling to yield to him the respect and deference due the chief magistrate of the nation. They chose to bring their own ideas in juxtaposition, openly criticising the conduct and designs of the administration at a time when popular thought should have been a unit.

Many thought the men in the field should be allowed to go home when the army was not actively engaged, and while on furlough attend to their domestic affairs. This was a queer idea, as discipline would soon have been restricted and all power over the soldiers lost. Mr. Davis, however, quietly ignored all the petty troubles which arose, and directed his efforts towards placing the army upon a well organized and effective plan of defense.

The troops had been thrown pell mell into the service, and the first thing after the battle of Manassas was to reorganize, placing troops from the same State together as much as possible. This went on steadily, with the co-operation of the commanding generals, tending to make the men better satisfied and forming a more effective combination.

Out of the field the time was spent in caring for the sick and wounded, perfecting hospital arrangements for the soldiers of each State at Richmond, establishing bureaus of clothing and other needed improvements.

The North became clamorous for a change of leaders,—attrib-

uting their defeat to the fact that General Scott had grown too old to be wary and vigilant, as when he was young and vigorous. His humiliation was great, his disgrace lasting,—for he sank into utter insignificance in the public estimation. He was one of those men upon whose record was written: "Lived too long."

General McClellan was selected as the choice of the people, who deemed the Cheat Mountain fight a victory under his leadership. He was appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac. He was a graduate of West Point and full of physical strength, fondly styled by the papers "The Young Napoleon."

The Federal government was quietly increasing their army, negotiating loans of money, and filling their ranks from every nation under heaven.

The two armies lay confronting one another all the rest of the summer and fall, but no advance was made. This lull in the storm was delusive to the Southern people, who believed one more fight would close the unnatural strife, and bring about speedy peace.

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The different companies composing the 1st Texas regiment had gone to Virginia separately, and been organized into a regiment, under command of Colonel Lewis T Wigfall, Lieutenant.-Colonel Hugh McLeod, and Major A. T Rainey.

Colonel Wigfall had been United States Senator from Texas. He was brave, brilliant and talented, a fine, forcible speaker, an argumentative reasoner, who rarely soared so high as to weary his hearers with the flowers of rhetoric; considered in Texas one of her most gifted sons. He early took a stand with his own people, speaking with vim and energy on the subject so dear to his heart—"States' Rights."

Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod was a valiant soldier of the Texas revolution, had led the Santa Fe expedition in 1841, for the peaceful occupation of New Mexico, which was sanctioned by President Lamar, then the executive of Texas, who gave the enterprise his active assistance. They were betrayed into the hands of the Mexicans, and thrown into the prisons of Santiago, Puebla and Perote, where they remained until their release in 1842. His bravery and sufferings in a foreign prison, endeared him to his people. Had he lived, doubtless he would have become distinguished, but he died from sickness, universally regretted by his comrades.

Major Rainey was a lawyer, practicing his profession at Palestine, Anderson county. Genial, social, and possessing great personal magnetism, he was everywhere a favorite. He was in

telligent and practical, had been a leader all his life, and was soon almost idolized by his men.

Early in the spring, companies had been formed in different parts of Texas for the Virginia battle-field, as the men were impressed with the belief that the principal fighting would be done upon the soil of the Old Dominion. These were some of the best men in the State—young, strong, vigorous, brave—from all trades and professions, determined to conquer a victory or die in the attempt.

The 1st Texas had gone to Virginia at their own expense, without waiting for orders, were organized, and participated actively in the battle of Manassas.

The rest of volunteers for Virginia were gathered from different counties, in companies numbering some one hundred and fifty—about twenty in all. They were in camps of instruction established by order of Governor Clark.

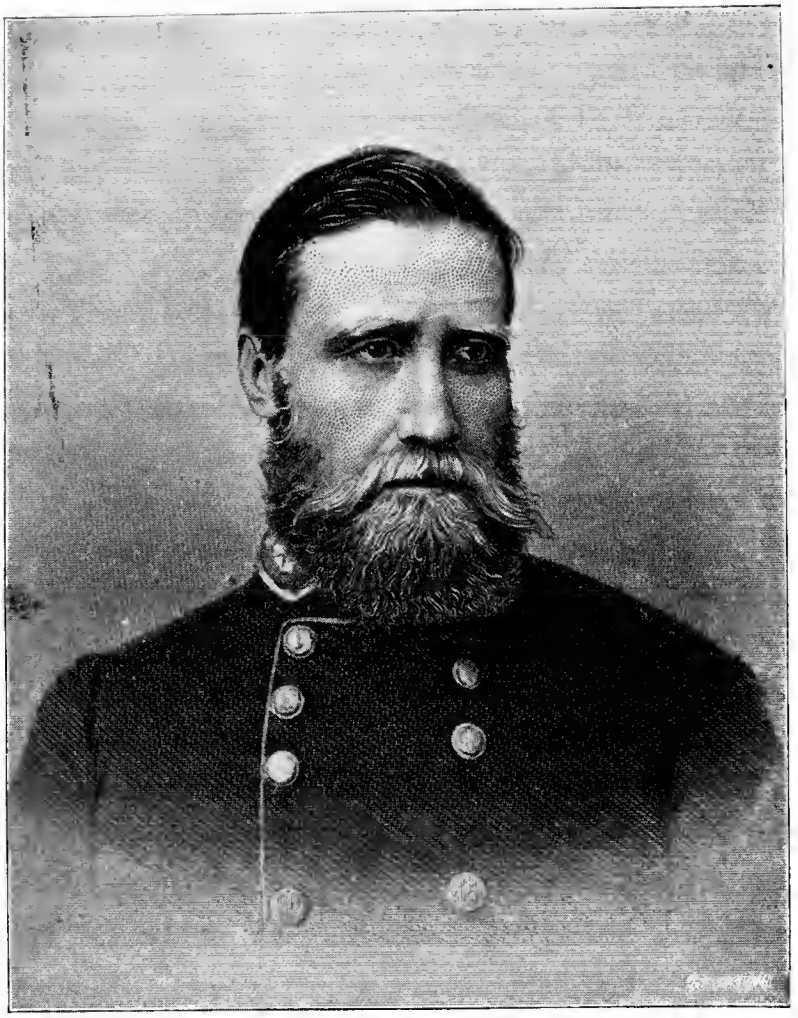
Col. John Marshall, editor of the Austin *State Gazette*, went on to Richmond and, upon his return, brought the information that these troops would be received into the Virginia army with company officers, but the President would reserve to himself the authority of appointing regimental officers. This was discouraging to those who had counted upon going off with flying colors, fully prepared to enter the arena at once. Very many became dissatisfied, gave up the idea of going to Virginia, and joined other branches of the service operating in Texas or the Trans-Mississippi Department, but a sufficient number remained impressed with the impetus to go forward, under difficulties, to form two regiments.

They were ordered to rendezvous at Harrisburg, near Houston. Brigadier General Earl Van Dorn was at that time in command of the Department of Texas by authority of the Confederate government. He was ordered to send on these volunteers at once, but kept them in camp of instruction until he could send a messenger to Richmond to remonstrate against the order. It was supposed he wanted the appointment of the officers.

When the messenger arrived, "General Van Dorn was to obey orders." All this weary waiting in a sickly portion of the State, near Buffalo Bayou, was trying to those anxious to reach the seat of war.

The first installment, sent off by authority, reached Richmond on September 12th, after many difficulties in obtaining transportation, having bade adieu to loved ones in Texas more than a month before. They were stationed below Rocketts, on the York river railroad, near the city, at "Camp Texas."

The men were immediately ordered to resume drilling, and the company officers were soon busy preparing them for the field.



GEN. JOHN B. HOOD.

President Davis seemed to appreciate these troops at the outset, as he had served with Texas soldiers during the Mexican war, and was familiar with their determined bravery.

Lieut.-General Hood had been a United States army officer, a graduate of West Point, in command on the Texas frontier, and he doubtless had an eye to his value as the commander of one of the Texas regiments; hence his wish to appoint regimental officers.

President Davis was non-committal, and reticent with regard to all his plans, but after-events proved that this supposition might be correct.

As soon as their camp was arranged, he rode out and made them a speech welcoming them to the Confederate service in Virginia. He used language which has frequently been quoted by the men: "Texans! The troops of other States have their reputation to gain; the sons of the defenders of the Alamo have theirs to maintain!! I am assured you will be faithful to the trust!" How faithful they were, is the design of these pages to chronicle. There was something touching in the President's anxiety to have only the most efficient officers for the Texas troops. While the men would then have made other selections, after-events showed the wisdom of the chief magistrate. No steps were taken to oppose the appointments.

The 5th Texas was organized with J. J. Archer, Colonel; J. B. Robertson, Lieutenant-Colonel; Q. T Quattlebaum, Major. Colonel Robertson was the only Texan.

The 4th Texas was organized with John B. Hood, Colonel; John Marshall, of Austin, Texas, Lieutenant-Colonel; Bradfute Warwick, of Richmond, Va., Major. Had President Davis looked with prophetic ken into the future, he could have made no better selection than in appointing these officers.

Colonel Hood was six feet two inches in height, with a broad, full chest, light hair and beard, blue eyes, with a peculiarly soft expression, commanding in appearance, dignified in deportment, gentlemanly and courteous to all, strict in his ideas of discipline—a man to hold the love and command the respect of those who came within his influence.

He had seen active service on the West Texas frontier, had been severely wounded in engagements with Indians years before the war, loved Texas as his adopted State, and soon felt himself identified with his people, as he was proud to call them.

"They found him able and ready to give all necessary instruction, not only in drilling them for the field, but also in the forms and technicalities of the clothing, commissary, ordnance and transportation departments, for the want of which information regiments entering the service frequently go hungry, and commissary and quartermasters make many fruitless trips." All

these qualifications made him eminently a proper person to place in command of a regiment whose blue flag bore a single silver star.

The appointment of Major Warwick, of Richmond, was an "open sesame" of the homes of that people to Texas soldiers, and formed the tie which afterwards knit them together in a bond of friendship seldom called forth by the deeds of prowess of the most renowned.

The people knew little of Texas, save disjointed scraps of her remarkable history, but were prepared to think her soldiers a wild, reckless set of men, daring to risk everything for the Southern cause. People of information, however, knew Texans were intelligent, brave and independent, glowing with an intense individuality. They soon found these soldiers were representative men of their State, who were firmly decided to fight the battles of the South, and willing to defend with their lives the sacred principle of Southern rights.

Major Bradfute Warwick was the son of one of the wealthiest of Richmond's citizens, Corbin Warwick. He was a young man pointed to with pride by the people of his native place, elegant in manners, handsome, intellectual, possessed of the advantages of great wealth, yet so imbued with the manly qualities of human nature as to make him eager to carve for himself a name distinguished in some leading profession. His preference was for a military life. To this his parents objected. Yielding to their persuasions, he graduated at the Medical College, Richmond, University of Virginia, College of New York, and the Paris School of Medicine, and from each bore off first honors.

Being only nineteen, he decided to make the tour of Europe before engaging in his life work as physician. He visited places of historic interest in Italy, Greece and Turkey, and wandered through the Holy Land, storing his mind with precious treasures of ancient lore, extending his literary and classic information by a personal knowledge of the grand works of antiquity.

Returning to Europe, he found Italy in a state of commotion. Fired by his old love for the military, he determined to offer himself to Garibaldi as surgeon, as he had received no training in arms, telling that famous general: "I want the appointment of surgeon, because I think I can do some good; but place me anywhere. If you do not, I will fight on my own hook; for to fight or physic, in this war, I am determined." The general gave him a place on the medical staff; but he was too eager for the fray,—too near the conflict to remain a passive participant,—so resigning his commission he took his position in the ranks, as a common soldier. The eye of the great soldier was upon him, he gave him a commission, and at Palermo called him out upon the

field for his coolness during the engagement, and promoted him to the rank of captain.

He remained in the Italian army until Garibaldi arrived in triumph at Capua, was sent on a delicate mission once as spy to Calabria, and was honored for his success by receiving the "Cross of the Legion of Honor." At another time, he was sent to London on recruiting service for the dictator's army.

He was only twenty-one years old, had participated in eleven pitched battles, had fought his way from a common soldier to captain in six months, had served Garibaldi faithfully, when the troubles in America reached a climax. He immediately resigned his connection and commission with the Italian army, determined to offer his sword to the Southern Confederacy. He had fought to liberate Italy, now he was inspired to fight for his own "Sunny South." When he reached home, after much anxiety lest he might be detained at the North, as his vessel was bound to a Northern port, Virginia had not thrown her fortunes with her Southern sisters. After a few days spent with his family, he went to Charleston, arriving in time to see Fort Sumter surrender to Beauregard.

This was the record of the man President Davis appointed major of the 4th Texas Regiment. No higher compliment was paid any troops than when John B. Hood was commissioned colonel, and Bradfute Warwick major of this regiment,—men who had won renown upon the battle-field, been under fire under trying circumstances, and who had been weighed in the balance, and not found wanting.

Lieut.-Colonel John Marshall, 4th Texas Regiment, was a native of Charlotte county, Virginia. He edited first the Vicksburg Sentinel, and afterwards the Mississippian, at Jackson, Mississippi. He removed from that place to Austin, Texas, where he conducted the "State Gazette," the Democratic organ of his party. He was elected chairman of the Democratic State Convention in 1858, and held that position until the beginning of the war.

Colonel Marshall was a literary man of liberal attainments, an excellent writer and close, logical reasoner, "who was inspired with the loftiest enthusiasm for the Southern cause," and possibly, through his paper, did more than any other in influencing the Texas soldiers to go forth far from their own State, into the fiercest of the conflict. He was also a man of fine business qualifications, having successfully managed his journal in a masterly manner. He made the trip to Richmond to learn the truth with regard to the exact position of affairs, and returned with a favorable report. He was a personal friend of President Davis during ante-bellum times. His men had every confidence in him as a

party leader, appreciated his bold, fearless writings, and considered him a gentleman in every respect, yet he had no military record, knew nothing of war and its contingencies. These appointments were received with a quiet, unexpressed acquiescence which did not amount to opposition, but, in fact, the men were not proud of any of them.

Colonel Hood was a stranger, although in service on the Texas frontier. Colonel Marshall handled the pen vigorously, but was not supposed to have spirit enough to lead a charge. Major Warwick, although kuown as a soldier of Garibaldi's army, they considered a puny stripling, and felt aggrieved that a Virginian should be selected to command Texans. This however, was altogether a subdued feeling, for they made no outward demonstration of discontent, but accepted the situation with the best grace possible.

Dr. Howell Thomas, of Richmond, was given the appointment of surgeon of the regiment. He was a man of extended medical information, graduate of Virginia and Paris schools, and a resident of France for several years. Returning to his native city he was tendered the supervision of the hospital connected with the "alms house;" was also a member of the faculty of a medical college, and editor of a medical journal. He was an intellectual, skillful surgeon, who had made his profession his life study, dignified, reserved, rather taciturn and somewhat unapproachable to strangers.

This appointment was the "last feather that broke the camel's back." The men were openly indignant. Their State pride was wounded. If their officers were not sufficiently versed in military tactics to command them, their doctors certainly understood how to do the physicking scientifically. This feeling became so evident that Dr. Thomas sent in his resiguation in a few weeks. He afterwards admitted that with the exception of a few of the officers who appreciated his worth, and whose friendship he always retained, his connection with the Texans was the most unpleasant of his life—a clear case of misunderstanding all around.

It would be unjust to the work of a noble man if no mention was made of Rev. Nicholas Davis, Chaplain of the 4th Texas Regiment. He went with them from Texas, shared their camp life, ministered to them, whether sick or well. Every man respected him for his many superior qualities, and to him they went with all their vexations and annoyances, always sure of the sympathy of a generous heart, filled with love and forbearance towards his fellow men. Soldiers, ever ready to make sport on all occasions, facetiously asserted that if their officers were not considered *au fait* on the military, their doctors were not wise

enough to dose them, the authorities never meddled with their chaplain, as he was good enough to attend to their spiritual condition, if he had come all the way from Texas.

Colonel J J. Archer, of the 5th Regiment, was a graduate of West Point, and ranked as lieutenant in the United States Army, stationed on the West Texas frontier, and had been considered a vigilant officer. He remained with the Texas troops only a few months, and was transferred to the Western Army.

Lieut.-Colonel Robertson was a Texan, who had been identified with the State for years, a Kentuckian by birth, a physician by profession. He very early developed a love of adventure, a zeal for public enterprise, a love of liberty and a sympathetic concern for the oppressed and down-trodden. Texas was exciting an interest among the inhabitants of the older States, and desirous of aiding in the struggle against the Mexican government in the Texas war for independence in 1836, he raised a company of sixty young men at Owensboro, Kentucky. They were delayed by many unpropitious circumstances going down the Mississippi river, and were nineteen days crossing the Gulf to Velasco. During this tedious trip the battle of San Jacinto was fought, but the captain and his men joined in the pursuit of the Mexicans to the Rio Grande, and remained in the army until they were discharged in 1837, after the Republic of Texas was established and recognized by foreign powers. During the years 1839-1840, he was in command of a regiment to repel the frequent invasions of Mexicans and Indians, and was an active participant in all the stirring events which transpired from the independence of Texas until annexation with the United States. He was afterwards elected to a seat in the lower house of the legislature, and in 1850 to the State senate, and was a member of the secession convention, and one of the first to raise a company and hasten to the conflict.

His men had every confidence in him as an officer. He was one of them, identified with their State, and they felt he would lead them aright and guide them to success. His appointment gave great satisfaction, and during the years that followed "Aunt Polly," as he was familiarly nicknamed, was to them a tower of strength.

Major Quattlebaum was a West Pointer, who had held a commission in the United States Army, but of his record there is little known, as he was soon transferred to another division of the army.

Some of the commissioned officers of the companies had been on the frontier for years, assisting in repelling the invasions of the Indians. They belonged to the pioneer organization known as "minute men," who slept always with their rifles at hand,

ready at a moment's warning for an attack, engaged frequently in fierce fights with the red men. They had no military knowledge save the experience dearly gained in these contests, yet the quick perception attained by a constant lookout for their treacherous foe, was invaluable in this new field of operation, keeping them ever on the alert to guard threatened points. This life therefore, had been a training school; they only required the drill of practiced warfare to render them efficient soldiers, daring, intrepid leaders of the men they commanded.

The rank and file were composed of very young men, many of them mere boys. Take the privates of the Texas regiments altogether, they were doubtless the youngest in the whole Confederate Army. Well was it for them morally that their officers were men of sterling worth and high-toned principles.

The organization being complete, new life became infused into the officers and men, and a system of drilling was inaugurated destined to draw forth all the soldierly qualities of the troops.

## CHAPTER VI.

Sickness Amongst the Texans—Kindness of Ladies of Richmond—Appreciation of Congress and the President for Their Efforts in Behalf of the Sick—Judge Reagan Postmaster General—Removal to General Johnston's Army, at Dumfries, Virginia—Union with First Texas Regiment—Organization of Texas Brigade—General Wigfall First Brigadier to Command—Colonel Hood's Discipline of 4th Regiment—Texans Spoiling for a Fight—Skirmish with the Enemy—Hope of Foreign Interference—Departure of Mason and Slidell for England and France to Negotiate with Those Powers—Feeling at Richmond and the South when Their Mission Failed.

A grave trouble now presented itself. Measles, the scourge of so many camps, attacked that of "Camp Texas," and soon many of the men were enduring all the misfortunes of sickness in tents without proper nourishment or attention, with no loving hand to minister to their wants. Their faithful chaplain let their condition be known to the ladies of Richmond, and some of the sick were removed to a private hospital under charge of one of the religious denominations of the city.

It happened there was a hospital in connection with Centenary Methodist Church, at a chapel which was vacant, as the people worshiping there had grown prosperous and built themselves a large church. This chapel, at the corner of Clay Street and Brook Avenue, was away from the bustle and confusion of the business portion of the city, and its various rooms susceptible of being easily converted into commodious wards. Here some of the Texas boys were taken, and fell into good hands. The ladies in charge felt a genuine sympathy for their youth and suffering, were more especially drawn towards them because of the long distance from their homes, therefore prepared to do all possible to alleviate pain and relieve their sad anxiety. None but skilled nurses watched beside these cots, and when some died, compassionate hands closed the weary eyes, and sent messages of love to absent friends. The Texas officers came here to look after their men, and here many friendships were formed between the ladies and Texans, destined to extend faithfully throughout the four years of the war. Into their homes, afterwards, the wounded and helpless came from Gaines' Farm, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, to be nursed back to health and vigor, always sure of a hearty welcome. At this hospital, Mrs. R. W Oliver, wife of a wealthy tobacconist, took entire charge of one ward of ten cots, providing nurses, food, clothing, bedding, etc., for her patients during this summer—Texans her special charge.

Miss Sallie Robertson, a maiden lady, threw open and fitted up as a private hospital, from her own purse, a large, two story brick residence on upper Main Street, into which a large number of Texans were moved, of which she took charge herself. This home was a refuge for the sick and wounded, this lady, with her abundant means, bestowing a noble philanthropy, which has ever been appreciated.

In other places, Major Warwick's friends, Judge Reagan's family, and others, were also interesting themselves in the Texans, bestowing such attention as wealth and devotion alone can supply.

Time brings many changes, but these ministrations will never be forgotten.

> "Old passions may be purged of blood,
> Old memories cannot die."

Southern people all vied with one another in demonstrating their generosity, as the published estimate of the voluntary contributions for the soldiers from private donations reached the sum of three millions of dollars during the last quarter of the first year. A committee of the Provisional Congress placed on record the thanks of the country "to the women of the South for their works of patriotism and public charity," declaring they owed "a public acknowledgment for their faithfulness to the cause."

President Davis dedicated his work, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," "To the women of the Confederacy, whose pious ministrations to our soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far away from the objects of their tenderest love; whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field; whose zealous faith in our cause shone a guiding star undimmed in the darkest clouds of war; whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected; whose annual tribute expresses their grief, love, and reverence for our sacred dead." This is his testimonial of his own knowledge of their devotion to the "Lost Cause," touching and beautiful.

A short notice of Judge Reagan's public life will not be amiss, as he occupied a prominent position at the capital. He came to Texas in 1837, from Tennessee; was a lawyer by profession, making his home at Palestine; was elected to the State legislature in 1847. In 1852 he was elected district judge, which office he held for several years. In 1857 he was sent to Congress from the first district, which position he held until 1861.

When the trouble came up between the North and South he took the Southern side of the question, and upon the organiza-

tion of the Confederacy was given the place of Postmaster General, which he retained until the cessation of hostilities.

When the convalescent soldiers returned to camp with the inevitable cough following the measles, they lost no opportunity of indulging in a little mischief during dress parade, so many yielding to the propensity to cough that it was difficult to hear the orders of the commander.

It was hard to teach them the necessity of remaining about the camp, and many a boy paid for a night's frolicking in the city, after eluding the sentinels without leave of absence, by confinement in the guard house. This he considered extreme bad treatment, and frequent were the messages of contrition sent to officers, to which they had firmness enough to refuse to listen. Discipline is one of the most difficult things for volunteer soldiers to learn, and especially was it trying to Texans, for nowhere on earth probably, is the youth of the land allowed so much liberty as on the broad prairies of their native State.

In November orders were received to send away all surplus baggage and prepare for the march. Every eye brightened, every heart was joyful, yet for several days they knew not that they would join General Joseph E. Johnston's Army at Dumfries. Part of the way was made by the cars, part by marching. They understood the enemy was awaiting them, and went forward at a lively rate, until informed there was no demonstration south of the Potomac.

When Dumfries was reached, and a camping place selected, the men proceeded to build themselves winter quarters, as the weather was beginning to get cold and disagreeable. The logs were cut, and rude houses constructed with a tent stretched above for a roof, the sides chinked with mud, and stick and mud chimneys, the men exercising their individual tastes in adorning their temporary dwellings with materials at hand.

There they joined the 1st Texas. During the reorganization of the army when regiments from the same State were thrown together, to more closely identify their interests, the 4th and 5th Texas were ordered to join the 1st at Dumfries in November, 1861.

Colonel Wigfall was appointed brigadier-general and placed in command of the Texas Brigade. At Colonel McLeod's death, which occurred here, Colonel Rainey was placed in command of the 1st Regiment, with P A. Work, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Matt Dale, Major.

As soon as the brigade was organized, Colonel Hood began his course of discipline for the 4th Regiment, and this "splendid body of men," as he called them, he desired to see become fa-

mous in deeds of valor when the time of action came. He taught them by the camp-fire, at drill, on dress parade, on picket, any and everywhere an opportunity offered, that the number of colors and guns captured and prisoners taken, constituted the true test of the work done by any command in an engagement, appealing to their pride.

Again, he impressed the lesson of personal responsibility each member must feel; that in their conduct in camp, when around cities and towns, no comrade must be allowed to bring disgrace upon the regiment, but must be dealt with summarily by the men themselves, thereby instilling a high sense of honor among the soldiers. Then he particularly taught obedience to every order, even to putting out the lights at night, as men, if restless, must disturb others, for to sleep when the chance occurred was an important duty, which must be strictly attended to in order to march and fight on the following day

Thus by every means in his power he sought to arouse the martial spirit in his men, stimulating them to be first upon the battle-field in bravery, and first also in their deportment, so the world should cast no slur upon their conduct as gentlemen.

The other officers warmly assisted Colonel Hood in all his plans, and good feeling existed between them all during that first winter spent in the snow, sleet and cold of the Dumfries camp, binding officers and men together in ties which have never been forgotten, and those sacred bonds of affection which death itself has not been able to sever.

These impulsive, fresh, buoyant spirits were, as they termed it, spoiling for a fight, and one night a portion of them thought the time had, at last, come to show their mettle. A picket dashed in with the information that the enemy was crossing the river and marching towards camp. Soon every man was in his place, and through a drenching rain they were tramped about to hunt their prey, one of the officers, it was reported, taking position on the hillside in front of his regiment, with pistol cocked, ready to do some telling work.

Colonel Archer took his men out several miles, being more eager than any of the rest to do something extraordinary, but finding it to be only a false alarm, he very quietly ordered a return. This was a subject of merriment for days, as no attempt had been made to cross the river.

Twenty men were detailed each night to watch the movements on the Occoquan, from each Texas regiment, and they soon became a terror to the scouts on the other side. In January a party were out in a house when it was surrounded by a colonel from New York and a detachment of minute men. Af-

ter firing awhile, one of the Texans shouted, "Hurrah, boys! Hampton's coming, I hear him on the bridge!" The enemy took fright and left. It was learned afterwards from some prisoners, that the Texans had killed and wounded twice their own number.

This was the only chance offered to show their pluck, and as the two armies were quiet, details from each regiment were made to return to Texas on recruiting service. The cabinet officers were particularly anxious to get more regiments from Texas, and to fill up those decimated by sickness. Nothing else of importance occurred during the winter.

The people of the South were very much deluded with the hope of foreign interference, and believed the blockade would be raised when business began in the fall. The staple products of cotton and tobacco, raised altogether upon Southern soil, they supposed would possess sufficient importance in Europe to control public sentiment.

This was a disadvantage, as it kept before the authorities an *ignus fatuus* calculated to destroy self-reliance.

Hon. James Mason and Hon. John Slidell, one from Virginia, the other from Louisiana, were appointed by the Confederacy, respectively, to England and France, to treat with those governments. They ran the blockade from Charleston to Havana, and there embarked upon a British mail steamer. The next day a Federal steam-frigate intercepted the vessel and, after threatening an attack, boarded her and demanded the commissioners. They claimed protection under the British flag, but the "Trent" was unarmed and compelled to surrender at discretion.

This was talked about around the fireside, in the hospitals, in the parlors by the ladies, and everywhere it was fondly hoped Great Britain would resent the insult to one of her ships upon the high sea, and become sufficiently aroused to side with the South.

The demand was made for the prisoners, and the Federals had policy enough to return them to the British flag. Mr. Seward declared he cheerfully surrendered the commissioners, and did so in accordance with the long-established doctrine. He knew well enough he had no time, with a civil war on his hands, to seriously provoke the British government.

Her minister did not consider, however, the cotton trade of sufficient importance to take sides upon the subject. Mr. Mason's mission therefore failed to be of any definite benefit, after all the excitement upon the subject.

Mr. Slidell made no better headway in France, which nation had enjoyed the monopoly of the tobacco trade, and owned thousands of pounds of tobacco stored in Richmond at the beginning

of hostilities. It was more confidently believed France would interfere on this account than England.

The conclusion was forced upon the Confederates by the close of the year that no help was to be had from abroad—nothing left but to develop their own resources at home, and to fight the struggle out to the bitter end.

## CHAPTER VII.

General Jackson's Movement early in 1862—His Record as a Military Man —Exchange of Prisoners Exciting Attention —Confederate Policy Strictly Defensive—General McClellan's Plan of Summer Campaign—Moving His Base of Operations—March of the Texas Brigade—Appointment of Colonel Hood as Brigadier-General—The Men Present their Commander with a Horse—Appreciation of General Hood—Brigade Known Afterwards as "Hood's Texas Brigade."

January 1st, 1862, General T. F. Jackson marched from Winchester to Romney, where a large Federal force had been encamped for several weeks, driving them from Romney and the surrounding country, initiating a campaign which is destined to live in history as the most remarkable on record.

This was the beginning of brilliant victories, of unparalleled successes,—of bitter grief, of fierce woes, of horror in every shape that war can assume, as month after month the misery was written in characters of living fire upon the hearts of the people at home, and those who endured the privations, the hardships, the fatigue, and who stood undaunted amid the showers of shot and shell upon the battle-field.

To-day, as the date is written, the soul recoils from the recital of this year's work, and the awful suffering human beings were destined to endure, ere time winged his way down to the ocean of eternity.

General Jackson was not generally known to be a military man, before his genius was developed before the eyes of the world upon the battle-field of Manassas. He stood there with his men undaunted, unwavering, turning the tide in favor of the Confederates,—gaining the soubriquet "Stonewall," until the men who followed his flag, and the people who watched his course with admiring eyes, forgot he ever had any other name.

During the Mexican war, this man—who was destined to be a leader, to live in the hearts of other men and women as something entirely wonderful and grand in all the manly attributes of human nature—commanded a battery at the siege of Vera Cruz, attracting attention by the coolness and judgment with which he worked his gun. He was there promoted to lieutenant. For his conduct at Cerro Gordo he was breveted captain. "He was in all General Scott's battles to the City of Mexico, and behaved so well that he was breveted major for his services."

After the war was over he accepted a position as professor

at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington. Very few supposed in the modest, consistent Christian, who daily regulated his conduct by the highest standard of earthly perfection,—who believed almost with the tenacity of a fatalist, "there's a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may," that this gentleman was to become the iron man of destiny Of the habits of his life one who knew him says: "He is as calm in the midst of a hurricane of bullets as he was in the pew of his church at Lexington, when he was professor at the institute. He appeared to be a man of almost superhuman endurance; neither heat nor cold makes the slightest impression upon him. He cares nothing for good quarters or dainty fare. Wrapped in his blanket he throws himself down upon the ground anywhere, and sleeps as soundly as if he were in a palace. He lives as the soldiers live, and endures all the fatigue and all the suffering they endure. His vigilance is something marvelous. He never seems to sleep, and lets nothing pass without his personal scrutiny. He can neither be caught napping, nor whipped when he is wide awake. The rapidity of his marches is something portentous. He is heard by the enemy at one point, and before they can make up their mind to follow him he is off at another. His men have little baggage, and he moves as nearly as he can without encumbrances. He keeps so constantly in motion that he never has a sick list, and no need of hospitals."

The subject of the exchange of prisoners began to be agitated in February, as the people were becoming shocked at the disregard of all ideas of justice and right by the treatment of prisoners taken at the fall of Fort Donaldson.

General Wool, on the part of the Federal government, and General Cobb, on the part of the Confederacy, were appointed to arrange and settle upon a permanent plan for the exchange of all prisoners taken in war. The proposition was, to exchange man for man, according to rank, and a proper equivalent of men for officers, that all surplus prisoners should be released, and that they should, whenever captured, be exchanged in ten days thereafter, on the frontier of their own country. This proposition was agreed to by the Confederates. General Wool did not agree to pay the expense of transportation, until he consulted Federal officials upon the subject.

General Cobb subsequently waived this latter proposition, and the cartel was freed from all objections. About the time it was supposed to be satisfactorily settled, General Wool informed General Cobb that his government had changed his instructions, and abruptly broke off his negotiations.

This was the commencement of the want of faith on the part of the Federals. Indignities were heaped upon the captured,

and all kinds of heartless schemes were inaugurated to humiliate the South, such things allowed to go unpunished, after the fashion of no civilized country under the canopy of heaven.

Shut in by the blockade, with so little means of subsistence, and the large influx of prisoners at every fresh engagement, it very soon became a source of the greatest hardship to endure it all patiently. Slaves were taken and armed, flags of truce disregarded, hospitals bombarded, and Southern generals talked about hoisting the black flag in retaliation, but it was never even a scare-crow to the United States.

Southern people have received so much villification on this one score, that it is right the truth should be exposed occasionally. Prisoners suffered pangs untold, miseries nnknown, but the people were not to blame, and the Confederate authorities were not culpably neglectful.

On the other hand, thus early in the struggle, the Federals assumed the strange position of failing to enter upon a humane and just cartel, for the benefit alike of their own prisoners and of the Confederates.

The only thing possible was to use the best means for the comfort of the captured, and endure as patiently as possible the added expense involved. It became manifest this was one of the means employed for defeating the South—throwing upon their hands, when provisions were so high-priced, money so valueless and supplies so limited, such an army of non-combatants.

The Confederacy still continued to maintain a strictly defensive policy, which was the subject of much criticism. Southern character is impulsive, bold, defiant, but no match in patient endurance with the stern, unyielding North, willing to expend any amount of means, sacrifice any number of men or resort to any stratagem, so victory at the end might perch upon their banner.

Those who looked below the surface saw this, and saw also that the country would become fearfully devastated by having two armies constantly subsisting upon it, hence there was a quiet feeling of disapproval felt towards this action on the part of the government.

It has long been a contested point whether a defensive or an offensive warfare is the most effective. Many of the great military leaders of the world have achieved their most brilliant victories by bold, determined attacks upon an unwary foe.

One of Napoleon's aids, in a work relative to that general's unexampled success, said: "The offensive is the proper character which it is essential to give to every war; it exalts the courage of the soldier, it disconcerts the adversary, strips him of the initiative, and diminishes his means. Do not wait for the enemy

at your own firesides. Go and seek him in his own home, when you will find opportunity to live at his expense, and to strip him of his resources.

"Never adopt the defensive unless it is impossible for you to do otherwise. If you are reduced to this sad extremity, let it be in order to save time, to wait for your re-enforcements, drill your soldiers, strengthen your alliances, draw the enemy upon bad ground, lengthen the base of his operations; and let an ulterior design to take the offensive be, without ceasing, the end of all your actions."

Just the reverse of this was the plan of the Confederates, and to this day leaves room for discussion, whether the result would have been different had the offensive been the policy.

Early in March, it became manifest that General McClellan intended to move his army from the region of the Potomac, and make an attack upon the Confederate forces in an entirely different direction. He was skillful enough in tactics of war to be able to discern the advantage his vessels and transports would give him, if he kept in the vicinity of his supplies by water.

Fortress Monroe, almost impregnable, commanded the James river. With nothing to fear save a few vessels which constituted the Confederate navy, he made all his plans for the removal of his troops to that part of the country, designing to advance upon the rebel capital by way of the Peninsula.

The Virginia Peninsula, running down between the York and James rivers, had been fortified. Batteries were manned at Gloucester Point, Sewell's Point, Norfolk, and Craney Island, and were occupied by the forces of General Magruder.

This general had been on the alert for months in that neighborhood, and by adroit movements at night, marching at night, building camp fires, and then away to another locality, surprising the Federal pickets when least expected, left the impression there was quite an army under his command. Those who served under him relate their experience as exceedingly disagreeable. He never had more than eight thousand men under his command.

When General McClellan moved his base of operations, it necessitated the removal also of the Confederates near the Potomac.

On March 5th, the pleasant relations at Dumfries began to be broken into by a detail being ordered from the Texas Brigade to report to General Wade Hampton, to act as rear guard to his command as it moved back via Manassas to Fredricksburg. The men were anything but pleased at this contemplated movement, as they were eager to advance across the river. The height of every rebel soldier's ambition was to attack the Federal capital.

On the afternoon of March 8th, the Brigade was decamped.

After forming for the march, Colonel Hood addressed the 4th Texas as follows: "Soldiers! I had hoped that when we left winter quarters, it would be to move forward; but those who have better opportunities of judging than we have, order otherwise. You must not regard it as a disgrace to retreat when the welfare of your country requires such a movement. Ours is the last brigade to leave the lines of the Potomac. Upon us devolves the duties of the rear guard, and in order to discharge them faithfully, every man must be in his place at all times. You are now leaving your comfortable winter quarters to enter upon a stirring campaign, a campaign which will be filled with blood, and fraught with the destinies of the young Confederacy. Its success or failure rests with the soldiers of the South. They are equal to the emergency. I feel no hesitation in predicting that you, at least, will discharge your duties, and when the struggle does come, that proud banner you bear, placed by the hand of beauty in the keeping of the brave, will ever be found in the thickest of the fray. Fellow-soldiers, Texans, let us stand or fall together. I have done."

With three cheers, they took up the line of march; away from the scenes of many pleasant hours; away from the monotonous routine of camp life; entering into the crash of battle, the wild conflict bravely, cheerfully, to write their names forever upon the page of history, equal in heroism with any whose record has ever been written.

Hundreds of miles away were their peaceful, sunny homes, where their loved ones nightly bent the knee imploring blessings and protection for those who had gone forth alone to do battle for their country. Here they were, marching amid sleet and snow, bearing aloft the flag whereon shone the lone star, sole representatives of the State which held the Alamo.

The whole army, and thousands in their distant State, were looking to them for the honor of Texas. The fair fame of her courageous people was to be vindicated, in the army in Virginia, by the Texas brigade alone.

Think you, reader, they thought of all this; that they knew not the meaning of the pains taken to render them all that constitutes the word Soldier; that they did not, just now, realize the responsibility of their position, when even thus early they had been given the place of rear guard? Think you, that while the jest arose to their lips, as they tramped along those roads in that wintry weather, that no thought of what they were expected to accomplish, came up in their minds, and no dreams of glory flashed across their fitful slumbers at night when they bivouacked beside the camp fire?

Their friends believe they felt all this; that they were conscious of the importance of the part they must play, and it gave a manlier bearing to their step, an added dignity to their manner, while within their breasts glowed the feeling that this confidence, this trust should never be betrayed, they were determined to be equal to every emergency, and Texas should be proud to claim them as her true and valiant sons.

March 11th, Colonel Hood received his appointment as Brigadier General. While gratified at his promotion, and admiring the men so obedient to all orders, who had awakened in him so much enthusiasm, yet it gave him some cause for annoyance.

General Wigfall had been elected by the Legislature of Texas Confederate Senator, and had left the field. Colonel Archer, commander of the 5th Texas, ranked Colonel Hood by seniority, and it was unusual to promote officers over the heads of their superiors. Colonel Archer acted very nobly upon this occasion, going at once to General Hood and congratulating him upon the honor conferred, expressing his earnest approbation of the appointment, and entire willingness to serve under him.

To a man proud and sensitive as General Hood, this was a pleasing episode in his life. Had Colonel Archer acted otherwise, it would have been exceedingly disagreeable. Military men are tenacious with regard to the minor points of etiquette, and the least deviation from "the code" is looked upon suspiciously.

The troops crossed the Rappahannock at Falmouth, and took position near Fredricksburg; from thence marched to Milford Station. Here they took the cars for Ashland, a small village on the Fredricksburg road, above Richmond. They again took up the line of march for Yorktown, on the peninsula, where they arrived in good condition, considering the severity of the weather they had to endure, which General Hood pronounced the worst he had ever suffered on a march.

At Yorktown, they were assigned to the "reserve corps of the Army of the Potomac," and occupied the same ground as that of the rebel army during the Revolutionary struggle. A line of fortifications had been thrown up by Geueral Magruder, some time before, and the men were daily detailed to act as sharpshooters, as the Federal pickets came up within two hundred yards of the earth-works and picked off the men. The Texans kept a diligent lookout, and whenever a head popped up, a minie-ball was sure to go after him. Not much damage was done, as only a few were wounded, but they watched one another's movements with sleepless vigilance.

At this time, in addition to the three Texas regiments, the

18th Georgia and Hampton Legion, also belonged to Hood's Brigade.

While camped at Yorktown, the horse arrived which had been purchased by the privates of the 4th Texas for General Hood, as a token of their appreciation of his worth as a soldier, and love for him as a man. Sergeant Bookman, of company G, Captain J. W. Hutcherson in command, at dress parade, presented him in the following words:

"Sir: In behalf of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 4th Texas Regiment, I present you this war-horse. He was selected and purchased by us, for this purpose, because we, as freemen and Texans, claim the ability to discern, and the right to reward merit wherever it may be found. In you, sir, we recognize the soldier and the gentleman. In you, we have found a leader whom we are proud to follow, a commander whom it is a pleasure to obey, and this horse we tender as a testimonial of our admiration. Take him, and when the hour of battle comes, when mighty hosts meet in the struggle of death, we will, as did the troops of old, who rallied around the white plume of Henry of Navarre, look for your commanding form and this proud steed as our guide, and gathering there, we will conquer, or die. In a word, general, you stand by us, and we will stand by you."

General Hood advanced and sprang into the saddle, addressing the brigade in a few eloquent words expressive of his gratitude, assuring them they should not look in vain for a rallying point when the struggle came.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Norfolk Navy Yard—Construction of Confederate Ironclads—Fight in Hampton Roads Between the Confederate Vessel Virginia and Federal Cumberland—Meeting with the Monitor—Feeling in the South with Regard to the Naval Engagement—General Jackson in the Valley of Virginia—Turner Ashby, the Great Cavalryman—Evacuation of the Peninsula—Texans Regularly Under Fire First at Eltham's Landing, while Acting as Rear Guard for Johnston's Army—"They Saved the Rear of the Army and the Whole of the Baggage."

The navy yard at Norfolk, Virginia, was one of the most important in the United States. Here was constructed gun-boats and vessels of every description for naval service. The inefficiency of the United States navy had been the jest of every nation whose flag floats upon the briny deep.

Upon the secession of Virginia, the commandant of the navy yard held a conference with General Talieferro, in command of the State forces, and agreed that none of the vessels should be removed, and not a shot fired except in self-defense.

Very soon, however, it became known that the two frigates, Germantown and Merrimac, had been scuttled, and at midnight the navy yard was found to be in flames, while the officers, with two other vessels, had retired down the harbor, carrying with them a great portion of the munitions.

While there was several million dollars worth destroyed by the conflagration, yet, as there was so much secrecy employed in the destruction of the naval stores, there was quite a quantity of material which had been left uninjured.

Upon the organization of the Navy Department of the Confederacy, it was decided to experiment with the construction of vessels upon the plans which were presented and invented by those whose ingenuity had been put to the test by the necessity of doing something by way of providing gun-boats for the defense of James river.

It was supposed if the Confederacy owned a sufficient number of vessels, the blockade of this river, at least, would be only a farce, and by having one outlet to the world, could import from foreign countries arms, munitions of war and provisions if it became necessary. Everyone, therefore, at the Confederate capital was looking to this department to institute measures it was hoped were within their grasp.

The reader, who has doubtless been reared in the luxury of

peace, and who shrugs his shoulders shudderingly at this recital of "times which tried men's souls," fails to understand why the people should become so much interested as to lay hold of any and everything which promised success.

With nations it is like with people. When prosperty beams lovingly, and the blue skies bend smiling above, men and women really do not understand their own capacity, but the stern hand of necessity forces out the energies until every nerve is strained to seize the slightest plan which whispers of hope.

The people felt the cause was just, that they were in the right, that personally they had done nothing to bring about hostilities, and firmly believed if only true to themselves, the God of battles would defend and provide an escape from the labyrinth of troubles which presented itself on every side.

The navy yard again became the scene of busy life. The Merrimac was rescued from her watery grave, and it was found that the bottom of her hull, boilers, and the heavy and costly parts of her engine were not injured by the harsh treatment she had received. It was determined to construct of them a "case-mated vessel with inclined iron-plated sides and submerged ends."

This was a new departure in naval structure. "The resistance of iron plates to heavy ordnance, whether presented in vertical planes or at low angles of inclination had been investigated in England before the Virginia (as the new vessel was christened) was commenced, but no actual experiment had ever been made. No little anxiety was therefore felt as to what she would be able to accomplish.

The Virginia was completed, presenting the appearance of an ironclad floating battery of ten guns; the stars and bars floated from her flagstaff. She was commanded by Captain Franklin Buchanan, "an ordnance officer in the old navy" She started upon her trial trip on the morning of March 8th.

She was joined by the rest of the Confederate squadron, Patrick Henry, six guns; Jamestown, two guns; Beaufort, one gun; Raleigh, one gun; and the Teaser, one gun.

The Federal fleet in Hampton Roads consisted of the Cumberland, twenty-four guns; Congress, fifty guns; St. Lawrence, fifty guns; steam frigates Minnesota and Roanoke, forty guns each.

We watch the Virginia, in imagination, as she slowly steams out from the Norfolk harbor, with flying colors, the little fleet following in her wake. The day is calm and clear, the air balmy with the approach of spring-time, the sea gulls circle round; no sound is heard save the plash of the waves as she continuously ploughs her way steadily forward, while the heart-

beats of the picked crew keep time with the motion of the vessel. Every nerve is strained to its utmost tension. Not a whisper breaks the silence. The pale determined faces of the men are set with a firm purpose, as they watch with ceaseless vigilance, the eye of the brave old captain, who feels all the enthusiasm of the prospect for a battle.

Before them the placid blue of the waters is spread out for miles to their view, and in the offing the Federal fleet—frigates and gun-boats—are lazily rocking to and fro.

On passing Sewell's Point, Captain Buchanan made a laconic speech to his men and unfolded his purpose:

"My men, you are now about to face the enemy. You shall have no reason to complain of not fighting at close quarters. Remember, you fight for your homes and your country You see those ships? You must sink them! I need not ask you to do it. I know you will do it!"

Nearer and nearer the Virginia bore down upon the Congress with no call: "Ship ahoy," from the men. An officer coolly took his glass and inspected the approaching singularity which he called a "Secesh curiosity." What is she after?

A broadside from the Virginia was the answer, with not a Confederate in sight. The Congress opened fire, but the Virginia was making for the Cumberland. The shots from the latter fell thick and fast upon the plated roof, when Captain Buchanan ran the prow of his vessel into the Cumberland. The shock left no impression upon the plated craft. A gaping break was made in the Cumberland. The sea rushed in, the vessel reeled, while her men still fired her guns, when suddenly she was engulfed and went down with all her crew.

The Virginia now turned her attention to the Congesss, and attempted to bear down upon her as upon the Cumberland, but the Congress slipped away and ran ashore. The Minnesota was aground a mile and a half away. The St. Lawrence and the Roanoke retired under the protection of Fortress Monroe.

The Virginia ran up as close to the Congress as the depth of water would admit, and being joined by the other little vessels of the "mosquito fleet," subjected the Congress to a galling fire, while the batteries on shore shelled the Virginia. The commander of the Congress was killed, the white flag ran up. Two tugs were ordered to receive the surrender, the flag of the ship and the sword of the captain being delivered to Lieutenant Parker, of the tug Beaufort.

Permission was given the officers to remove their wounded, which they did and then made their escape. The Congress opened fire again, with the white flag floating, wounding several

men, when the Virginia gave her a broadside of hot shot and incendiary shell, setting her on fire. The crew escaped in boats and swimming to shore, the Confederates generously failing to fire upon them when unable to defend themselves.

Night came on. The Virginia and smaller vessels anchored off Sewell's Point. Such a day's work for a trial trip! The Cumberland sunk, the Congress burned, one steamer blown up, a schooner captured and one sunk.

Captain Buchanan and several men were wounded, and two killed. The Virginia had lost her flag-staff, smoke and steam-pipes were riddled, but otherwise she was not seriously damaged as she was ready next morning to renew the fight.

During the night the Monitor, an iron-clad turret steamer, constructed by Ericson, came in and anchored near the Minnesota. The Monitor also was an experiment of the Federals and had never been tested.

The Virginia and her companions left their moorings and steamed to the scene of conflict. When about a third of a mile distant, the Monitor commenced firing. They poured shot and shell into one another, without any perceptible effect upon either. The Virginia, seeing the Monitor was of greater speed, now thought to run into her like she had into the Cumberland. She eluded the pursuit and slipped away into shoal water where the Virginia could not approach her. Lieutenant Jones, who had assumed command after removal of Captain Buchanan to the hospital, waited for the Monitor to give battle again, by the usual nautical invitations. These not being responded to, she withdrew to the navy yard, steaming into port with the cheers of victory.

This was one of the most brilliant naval engagements of which there is any record. The little fleet had encountered some of the most formidable vessels in the Federal navy,—sinking one, with her crew of three hundred and sixty men; destroying by fire one, the crack frigate, and crippling and rendering helpless others,—all with a loss, in the two days, of two men killed and nineteen wounded.

The second day's engagement was principally between the two iron-clads, experimental ships, which resulted in the appropriation by Congress at Washington of "nearly fifteen millions of dollars for the construction of iron-clad vessels."

Excitement ran high in Richmond when the news spread of the exploits of the Virginia, and a feeling of intense satisfaction and pride filled the hearts of men, women and children, and was the one topic of conversation,—so exultant are a people when success perches upon their banner.

At the North the people were very much astounded at the turn affairs had taken, and all Europe looked with interest upon a new era in the history of naval architecture. Each nation set itself to profit by the lesson taught the world by the Virginia.

The Confederates became enthusiastic on the subject of iron-clad vessels, and were eager for the Navy Department to use every means in following up this remarkable victory

Popular feeling laid hold of this success as some special achievement of the wonderful bravery of a people whose energies had risen sphinx-like to defy the combined opposition of the whole world. Confidence was established, so much as to destroy the sense of danger, and lull the Confederates by the sweet strains of a permanent victory, to forget for a time the fact that the nation with which they were warring had unlimited powers of recuperation, while theirs could only reach the extreme point of endurance and then succumb to an inevitable fate.

While the troops from the vicinity of the Potomac were being transferred to the Peninsula, the authorities resolved to allow General T J. Jackson to remain in the valley of Virginia with his division of the army

Near the town of Winchester was fought, March 22nd, the battle of Kernstown. The Confederate force was only six thousand, besides a battery of artillery, and Colonel Ashby's cavalry.

General Banks was in command of the Federals, about sixteen thousand strong. This leader thought it was only Colonel Ashby's cavalry in front of him; and, believing General Jackson was far away, left himself for Washington City. General Shields was left in command, the fight being brought on by Colonel Ashby, who had been tormenting the enemy with his cavalry in the valley, whenever the opportunity offered.

The engagement lasted from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until dark. The rebels fought desperately until night closed in, when the firing all ceased. General Jackson fell back during the night, leaving the Federals in possession of the field, and about three hundred prisoners. Our loss was about one hundred killed and about double that number wounded. The Confederates carried off their wounded up the valley, Colonel Ashby covering the retreat. The dead were buried by order of the mayor of Winchester.

The Federals did not pursue General Jackson; on the contrary, they withdrew their forces first advanced, but there he remained in the valley, with sleepless vigilance, waiting and watching the development of the plans of the enemy.

Colonel Turner Ashby was the idol of the people of the valley of Virginia, for by his intrepid bravery and bold, defiant manner

of conducting his mode of warfare, he had fought back the raiding parties that had threatened devastation to the lovely homes of the people, creating a feeling of security when they knew he was operating amongst them. As his name will be mentioned again, it seems but right a short sketch of his record should be given:

"Turner Ashby was a thorough Virginian, and descended from Revolutionary stock. He was an ardent lover of the old Union. He was brought up in that conservative and respectable school of politics which hesitated long to sacrifice a Union which had been, in part, constructed by the most illustrious sons of Virginia, which had conferred many honors upon her, and which was the subject of many hopes for the future. But when it became evident that the life of the Union was gone, and the sword was drawn for constitutional liberty, the spirit of Virginia was again illustrated by Ashby, who showed a devotion in the field even more admirable than the virtues of political principles.

"He was a man of small stature, dark skin, heavy black beard and piercing, restless black eyes; grave and dignified in manner, yet gentle as a woman, but filled with the same determination and courage as distinguished the cavaliers during the days of chivalry. He was a fit representative of the high-toned gentlemen of the South.

"During the John Brown raid, his company of cavalry, then named 'Mountain Rangers,' did much towards effectually silencing that renowned effort at freeing the Southern slaves; and it is said that even then he saw, as did many others, the crisis of impending events approaching.

"As soon as his State dissolved its union with the United States government, he quietly went to work preparing for action.

"About this time, Colonel Angus McDonald, Sr., was commissioned to raise a legion of mounted men for border service, the lieutenant-colonelcy of which was at once tendered Colonel Ashby. He and his command entered the legion. His brother, Richard Ashby, arrived from Texas, who joined the company as an independent volunteer.

"He was ordered to operate in Hampshire county, which had been invaded by bands of marauders. Leading a detachment of eleven men, and his brother six, they started for a station on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to make observations. His brother's little band was ambuscaded and attacked by eighteen men, zouaves of Indiana. His horse fell into a cattle-stop of the railroad. He was overtaken, beaten, wounded, and left for dead."

Turner Ashby started to rescue him, but his force was fired upon. "They charged and, after a sharp engagement, dispersed their numbers."

His brother was found several hours afterwards, but his wounds were mortal. He was buried at Romney, July 4th, 1861. The scene at the grave of his brother is thus described by an eye-witness:

"He stood over the grave, took his brother's sword, broke it, and threw it into the opening; clasped his hands, and looked upward, as if in resignation, and then pressing his lips—as if in the bitterness of grief—while a tear rolled down his cheek, he turned without a word, mounted his horse and rode away. Ashby was now a devoted man. Thenceforth his name was a terror to the enemy."

He knew little of the rules of military tactics, and still less of military discipline. He inspired his men, whom he treated as companions, by exhibiting his own deeds of dauntless daring, and led them on to victory by waving his sword over his head, exclaiming, in a clear, decided voice, in which there was no wavering, "Follow me!" This great, personal magnetism, which attracted to him people of different stations in life, was evidently the key to his great success. He was dashing in character, coming and going like a dream, and ever turning up in unexpected places; therefore an enemy upon whose movements speculation lost itself in wonder, and vigilance was unprepared to meet. Amid a shower of bullets he rode his white horse as unmoved as if he were in a lady's drawing room; and to flattery and admiration of all who came to know him, he turned a deaf ear, steadily manifesting that he truly was devoted to the Southern cause—nothing being able to withdraw his attention from the grand purpose of doing his whole duty upon every occasion.

This was the man who had quietly made his home near Markham, a station on the Manassas Gap railroad, up to the time hostilities commenced, yet who won for himself, in a short time, one of the most brilliant records of any other Southern soldier—the man who so greatly assisted General Jackson in his valley campaign—whose name will remain upon the page of history side by side with that illustrious hero for whom he braved so many dangers.

The evacuation of the Peninsula became imperatively necessary, from the fact that the troops "were confronted by a superior force, and flanked right and left by navigable streams, occupied solely by the enemy's fleet. The Texas Brigade again acted as rear guard from Yorktown, reaching Williamsburg, the old historical city of Virginia, renowned, during colonial times, for its wealth, fashion, beauty and high-toned chivalry

About two miles from the town the advance guard of the enemy appeared. The next morning a field onset was made.

The Federals were repulsed with heavy loss, amounting to about five thousand killed, wounded and missing; the Confederates about twenty-five hundred.

It became evident, next day, that the Federals were only trying to retard the progress of the evacuation, and were sending troops by gun-boats and transports up York River, at Eltham's Landing, opposite the village of West Point, the terminus of the York River railroad, which runs from that place to Richmond. Here, too, the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers unite, forming the York River. The design was to cut the Confederate army in twain right here, and intercept them while McClellan advanced upon Richmond.

General Franklin landed two regiments from his gun-boats at Eltham's Landing, near the village of Barhamsville, New Kent county. May 7th. The Texas Brigade was marching as rear guard, and came across the Federal pickets, who had been thrown out. Two shots were fired at General Hood, who was riding at the head of the Fourth Texas. This was returned by a member of the Fourth. General Hood immediately ordered his men to "move up," which they did at double quick, and the line of battle was formed on the brow of the hill. Beyond this hill, which had a precipitous descent, was an open field, six or seven hundred yards in width. Beyond this, were five or six companies of the enemy, who fell back into the timber, our men firing some random shots.

General Hood ordered Company B, Fourth Texas, to act as skirmishers. They advanced across the open field, entered the timber, and commenced a running fight. Another and another company was ordered to the support of the skirmishers, until six were now engaged. The Federals made a stand behind an old mill dam, and a spirited engagement ensued. The firing became general, and the enemy, many of their guns missing fire, threw them down and fled. While pursuing them the second platoon of Company B came upon a large force protected by a heavy palisade. Gen. Hood appeared and ordered Lieut. Walsh, in command, to charge the works and he would send support. Just as the command, "charge," was given the first platoon of Company B appeared upon the left of the palisade, when the Federals fled in confusion. Other companies joined in the attack, which so confused them they ran into the Fifth Texas, where it was lying down in line of battle, which greeted them with such a volley as to leave not one standing. While these events were transpiring the First, Fifth and remainder of the Fourth Texas had entered the timber, leaving the Eighteenth Georgia to support the infantry in the rear. A regiment of

Federals, the First California, appeared to the left and rear of the skirmishers, evidently intending to cut them off. Here was displayed the gallantry of the First Texas, in command of Colonel A. T. Rainey. Getting his regiment into position, they received the fire like Napoleon's Old Guard, on an open road, the Federals in the brush. The slaughter was so great Colonel Rainey ordered his men to fall back into the woods a few paces, halt and fall to their knees. [Colonel Rainey's verbal statement to the writer.] The standard bearer was directed to unfurl the "Lone Star flag and give them h—l." [Colonel Rainey was not choice in his language just here.] "Aim low and shoot them through the body." The Federals, deceived by the strategem, came on with a yell within thirty steps of their hiding place. The Texans were ordered to rise from their knees, which was a spontaneous action, unflinchingly received their fire, pouring volley after volley into their ranks. After fighting half an hour, the Federals making no advance, the order rang out: "Charge, boys, charge!" They gave a yell and sprang forward to the charge. The Federals, comprehending the situation, turned and fled to their gun-boats, some five or six hundred yards' distant, with the Texans in hot pursuit.

General Hood and staff, just then arriving, and perceiving they were about to run under the fire of the gun-boats, a courier ordered Colonel Rainey to "halt." They did not stop to obey. General Hood himself came up. "Colonel Rainey, halt your regiment!" This order was instantly obeyed. The gun-boats poured forth a withering fire of shot and shell, but the Texans retired, having driven them literally into their gun-boats. The Texans engaged about seven hundred—Federals eighteen hundred or two thousand. Lieutenant-Colonel Black, Captain Decatur and twenty privates were killed and some thirty or forty wounded. Loss of the First Texas, eleven killed and twenty-one wounded. The Federal loss was three hundred killed and wounded, one hundred and twenty-six prisoners, from General Hood's official report. General McClellan reported a loss of "five hundred men and officers."

A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing from West Point, gravely asserts that they were charged furiously by four regiments of negroes. This paragraph caused considerable sport among the men, being regarded as a direct reflection upon the state of the brigade toilet.

Colonel Rainey was exceedingly anxious about whether his men and himself would stand fire, as this was their first engagement, and was compelled to be cool, collected and fearless to inspire confidence with his men.

General Hood says: "This affair, which brought the brigade so suddenly and unexpectedly under fire for the first time, served as a happy introduction to the enemy."

President Davis, in conversation with a Texas Senator, said, in speaking of the brigade: "They saved the rear of the army and the whole of our baggage train."

General Gustavus Smith, in a letter to Colonel Horace Randall, paid them this compliment: "The Texans won immortal honors for themselves, their State and for their commander, General Hood, at the battle of Eltham's Landing, near West Point."

## CHAPTER IX.

Line of March of the Texas Brigade Across the Chickahominy—Orders to Evacuate Norfolk and Portsmouth—Destruction of the Virginia, the Naval Pride of the South—Indignation of the People—Fears of the Evacuation of Richmond—Determined Stand of her People—Hasty Completion of the Defences of Drury's Bluff—Attack of Drury's Bluff by Fleet of Gun-boats—A Decided Repulse—Richmond Alive with Preparations for the Impending Strife—Care for the Sick and Wounded—Hospitals Improvised—Scenes of Hospital Life.

The Texas Brigade was drawn up in line of battle, on May 8, in front of Dr. Tyler's residence, five miles west of New Kent Courthouse,—but the enemy made no attempt to attack. They moved up the road and formed a new line of defence near the rear guard until the army could take position near Richmond. The next day they marched to the Chickahominy, a distance of six miles, but the road was blocked up with baggage trains and artillery, the mud was fearful to contemplate, while the rain was pouring down in torrents.

General Whiting, in command of the division, exhorted the men "to close up." "Hurry up, men, hurry up," said he, getting out of patience, "don't mind a little mud."

"D'ye call this a little mud?" said one of the men. "Spose ye get down and try it, stranger, I'll hold your horse."

"Do you know whom you address, sir?—I'm General Whiting!"

"General!! Don't you reckon I knows a general from a long-tongued courier?" said the fellow, as he disappeared in the darkness. Leaving the Texans to trudge along as they pleased, the general rode away.

After many vexations, the Chickahominy was, at last, passed, and they were all safe upon the Richmond side, at a place called "Pine Island," three miles from the city. Here we will leave them for a while, and watch the progress in and around the beleaguered city.

The evacuation of the Peninsula necessitated also the abandonment of Norfolk, Portsmouth and the navy yard.

General Joseph E. Johnston, then in command, sent General Huger an order to evacuate Norfolk. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy were both at Norfolk at the time, and took the authority of postponing the order until General Huger

should remove such stores, munitions and arms as could be carried off.

A week was thus employed in the removal of machinery, while the Federals were watching the retreating army up the Peninsula, which gave no sign of any knowledge of the occurrences transpiring at Norfolk and the navy yard.

Now arose the first open dissatisfaction of the people with the Confederate leaders and officers of the government.

The brave little Virginia,—that had so successfully obtained the remarkable victory in Hampton Roads just two months before—the "iron diadem of the South," as she was styled by her admirers, who delighted to recount her achievements and about whose action so much anxiety had been felt, and around whose future clustered so much romantic pride,—was doomed.

When the forces were withdrawn from Norfolk, the matter of the disposition of the Virginia was one of grave consideration,—but like a bomb-shell came the startling news that she had been destroyed by order of the commanding officers!!

On May 10th the Virginia was taken to Craney Island, and there her crew was landed. They fell into ranks and formed upon the beach. In the language of an eye-witness: "Then and there, on the very field of her fame, within sight of the Cumberberland's top-gallant masts, all awash, within sight of that magnificent fleet still cowering on the shoal,—with her laurels all fresh and green, we hauled down her drooping colors and with mingled pride and grief we gave her to the flames."

The cry of indignation that went up from the people of Richmond, when it was known that the Virginia had been destroyed by command of Commodore Tatnall, cannot be understood save by those who were residents of the place, and who knew how many fond hopes were bound up in the little iron-clad vessel.

A court of inquiry was asked for by the commodore, to investigate the reasons for the action, as he was so much criticised. A court-martial was waived by Secretary Mallory, and the people never knew why the destruction had been ordered. It was set down to the utter absence of nautical knowledge by the Navy Department and the want of proper appreciation of the needs of the hour.

Now that years have elapsed, President Davis, in his work, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," tells us the vessel was too heavy to ascend the James river, as she drew too much water; that she was unseaworthy, and was uncovered by the retreat of the troops with whom she had co-operated, and it was decided to burn her, rather than have her fall into the hands of the enemy. Her friends would have preferred her going down

game to the last, and the feeling excited by this tame ending of a brilliant career was never forgotten by press or people.

It provoked in the minds of the citizens of Richmond the most determined exhibition of bravery. The fortifications of the James had been progressing very slowly; in fact, a sort of apathy upon the subject was manifest among government officials. It was believed by the troops on the Chickahominy and citizens that Richmond, also, would be evacuated.

The air was full of rumors. Trains were crowded with refugees flying in trepidation from impending danger. Books were taken from the State library and packed ready for removal, trunks were hastily filled, and about the departments were a number of boxes marked "Columbia, South Carolina," which contained the most valuable of the public archives.

Blank looks were seen on every side, and blanched faces were met at every turn. Had Virginia cast her fortunes with the Confederacy for naught, and was the new government about to leave her in sore distress?

The Confederate Congress had adjourned hastily, and when the legislature of Virginia asked President Davis to express his intentions towards Richmond, he declared he entertained the prospect of holding it, but his reply was full of embarrassment. Had the Federals known the Confederates were dependent upon the "Virginia" to defend the river, and had really no obstructions of consequence within the vicinity, and only one battery of four guns at Drury's Bluff, four miles below the city, there would have been no trouble to have come directly up to her wharves and shell the place. But it seems they were not informed of everything important. The city council knew of the extreme peril, and without waiting for orders, proceeded to sink schooners loaded with plaster, guano, and added them to the obstructions which were being slowly placed in the river, working with patriotic zeal to avert impending disaster.

The last gap in the obstruction was just filled, when it was ascertained that the Monitor, Gelena and Arisbooth, three gunboats, had made their appearance a few miles below the city. Now all was excitement. The faint-hearted had all fled, and those left were resolved never to surrender the place.

The legislature passed, May 14th, the memorable resolution:

"*Resolved*, By the general assembly, that the general assembly hereby express its desire that the capital of the State be defended to the last extremity, if such defence is in accordance with the views of the President of the Confederate States, and that the President be assured that whatever destruction or loss of property of the State or individuals shall thereby result, will be cheerfully submitted to."

"Some one," said Governor Letcher in a public address, "said to me the other day, that the duty to surrender the city would devolve either upon the president, the mayor or myself. I said if the demand be made with the alternative to surrender or be shelled, I would reply: 'Bombard and be d—— ' "

Mayor Mayo said: "I say now, when the citizens of Richmond demand of me the surrender of the capital of Virginia, and of the Confederacy, to the enemy, they must find some other mayor to fill my place. I will resign the mayoralty, and when that other man, elected in my stead, shall deliver up the city, I hope I have physical strength and courage enough left to shoulder my musket and go into the ranks."

Public meetings were held approving the actions of the legislature and governor. The spirit all this created had a magical effect upon the authorities and aroused them to a sense of their duty. "Inert and speculative patriotism was awakened, and mutual inspiration of courage and devotion passed from heart to heart within the community, and preparations for defense went rapidly forward."

It is wonderful when danger presents, and is met by firm resistance, how inspiring are the feelings of the parcipitants. Valuables were put away in convenient places, and those who were most alarmed were ready for the attack.

Woman laughed about where they would be when a shell came crashing through their houses, and jested of the necessity of digging caves in the hillside, but never expecting to give up the defense or expressing a desire that the gentlemen should surrender at discretion.

On May 16th, the gun-boats attacked Drury's Bluff. Distinctly was the sound of the guns heard in the streets of Richmond, this first shelling, which afterwards became a daily and familiar sound to the inhabitants. Never will we forget the regular booming of the cannon, as it resounded away in the distance, and we knew our fate hung in the balance.

First terrors are the greatest, but no one believed a passage of the Bluff would be effected—the guns manned by the "bravest of the brave." The day was passed by the citizens in enthusiastic meetings. It was during these hours that Governor Letcher and Mayor Mayo made the speeches quoted above.

Night brought the news of a signal victory. Our batteries had, after a fire of four hours and a half, given a most decided repulse to the gun-boats, with the loss of five men killed and eight wounded. Eighteen shots went through the sides of the Galena, according to their own account, losing thirty of their crew, killed and wounded. Seventeen were killed in another

boat by the explosion of another gun. The batteries kept up such a fierce and deadly fire that the boats could make no headway, and the next day dropped down stream, their commanders satisfied the water approach was well guarded.

Had the gun-boats arrived forty-eight hours earlier, their attempt would have been successful. Richmond would doubtless have been shelled, and in a measure destroyed, the Confederate forces evacuating the place. The tide was turned, and in aud around Richmond was to centre the grand struggle, upon which the world looked complacently, while soldiers and people felt the fate of the Confederacy was bound up in the fortunes of the devoted city.

Everything now became active. Wagons, with army supplies, rumbled along the stony streets, ambulances whirled around corners, soldiers passed to and fro, dusty and tired with the wearisome march, citizens wore the dejected look of men alive to the situation, officers gay in gold lace and tinsel dashed by, women smiled sweetly and looked admiringly upon the stalwart forms they cherished too well to speak the fears they felt, and little children looked on wondering at the bustle and confusion manifest everywhere.

The army was preparing for the great conflict with McClellan, on the lookout for the battle between the two great contending forces confronting one another upon the Chickahominy

Hitherto the wounded had been cared for at field hospitals near the battle-fields, which had not been sufficiently near to render much assistance in nursing. As was said in a previous chapter, the Federal wounded had been nursed by the "Sisters of Mercy." The hospitals in the city were mostly filled with the sick.

Now preparatious were going on to take care of the wounded, and if the reader has never been around and about such scenes, he can never understand the deep sadness or conceive of the awful suffering that war entails.

Married ladies had done most of the nursing during the first year, but now, each woman, each child was to take their turn in lending a helping hand. I present my first experience.

It was a warm day in May, about a week after the repulse at Drury's Bluff.

The Fredricksburg train came in about nine o'clock and halted far up the street from the depot, along the public thoroughfare of Broad street, and began to put off passengers, who proved to be sick soldiers stretched upon cots. They were each borne in their turn by four men to the sidewalk, and set down. People looked on in astonishment. I happened to be passing

at the time, when the strange spectacle was presented of invalids, put off near no hospital, raving with typhoid fever.

The train moved back leaving fifty men looking around helplessly, and seemingly unnerved by their surroundings. 'Twas a sad sight, those destitute soldiers,—one of the heart-rending experiences of the times.

At Ashland, a beautiful country village, the birth place of Henry Clay, about fifty miles above Richmond, had been established, early the previous year, hospitals for the sick where the patients could have the benefit of country air, fresh water and abundant shade. The troops had fallen back to Richmond, concentrating to meet McClellan, and the authorities ordered the removal of the sick, rather than have them become Federal prisoners. This was the solution of the mystery.

What was to be done? A noble, patriotic old gentleman came down the street. He owned a large three-story building, corner of Broad and Fourth street, which had been used as an extensive dry-goods establishment. This was now empty, the proprietor refusing to buy a stock of goods by running the blockade, or smuggling them through the lines.

Perceiving the state of affairs, he sent a servant back to his home for the keys. Going around amongst the men he talked encouragingly and hopefully, giving the welcome assurance that they were with friends, and he would soon have them sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun, with an abundance of water to cool their parched tongues.

He opened the doors and called upon every one passing, both white and black, to give their assistance, the writer amongst the number, explaining to the ladies he particularly desired their presence.

The invitation was all that was needed, the ladies, young and old, flocked to his assistance, and by twelve o'clock he had his impromtu hospital upon a respectable footing, and an abundance of soup, bread and other articles suitable for invalids, on hand. The train brought others, until the whole building was filled with sick men.

He assigned two ladies on duty at each cot, and relieved them at regular intervals. To have watched this man with his splendid management a person would have supposed he had been a regular hospital attendant for years.

One of my own patients was a fair, girlish looking boy, apparently not more than seventeen years old. He was slightly built, a patrician cast of features, dark grey eyes, brown hair which clustered over his intellectual brow in one mass of ringlets. His hand was small and delicate, his linen fine, his army coat of

nice material, but all stained and worn. We all knew at a glance he was "somebody's darling," and every lady noticed him specially. He was so young and helpless, but we could find out nothing of his history save that the nurses who came on the train supposed he was a South Carolinian. They were strangers to the sick, having been detailed for the special duty of bringing them to Richmond. The soldier occupying the cot next to his at Ashland, died on the train, so all chance of proving his identity was gone unless he could be roused from the delirium which locked his senses, and tell us, so we could notify his friends of his dangerous condition.

How we worked over him! How we implored the surgeons to do all in their power; how eagarly we bent to listen to a chance name, but none was ever spoken. We cut off the curls very reluctantly, and the physician shaved the beautifully shaped head, applying ice to cool the fierce fever, but we soon saw it was of no avail. In spite of every hope, and all our exertions, the light of consciousness was gone forever.

We wiped the death-damp from his brow, and when he closed his tired eyes, and sank to rest, as peacefully as a child wearied with play, we wept aloud, even the stout-hearted doctor, used to scenes of bitter agony, shedding tears for the stranger boy dying away from home and friends.

We had our beautiful clay—our dead—clothed in the best we could procure. We wove a garland of bright flowers for his coffin lid, and stood beside the lonely grave as he was laid to rest in the cemetery, while the man of God prayed that "He who tempers the winds to the shorn lamb" would breathe comfort and resignation to the loved ones far away—never, until the great day of judgment, to know the circumstances of his death.

It was a trial to nurse him hour by hour, watch him go down into the valley of death, and never know who he was or whence he came. In the years that have passed I have often pictured the love of that brave young boy ; the mother waiting for her darling's return ; the sister starting, for years, at every footfall, expecting him through weary months, thinking perhaps he was a prisoner, yet ever hoping he would come back again. We have yearned for the privilege of telling them how carefully we watched and waited on him to the sad end, and comforting them with the knowledge that he had died among friends.

During the time we nursed the soldiers many an unusual scene were we called upon to witness, but nobody else's grief came so near being my own as when we buried the stranger boy from South Carolina, who wore the Confederate grey

"Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was hurried one day—
Somebody's darling so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his sweet, pale face
The lingering light of his boyhood grace.

"Matted and damp were the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow—
Pale are the lips of delicate mould,
Somebody's darling is dying now—
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush back his wandering waves of gold ;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

"God knows best ; he has somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his hand.

"Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,
But there he lies with his grey eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head:
'Somebody's darling slumbers here.'"

After burying our soldier boy in Oakwood cemetery, we sadly drove back and took our places beside the cots of others raving in delirium. A lady friend and myself were given the care of a tall, slender man of about thirty years of age. He became our charge during the day. At night we were relieved by male nurses. This patient, although crazed with fever, afforded some slight amusement, even amid the depressing scenes of a hospital during the extreme heat.

We were obliged to sit constantly by his side, frequently compelled to hold him by main force to keep him in bed. Once I was watching him alone, as he had been unusually quiet, and turned to speak to a lady across the room. Looking back, I was startled to find our invalid had arisen, had turned his mattress over and was talking excitedly about his bed-clothing. We saw we could do nothing without help, so I remained on duty, quaking with fear and trembling with excitement, while the other young lady scampered off down stairs to hunt the superintendent. In another moment my patient was beside the window,

had it raised, declaring he would escape from our clutches, as we had him in prison. I called other ladies, and with their assistance, prevented his jumping from the window. The superintendent arrived, the man was taken back to his cot, and four instead of two ladies were delegated to keep him in place, with instructions from the physician that we must not even look away from our charge for a moment. There we sat all day, not daring to leave to get a morsel of dinner, as there were none to take our places, while the man kept protesting against our authority. Next morning his cot was vacant—his remains in the dead-house awaiting interment. I have often recalled the horrors of that day, and yet have always been amused at his unwillingness to submit to the dictates of women—"the ruling passion strong in death."

I turned away from the empty cot with a feeling of thankfulness that Providence had given the tortured brain everlasting rest. It was very unsatisfactory that while we were doing all to render him cool and comfortable, he should class us as tormentors who were only aggravating his misery. A hospital is a wonderful place to study poor human nature.

I passed down stairs in search of our genial "big boss," as the girls styled him, for further instructions, not intending to shirk my duty. I saw a soldier being borne into a lower room from an ambulance at the door. He was placed upon a cot, and as I happened to be the only female near, the surgeon asked me to give him some assistance. He proved to be not a sick but a wounded soldier, the first received into this hospital. He had been shot by a minie-ball, on the picket line, during the night.

I helped remove the grey jacket, tore down the checked shirt from the neck, and for the first time beheld a gunshot wound. I shall never forget the impression it left. The boy was about sixteen, his skin very fair, and through the white flesh of the shoulder was an ugly hole, encircled by a queer blue line. He was very much exhausted. We gave him a drink of water, and I washed his dirty face and hands to render him more comfortable.

The surgeon, with a professional air, and no seeming thought of the strangeness of my position, having never before witnessed a surgical operation, called another lady and asked us to remain by him while he probed the wound and hunted with his instruments for the ball. He said it was not a serious wound, and he would not administer chloroform, but simply desired that we should bathe his face with ice water during the operation. I was not exactly a novice at nursing, as I had occasionally managed to care for both white and colored members of the family

during attacks of illness, but nothing more had come under my superivision.

I thought the doctor was either very much mistaken about the extent of the injury or his sensibilities had become blunted by familiarity with wretched suffering. To me the examination was painful, and when the pale lips grew bloodless, the white face blanched, and I found he had fainted, although outwardly calm, I was almost wild with terror, fearing death would ensue. After he revived, I asked the doctor (woman-like), "If he hadn't better administer chloroform?"

"Don't be alarmed, Miss, said he," as it seemed to dawn upon his brain this was a new experience in my vocabulary, "I will soon remove the ball, and our young friend will then get well and soon be back again in camp."

His cheerful words fell soothingly upon my ear, and thinking he was not utterly heartless after all, I consoled my fears, and made no more remarks upon this subject.

The operation ended, the ball was extracted, the wound dressed with lint and bandages, when the doctor said: "Here is your patient, all right. Keep him quiet; keep the bandage wet with cold water; give him a little broth to-day, and now I leave him in your hands."

With an exultant feeling I proceeded to carry out directions. The tired eyes soon closed, and he sank into a peaceful slumber, while I kept away the hungry flies, and reflected how much easier it was to nurse the wounded than the sick. My fears were gone. I had successfully passed through the first lesson in surgery, and did not look forward to the next with the same shrinking feeling of hesitancy The physician was profuse in his compliments with regard to my assistance, while I listened, smiled, and wondered if he had known the real state of my feelings while he handled the instruments so deftly, whether he would not have thought I was an exceedingly absurd and chicken-hearted young—lady.

The next morning my charge was much brighter; conversed a little, and requested me to write to his friends, "away down in Dixie." Nursing him back to health was a pleasure, as I soon saw there was no danger of a fatal termination. Each day when his wound was dressed, the surgeon pronounced him better, and progressing to his satisfaction. He was patient, gentle, and made few demands, seeming to appreciate the willing service I rendered.

When he became well enough to be removed to a private house, he was taken from the hospital. That was the last I ever knew about him, as events and battles came on thick and fast, crowding the hospitals daily with fresh victims of the conflict.

## CHAPTER X.

General Jackson's Operations in the Valley of Virginia—Battle of Seven Pines—Movements of the Texans—General Johnston Wounded—General Lee Assumes Command of the Confederate Forces at Richmond—The Army known Henceforth as "Army of Northern Virginia"—Delight of People at the Change of Commanders—Comparison of Historians' Opinions with Regard to Plan of the Campaign—General Lee's Ruse of Sending off General Whiting's Division to Join Jackson—The Latter Suddenly to Make a Junction with General Lee—Texans with Whiting's Division—Battle of Mechanicsville—Jackson Connects with General Lee's Line of Battle at Cold Harbor—Battle of Gaines' Farm—Hood's Brigade Turns the Tide of Battle—General Hood's Report of the Day's Work—General Jackson's Report of the Charge of the 4th Texas Regiment—Burial of the Dead—Removal of the Wounded—Confederates Bivouacking—Ready for Another Day's Conflict.

During the latter part of April General Banks, who was operating in the valley of Virginia, announced to the government at Washington that the "rebel Jackson has abandoned the valley of Virginia permanently, and is en route to Gordonsville by the way of the mountains."

He was astounded when the news reached him, May 23rd, that the "rebel Jackson" had suddenly descended upon the guard at Front Royal, burned the bridges, driven the Federal troops towards Strasburg with great loss, captured a section of artillery, and taken about fourteen hundred prisoners.

General Banks now took his turn in flight, or as he officially said, "To enter the lists with the enemy in a race or a battle, as he should choose, for the possession of Winchester, the key to the valley."

The day following his appearance at Front Royal, General Jackson had, by rapid movements, pierced General Banks' retreating column towards Strasburg.

When the Federal general reached Winchester, after being worried all the route by Jackson, he found the place "filled with shouts of derision for the Federals and defiant cheers for Jackson."

May 25th General Jackson attacked Winchester, and drove the enemy across the Potomac. He escaped with his army, leaving "four thousand prisoners and stores amounting to millions of dollars."

The intrepid Stonewall did not tarry for a day's rest, but fell back immediately from Winchester, as General Fremont was approaching in his rear from the west with eight brigades.

We left the Texas Brigade at Pine Island, below the city of Richmond. On May 26th they received orders to march, and then, after going to and fro along the Chickahominy, finally moved down the Nine Mile road, within a mile and a half of the enemy, where they halted and waited for the signal of battle.

Sunday, May 31st, General Longstreet had begun the attack at 9 o'clock, and waited impatiently for General Huger's division to come up as ordered, but they failed to put in an appearance.

The battle became general, under the leadership of General Joseph E. Johnston; regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade was thrown against the batteries of the entrenched Federals, protected by earth-works, palisades, fallen timber and the swamps.

When night closed in it was found the enemy had been driven back two miles on the left wing.

The attack on the right wing was more desperate, and the Federals held their position until dark. General Johnston was severely wounded on this part of the field, and was immediately taken to Richmond for treatment.

Next morning, June 1st, the enemy made a demonstration very early. The battle again waged hot. At last re-enforcements came up, the enemy was repulsed, and thus ended the battle of Seven Pines.

The Texas Brigade was under fire during the two days' fight, but not directly engaged, much to the chagrin of the men. After the battle, they were thrown to the front. Every day two hundred men, and the requisite number of officers, were detailed to act as spies and sharp-shooters. These men operated beyond and independent of the regular pickets, and soon became a terror to the enemy.

On the morning of June 7th, a party under Lieutenant Jemison, of the 1st Texas, was ordered to drive in the enemy's pickets by General Hood. They attacked the outposts, and the pickets fled pell-mell, but perceiving there was only a small force, returned and resisted the advance of the Texans. A regiment of Federals now came in sight, and the Texans dropped back under cover of our batteries, having lost six men, and the Federals about fifty. General Hood issued an order complimenting officers and men.

The following, from the pen of Wm. H. Lessing, of Waco, is one of the incidents of the brigade during this time:

"As a truly great and brave commander, General Hood never forgot the dictates of humanity, even when the storm-clouds of fierce battle, strife and war hung low and threatening on the horizon. An incident in my personal experience greatly impressed me with this fact:

"About the second or third night after the battle of Seven Pines, when the smoke of battle had scarce cleared away, I was detailed for guard duty at General Hood's temporary headquarters, at Pine Island, near Richmond. As I was small in size and not yet fifteen years old, the corporal of the guard generally gave me the easiest patrol, so that on this occasion I was put on guard at the gate of an inclosure occupied by General Hood, from four to six o'clock in the morning. For what purpose I was to guard this gate, I was then too young and innocent to comprehend, and made no attempt to get away.

At day-break, feeling assured of the safety of the gate, and overcome by the fatigue of march and battle and hunger, I grounded arms and leaned up against the gate post, thinking of the good things they would have to eat at home in Texas that morning. Just then General Hood passed, almost unseen by me, through the gate, and after attending to some orders that seemed to weigh on his mind, he returned, repassed the gate and stood before me, and though aware of his presence, I was too much drowned in reverie and quasi sleep to rouse and realize the situation. Suddenly, in thunder tones (it seemed to me), the command, 'Present arms,' fell on my bewildered ears, and with the lightning speed and mechanism of a well-drilled soldier, I came to a 'present arms,' and the following dialogue and its sequel followed:

"'What company?'

"'Company B, 4th regiment.'

"'What? How is this? Carter is a fine officer, and his men generally know their duty. Don't you know you should never ground arms when on guard?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And don't you know you should salute your officers when they pass?'

"'Yes, general; but I was so tired and hungry I forgot,' and just then a big tear stole down my cheek, which the general doubtless saw.

"'Corporal of the guard!' rang out the general's voice, and rapidly the corporal came, and I thought my time was up, and I would be placed under arrest.

"'Corporal, relieve this boy,' was the next order, and a comrade was put in my place. A command to follow him was next obeyed by me with fear and alacrity. The sequel is that I was taken by the general to his tent, where the pleasant aroma of a wholesome breakfast greeted my olfactories, and I was ordered to sit down and have some breakfast, which I also did with alacrity, a knife and fork, and much amazement. Well, some of

those officers went short of their allowance that morning, much to the delight of the general. That was our first and last personal intercourse, until ten years later, at a reunion, we met in the parlor of the Hutchins House, Houston, and I was called by name and greeted cheerfully as soon as I entered the room, the general at once mentioning the incident to his lovely, accomplished wife, to whom he introduced me, with pleasure."

Pollard, the historian, says: "Upon taking command of the Confederate army in the field, after General Johnston had been wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, General Robert E. Lee did not hesitate to adopt the spirit of that commander, which had already been displayed in attacking the enemy, and which indicated the determination, on his part, that the operations before Richmond should not degenerate into a siege."

General Hood, in his work, "Advance and Retreat," says: "Richmond would have been abandoned by General Johnston at the outset of the struggle, had he been afforded the opportunity; in other words, had he not, in consequence of his disability, been replaced by General Lee, who retained to the end command of the Army of Northern Virginia."

President Davis, in his work, says: "I rode out occasionally to the lines, and visited the headquarters of the commanding general. There were no visible preparations for defense, and my brief conversation with the general afforded no satisfactory information as to his plans and purposes. Anxious for the defense of the ancient capital of Virginia, now the capital of the Confederate States, and remembering a remark of General Johnston, that the Spaniards were the only people who ever undertook to hold fortified towns, I had written to him that he knew the defense of Richmond must be at a distance from it. Seeing no preparation to keep the enemy at a distance, and kept in ignorance of any plan for such a purpose, I sent for General Lee, then in Richmond, in general charge of army operations, and told him how and why I was dissatisfied with the condition of affairs."

President Davis goes on to narrate that he thought General McClellan should be attacked on the other side of the Chickahominy, to which General Lee assented, and that then the latter proposed going to General Johnston and hearing his plans. Upon returning, he informed Mr. Davis he intended attacking the next Thursday, which resulted in the battle of Seven Pines. This engagement was not a decided victory for either of the belligerents, and during which General Johnston was wounded.

"General Lee was now placed in command, and thenceforward directed the movements of the army in front of Richmond. La-

borious and exact in details, as he was vigilant and comprehensive in grand strategy, a power with which the public had not credited him, soon became manifest in all that makes an army a rapid, accurate, compact machine, with responsive motion in all its parts."

Colonel Chilton, Adjutant and Inspector-General of the Confederacy, said: "I consider General Lee's exhibitions of grand administrative talents and indomitable energy in bringing up that army in so short a time to that state of discipline which maintained aggression through those terrible seven days fights around Richmond, as probably his grandest achievement."

Dr. Jones, the biographer of General Lee, said: "When General Lee assumed command of the army, which before that time had borne the name of 'The Army of the Potomac,' but was soon re-christened by the name of 'The Army of Northern Virginia,' he found the Confederate capital beleaguered with an army of over one hundred thousand men, with a very large train of field and siege guns, while his own force was very little more than half that. Nevertheless, he conceived the idea of relieving the capital of the threatening presence of the besieging army by one of those bold, strategic movements of which only great minds are capable."

All this does not seem to imply that he followed General Johnston's plans, but took hold of the horns of the dilemma in which he found himself, and resolutely determined to extricate his army, or perish in the attempt.

The people of Richmond did not hesitate to express their delight at the change of commanders at this critical moment, for they had not forgiven General Johnston for failing to follow up his advantages at Manassas, and upon the whole, the wounding of General Johnston was considered fortunate for the salvation of the Confederate capital.

The record of General Lee for bravery was very fine. The troops were well satisfied with his appointment. This feeling of confidence was destined to deepen into enthusiasm, until his orders were obeyed without question or dissent, and the name of General Robert E. Lee was written upon the deathless honor-roll of fame.

General Jackson had conceived the stupendous plan of freeing the valley of the Shenandoah of the Federal army, and had been marching and fighting for weeks against the combined forces of Generals Banks and Shields.

While riding at the head of an advancing column with General Ewell, "his dark face in a blaze of enthusiasm," on June 5th, in a skirmish at Harrisburg, General Turner Ashby fell,

killed from a shot fired by a concealed marksman. This was a severe blow to General Jackson, who considered the brave cavalry leader his right hand officer.

During a campaign which lasted only three weeks, General Jackson fought four battles, had a number of skirmishes, killed and wounded a considerable number of the Federals, secured and destroyed millions of dollars' worth of stores, recovered Winchester and annihilated the invading army of the valley, driving them off, with a loss not exceeding one hundred in killed and wounded.

General Fremont attacked General Jackson, June 8th, at Cross Keys. They fought all day, and the next morning the rebels were away. the celerity of Jackson's movements being too much for the slow and cautious Fremont. Just at this juncture of affairs General Lee formed his plan of attack upon McClellan, which was only known to a few of his officers.

"His first move was to send General Whiting's division to Staunton, as a ruse, to join General Jackson, to order the latter then to march to Richmond, or down the north side of the Chickahominy, upon the right flank of McClellan, and when Jackson was sufficiently near the enemy, to throw across the stream the main body of the Confederate army at and in the vicinity of Meadow Bridge, and finally, with his united forces, to make a general assault upon the Federals."

The Texas Brigade, under General Hood, belonging to Whiting's division, "moved by railway via Lynchburg to Charlottesville and thence to Staunton." The men were astonished at this move, and when asked where they were going were instructed to reply, "don't know."

Many amusing incidents grew out of this order. They were virtually a set of "know nothings," much to the chagrin of the couriers, who could not understand why General Lee was sending men away from Richmond when McClellan was literally thundering at the gates.

After reaching Staunton they joined General Jackson, and orders were issued immediately to return to Charlottesville and Hanover Junction. From Ashland the troops commenced the march in a southeasterly direction on the morning of June 26th.

Below the city the troops attacked the entrenched enemy at Mechanicsville, only three miles from the city. The booming of cannon and the sharp click of the musketry was distinctly heard in the city, while the lurid light from artillery flashed with startling vividness during the entire afternoon.

There is a strange peculiarity of the human family to watch danger. Ladies, gentlemen and children were out upon the

hills while the contest lasted, listening to and watching the explosions of gunpowder; this, too, when they knew not but the victorious Federals might at any moment break through the lines and enter the city triumphantly. There was, however, little fear of such a calamity. General Lee and his brave men were between the people and harm.

Night brought an end to the fighting. The Federals retreated to Gaines' farm, where they were strongly entrenched.

Next morning the attack was renewed. Everyone in the anxious city perceived that the sound of the whistling bullets was not so distinct and the battle further off.

As soon as General Lee was advised that General Jackson had arrived and made his connection at Cold Harbor, the attack was made simultaneonsly along the whole line.

It was on this memorable June 27th that Hood's Texas Brigade made the reputation which one of their number quaintly said, "nearly exhausted them to achieve, and nearly finished them to maintain."

The battle had waged hot and thick, but no break was made in the entrenchments. The Confederates marched boldly up, but were mowed down by a blinding, continuous shower of shot and shell, and were unable to make any headway whatever against the Federal lines. About half-past four o'clock in the afternoon General Lee came up with General Hood and told him the works must be carried. "Can you break his lines?" General Hood replied: "I will try"

The Texas Brigade consisted at that time of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas and Eighteenth Georgia regiments. Whiting's division consisted of the Fourth Alabama, Second and Eighteenth Mississippi, Sixth North Carolina and Hampton Legion.

The division, with the exception of Hood's Brigade, had been actively engaged for some time when General Lee spoke to General Hood. The latter says:

"I immediately formed my brigade in line of battle, with Hampton's Legion on the left. My line was established and moved forward, regiment by regiment, when I discovered, as the disposition of the Eighteenth Georgia was completed, an open field to its right. Holding in reserve the Fourth Texas, I ordered the advance and galloped into the open field, from which point I could see, at a distance of about eight hundred yards, the position of the Federals. They were heavily entrenched upon the side of an elevated ridge, running a little west and south and extending to the vicinity of the Chickahominy. At the foot of the slope ran Powhite creek, which stream, together with the abatis in front of their works, constituted a formidable obstruction

to our approach, whilst batteries, supported by masses of infantry, crowned the crest of the hill in the rear, and long range guns were posted upon the south side of the Chickahominy in readiness to enfilade our advancing columns. The ground from which I made this observation was open the entire distance to their entrenchments.

"In a moment I determined to advance from that point, to make a strenuous effort to pierce the enemy's fortifications, and, if possible, to put him to flight. I therefore marched the 4th Texas by the right flank into this open field, halted and dressed the line, whilst under fire of the long-range guns, and gave positive instructions that no man should fire until I gave the order, for I knew if the men were allowed to fire, they would halt to load, break the alignment, and very likely never reach the breast-works. I moreover ordered them not only to keep together, but also in line, and announced to them that I would lead the charge.

"'Forward march' was sounded, and we moved at a rapid but not a double-quick pace. Meantime, my regiments on the left had advanced some distance to the front through the wood and swamp.

"Onward we marched under a constantly increasing shower of shot and shell, whilst to our right could be seen some of our troops making their way to the rear, and others lying down under the galling fire. Soon we attained the crest of the bald ridge, within about one hundred and fifty yards of the breast-works. Here was concentrated upon us, from batteries in front and flank, a fire of shell and canister which ploughed through our ranks with deadly effect. At a quickened pace we continued to advance without firing a shot, down the slope, over a body of our soldiers lying upon the ground, to and across Powhite creek, when, amid the fearful roar of musketry and artillery, I gave the order to 'fix bayonets and charge.'

"With a ringing shout we dashed up the steep hill, through the abatis, and over the breast-works, upon the very heads of the enemy. The Federals, panic stricken, rushed precipitately to the rear, upon the infantry in support of the artillery. Suddenly the whole joined in the flight toward the valley beyond. At this juncture some twenty guns, stationed in the rear of the Federal line, on a hill to my left, opened fire upon the 4th Texas, which changed front and charged in that direction. I dispatched every officer of my staff to the main portion of the brigade, in the wood, on the left, instructing them to bear the glad tidings that the 4th Texas had pierced the enemy's rear, and to deliver orders to push forward with utmost haste. At the same moment I discovered a Federal brigade marching up the slope, from the valley

beyond, evidently with the purpose to re-establish the line. Meantime, the long line of blue and steel, to the right and left, wavered and finally gave way, as the 18th Georgia, the 1st and 5th Texas, and Hampton's Legion, gallantly moved forward from right to left, completing a grand left wheel of the brigade, into the very heart of the enemy. Simultaneously with this movement burst forth a tumultuous shout of victory, which was taken up along the whole Confederate line. I mounted my horse, rode forward, and found the 4th Texas and 18th Georgia had captured fourteen pieces of artillery, whilst the 5th Texas had charge of a Federal regiment which had surrendered to it."

General Jackson, with reference to this charge, says officially: "In this charge, in which upwards of a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment was captured, the 4th Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce their strongholds, and seize the guns. Although swept from their defenses by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and desperate valor, the well-disciplined Federals continued, in retreat, to fight with stubborn resistance."

While surveying the ground next day over which these men charged, he exclaimed: "The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed."

The day was won, but at what a fearful sacrifice. Colonel Marshall, of the 4th, was killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Warwick was mortally wounded just as he mounted the breast-works, and planted there the Confederate colors (flag of an Alabama regiment, dropped by a dying soldier); Major Key was seriously wounded; thirty-two out of thirty-eight company officers were either killed or wounded. Among the latter was Captain W. C. Walsh, who had so gallantly led one platoon of his company, when lieutenant, on the skirmish line at Eltham's Landing, who was compelled to suffer the amputation of a limb after the day's work was ended at Gaines' Farm. They wrote their record in characters of blood, which will go down to future generations as one of the grandest military charges of modern times.

The wounded were taken to Richmond to the hospitals on litters, in ambulances, while the dead were buried on the battle-field, no more to be identified till the grand trumpet shall sound, awakening all to the final judgment. Far away the widow, the orphan, the mother, would mourn in Texas homes for this day's work. The army bivouacked around the camp fires, flushed with victory, and slept sweetly, to awaken upon another day's carnage.

## CHAPTER XI.

Geographical Position of Armies near Richmond—Disadvantages of the Confederates—Battle of Savage Station—Pursuit of McClellan—Battle of Malvern Hill—McClellan Driven under Cover of His Gun-boats—Failure of His Campaign at the North and in Europe—Important Results of "Seven Days Fights"—Dreadful Scenes in City Hospitals—Meager Resources for Accommodating the Thousands of Wounded and Suffering—Women would have been Unworthy Their Name had They Failed in Such an Extremity—Burial of the Dead—Care for the Texans—Hospital Established at Richmond—Chaplains' Efforts in Behalf of Wounded—Dr. Lunday—Sister Juliana—Personal Experience in Hospital.

In explanation of the position of the two armies lying near Richmond, and to give the reader some idea of the exact situation, we present the clearest account ever seen: "Let the reader spread his fingers so that their tips will form, as near as possible, the arc of a circle. Imagine Richmond as situated on his wrist; the outer edge of the thumb as the Central railroad; the inner edge, as the Mechanicsville turnpike; the first finger, as the Nine Mile or New Bridge road; the second, as the Williamsburg turnpike, running nearly parallel with the York River railroad; the third, as the Charles City turnpike, which runs to the southward of White Oak Swamp, and the fourth, as the Darby Town road."

As is thus manifest, General McClellan occupied this semi-circular line from the vicinity of Ashland to the James river, a distance of about twenty miles, while the Confederates were inside the semi-circle.

By the turn of the tide of battle at Gaines' Farm, General McClellan had been compelled to surrender his northern strongholds, and give up possession of the Fredricksburg and Central railroads. He was then cut off from his principal avenues of supply, and soon it became known that he was retreating towards the James river.

Following up the retreat, our men found that the deserted entrenchments of the Federals were very formidable indeed; that they had left large quantities of "fixed ammunition" behind, and had burned their commissary stores. The swamps and unbroken forests were of great advantage to the enemy.

General Magruder said in his official report, that the Confederate position was one of great peril, the bridges being burned, and had McClellan massed his forces in column and advanced

against any point of our line of battle, as at Austerlitz, the occupation of our works about Richmond, and consequently our city would have been his reward. The Federals had an army of one hundred thousand, while the Confederates, from all accounts, were about one-half that number.

The Federals say, on the other hand, that if our troops had occupied the road leading to Turkey Island bridge, their only means of escape would have been blocked, and the entire army would have been compelled to surrender, or starve in twenty-four hours.

On Sunday, occurred the fight at Savage Station. On Monday, the pursuit was resumed, and our troops advanced upon the enemy at the locality known as Frazier's Farm, on the Newmarket road. The Federals here made a desperate resistance.

Our officers commenced the advance at daylight. All day the men fought, as regiment after regiment was thrown against our advancing column. Night came on, with the battle still raging hot and thick. "Suddenly, as if it had burst from heaven, a sheet of fire enveloped our advance." It was now half past nine o'clock, and re-enforcements were thrown in. The heaviest columns were now flung against our troops, who, seeing the situation, retired. The Federals thought the day was won.

General A. P. Hill now took a stand with his men, jaded and weary with six hours' hard fighting, and replied to the enemy's charge with shouts and yells. It was half past ten at night, and the Federals stopped their advance. This day's work concluded with the achievement of the field under the most trying circumstances, which the enemy with overwhelming numbers had not been successful in reclaiming. This was one of the most remarkable, long contested and gallant fights that had yet occurred along our line, but the loss was simply appalling.

On Tuesday, the Federals continued their flight towards their gun-boats in the James river. They were now in communication with their supplies. There, at what is known as Malvern Hill, they occupied the crest of the hill, fortified and prepared to receive an attack, commanding an undulating hill which fell to our right into a plain or meadow. Here their batteries of artillery were massed, strongly supported by infantry, and everything in readiness for another terrible day's work.

General Magruder was ordered to begin the attack. "The plan was to hurl about fifteen thousand men against these batteries and this infantry, to follow up any success they might obtain; and if unable to drive the enemy from his strong position to continue the fight in front, by pouring in fresh troops, and in case they were repulsed, to hold strongly the line of battle where we stood."

About five o'clock the order was given to charge and drive the men from their position. Gallantly the troops sprang to the encounter, rushing into the field at a full run. The enemy's breastworks now sent forth a murderous storm of grape and canister. Officers and men went down by hundreds, but still the line dashed on, until two-thirds of the distance across the field was accomplished. There the carnage was dreadful, the line wavered, and fell back to the woods.

Twice was the effort again made, but each time with the same result. An eye witness says: "The hill was bathed in flames. Towards sunset the earth quivered with the terrific concussions of artillery, and huge explosive shells raced athwart the horizon exploding into deadly iron hail. The forms of men, the gleam of muskets on the plains where soldiers were disengaged; the artistic order of battle; the wild career of wilder horsemen plunging to and fro across the field, formed a scene of exciting grandeur. In the forest, where eye did not penetrate, there was nothing but the exhilarating and exhausting spasm of battle."

The conflict slackened as night came on. The Confederates had not carried the fortifications, but they occupied the field and posted their pickets within one hundred yards of the enemy's guns. It was a stubborn resistance on the part of the Confederates, and while not a brilliant victory like Gaines' Farm, yet it gave the Federals no advantage, and was the last of the "Seven days fights."

Malvern Hill is considered by soldiers and historians to have been the most sanguinary of that series of bloody engagements. The official estimate places the loss of the Confederates at three thousand, while the Federals place theirs at fifteen thousand. There is no doubt that the Confederate loss was greater than reported. Think of that galling fire—those advancing columns mowed down as grass before the farmer's scythe, struggling or hurled back, others taking their places over the dead, wounded and dying, and still the conflict raging for hours, held at bay by persistent and firm bravery.

I have seen the strongest men shudder while they talked of Malvern Hill, and watched manly lips quiver when they recalled the names of those who fell there—where the living swept over the dead.

When we contemplate the magnitude and importance of the seven days' fights, the encircling of the Confederate capital by a foe whose resources of men and means was limitless, the brave general, whose strategic skill had never been questioned, against whom our forces were pitted, we are struck with the wonderful victory achieved.

The enemy was entrenched. General Lee fought and advanced upon his works in an open field fight. His matchless daring and confidence in his men was perfect; none faltered during that terrible siege, none were faithless to the great charge in their keeping; the salvation of the capital city was their watchword, and for this they freely marched, fought, bled and died.

The fields were red with the blood of the slain, the air filled with the agonizing cries of the dying, the woods were crowded with the wounded, and where the fury of those fierce battles raged—death held high carnival.

The Federal army was not annihilated, but was driven to the cover of their gun-boats The siege of Richmond was raised, a large army driven from their fortifications, and put to flight.

"We had enjoyed the eclat of an almost daily succession of victories, gathered an immense spoil of stores and provisions, kept them from capturing the great prize of the 'Confederate capital,' which was now lost to them, and secure in the possession of a victorious army."

The Federal government forgot to boast of the speedy termination of the war. European powers saw the Southern Confederacy was not crushed; Southern soldiers were exhilarated by victory, although so dearly bought, while the Southern people became more fixed in the belief of the justice of their cause.

Thus ended in the field this remarkable series of victories, which even the achievements of Napoleon himself do not surpass in their results, nor does ancient or modern history record the courage of braver, more determined soldiery, or officers inspired with more heroic valor.

While all this was going on without the city, while the carnival of death reigned supreme upon the battle-fields, yet more horrible scenes were being enacted within its limits, where the shattered, bruised, bleeding remnants of humanity were brought in to be cared for while a spark of life remained.

The mind instinctively starts back affrighted from remembrances such as these, and were this not a portion of the history of the time, would be too painful to recall.

The reader must try to imagine the seven days' carnage, where foemen of common blood, equal in powers of endurance, equal in courage and equal in their faith in the cause they espoused—met in deadly combat.

Recall the prolonged struggle, the dearly-bought advantage, Gaines' Farm, the only decisive victory; the retiring of McClellan's hosts, only to gain strength for a new field of operations; the vast number of wounded as prisoners in the hands of the Confederates, and the flight from the city of the cowardly, the silly, the vain, whose only thought was to get their worthless

carcasses out of the storm—then grasp the situation presented on all sides.

Misery, suffering and distress was all that met the eye. Men were brought in, so torn by shot and shell as to be hardly recognizable. Then reflect upon the meagre resources for caring for all these, and it will be readily seen that superhuman efforts had to be exerted, to do and dare all the sympathizing could render to give care and comfort to the sufferers.

Seabrooks' ware-houses, which had served as a tobacco exchange, a huge building occupying a block of ground, in the lower part of the city, was converted into a receiving depot for the wounded.

The ambulances ran continually to this place, depositing the frightful wrecks of men so lately full of patriotism, and glowing with pride, now helpless, thirsty, tired, battered with the conflict, bearing in their bodies the bullets which had stricken them down, all awaiting their turn for treatment by the surgeons, busy day and night with their ghastly work.

From Seabrooks, they were assigned places in the various other hospitals, until the basement of every church, every tobacco factory, every empty building, and even every box car along the railroad tracks, was full of wounded men. The private parlors were thrown open and the wounded taken in and nursed.

Perhaps in the history of modern warfare there is no page in the record of any city so dark and bloody, no place where people had occasion for exercising the grand principles of a common brotherhood, and bestowing self-sacrificing benevolence—than here.

Looking back upon it all, and remembering the horrid details of the time; remembering the praise also that has made the ladies of Richmond famous throughout the South, and the high encomiums which officers, both civil and military, passed upon their devotion; calmly and dispassionately, I say it reverently, they would have been unworthy the name of women, had they not come to the front and done what they could to soften the anguish written upon every brow.

Deep down in every human breast is a divine spark of sympathy for suffering, causing men to turn aside from their daily avocations and bestow a kind word, and manifest pity for their fellow-creatures, when the hand of affliction rests upon them. Is it then to be wondered that woman, whose province it is to soothe the weary, strengthen the feeble, sit beside the bed of the stricken, that now she should step forward and bestow attentions no man could render? I am always glad to believe our Southern soldiers appreciated every little attention; but as one who was there, saw it all, and knew the circumstances, I feel that those women

only did their duty, and they would have been untrue to themselves, had they done less.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Every lady who waited on the soldiers in the hospitals, made a daily habit of taking a basket of delicacies for her own special patients. This was provided at home, generally prepared by her own hands. Virginia house-keepers considered cooking one of the greatest accomplishments, and no matter how intelligent and refined she might be, her education was not complete unless she understood the concocting of various dishes for the table, especially the desserts of which the gentlemen were so fond of partaking. Girls were, therefore, always ready to lend their assistance in pantry and kitchen, and if any member of the family was sick, they would have considered themselves derelict in duty if the patient was served with what was prepared in the general bill of fare, by the servants.

Now, this knowledge became useful to the men who were only favored with bowls of broth, boiled potatoes, baker's bread, and baked or boiled meats. Their sick fancies made a meal almost revolting, and placed the dose along with the medicine they sometimes had to swallow.

Provisions were, even now, growing scarce, but when women have milk, eggs, chickens, vegetables and fruits at hand, their ready wit will suggest many tempting variations. Then, having this served on dainty bits of family china, old pieces of silver, covered with snowy napkins, was an inviting contrast to the plain ware of the hospital. Frown down appearances as we may, yet when a patient feels there is an effort made to do the very best, it invariably meets with appreciation. Fixing up these baskets became the pleasure of the nurses, and made the soldiers' hearts glad as they counted the moments until their mid-day meal was brought by the faithful.

Days lengthened into weeks, still the work went on patiently and persistently. All day long the horror of war hung over the people,—sad processions of dear ones brought home only to linger and die, filed into the cemeteries, while the sickening sight of wagons piled high with coffins, from the hospitals, rattling along the stony streets, and no mourners to follow, threw a gloom over all beholders.

Burying the dead became a serious business, as it took the corps of grave diggers all the time to give them decent interment, bodies often remaining in the cemeteries for hours, and

sometimes a day or two, before it was possible to put them away from human eyes.

Parties from other States began to arrive very soon, to identify the bodies of their friends, killed in battle. Recognition was, sometimes, impossible, and often an aged father started back home with his burden really ignorant whether it was the remains of his son or some other of the same command. The dead on the battle-fields were hastily buried. Large, four-horse plows ran huge trenches or furrows, and in these the soldiers were placed, sometimes wrapped in their blankets, oftener without winding-sheet of any kind, covered up, unknown, and left to moulder into original dust. Brothers saw brothers stricken down, fathers their sons; but with the storm of battle surging around no time was taken to remove them to a place of safety, their identity was lost—their last resting place forever unrevealed.

The wounded of the Texas brigade were taken to the hospitals, they having been actively engaged in every battle after Gaines' Farm, and their officers and friends found it difficult to visit them and bestow the little attention they could render. The brigade was on picket duty for awhile after hostilities ceased, and finally were again ordered on the march, and pitched their tents on the same ground they had occupied, from whence they had moved on the morning of May 31st to march to the battle of Seven Pines. "Thus they completed a tour of five hundred miles, passing through several bloody engagements, and at the end of forty days were at the same place they started." Here they rested, and their chaplain and officers went to the city to look after their stricken comrades.

Finding it impossible to give any concerted care to their wounded, scattered, as they were, three or four miles apart, it was decided to procure a building; and with the help of ladies, and some assistance from the government, forty-six beds were soon ready for occupancy. Rev. N. A. Davis, chaplain of the 4th Regiment, was placed in charge, and a Texas hospital became an institution of the city of Richmond. Mrs. President Davis, Mrs. Webb, and other friends of the Texans, rendered efficient help in this hour of dire necessity. The Young Men's Christian Association took an interest in the enterprise, providing clothing, food, and other necessary articles.

Here the men saw comrades and nurses from their own State, and were better satisfied, while Mr. Davis attended to their spiritual, as well temporal wants. This God-fearing man did a grand work here, when, it will be remembered, he took many of the men from empty box-cars, and gave them comfortable quarters. During all this year this hospital was in operation, and afterward the surgeon in charge was Dr. Lunday, a Texas phy-

sician, but I am not informed whether he occupied that position at this particular time.

Dr. Lunday was an intellectual, talented man, tall, slender, polished in manner, pleasing in address, and a fine conversationalist. He filled his position with dignity, and won the respect and admiration of the men by his unvarying politeness, and deference to their wishes as far as consistent with their situation as invalids and convalescents. The members of the brigade will ever cherish his memory with kindest feelings of regret. He returned to Houston, Texas, after the war, practiced his profession successfully, and died there several years ago. His remains lie buried in beautiful Glenwood Cemetery. A plain stone marks his place of rest, but no word to tell future generations of his work in behalf of Hood's Texas Brigade amongst the sick and wounded, at Richmond, Virginia, during this never to be forgotten time in the nation's history.

Some of the Texans were nursed at St. Frances de Sales, a hospital presided over by the Sisters of Mercy, under the charge of "Sister Juliana," a noble, intellectual woman of great energy and administrative ability. Texans learned to love her then for her patience, fortitude, and sensible oversight of her charges. They obeyed her implicitly, and trusted her as one who was indeed an untiring nurse, a friend to the friendless, a succor for the shattered wrecks who came to her in an hour of sore distress, and were comforted by the serene manner, the holy calm, the divine purpose that marked all her actions. To-day, although years have passed, they love to recall her kindness and beautiful consistency. Her memory is like that of some dainty perfume, lingering above the dross of the world, sweetening all the dusty years, and preserving their faith in the possible sublimity of a womanly character far removed from earthly taint,—a type of the Christ-child's life she tried to imitate by each daily discharge of duty to those to whom she was called to minister. We reverently bow our heads in such a presence,—"of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

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Hospital number 1 was, as I said a few chapters back, used during the first year as a Federal hospital. Just before the battles around Richmond, the authorities decided to turn it over to the Confederates, placing as surgeon-in-chief Dr. Charles Bell Gibson, for years President of Medical College, Richmond, a man whose fame as a surgeon had gone abroad over the land; whose perception was keen, whose study was thorough, whose hand was cool and unerring as he performed for suffering humanity the most intricate operations which any man had ever undertaken.

He was surgeon and consulting physician, as he did little private practice, his skill being in constant demand, and his time wholly absorbed in his profession. His manner was polished and courteous, but with a certain dignity which held strangers in awe of his wonderful ability, and kept away undue interference with his preconceived ideas. What he said and did was as unyielding as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Because of this peculiarity, the ladies did not venture within the sacred precincts of his special domain until a notice appeared in one of the daily papers, inviting and urging them to come to his assistance, as the building was full of patients and the few Sisters of Charity badly overworked.

As more convenient to my home, I decided to transfer my slender services to Dr. Gibson's hospital, and obey the call he had made for help. It was the day after the battle of Gaines' Farm. In company with two ladies, we made our way to the building, and at the office, just within the hall, inquired for Dr. Gibson. We were directed to a suite of rooms opeuing upon a gallery. Never will I forget how he looked as he came in answer to my summons.

He was a remarkably handsome man of about fifty years, tall, and well proportioned—a giant physically and intellectually. His fine uniform of Confederate gray was dusty, his linen soiled, his hands staiued with the use of the knife, and all over his clothing great splashes of the life-blood of the wounded men.

"God bless you, ladies. I know you have come to assist with these poor men. Don't come near me; I am in the midst of a painful operation, and hastened to say you must excuse my appearance, for I have been working hard night and day. going from one cot to another. Ward No. 2 is destitute of nurses. You will please take your places there. You will find sponges and tin basins; fill the latter with water from the pipes in each room, aud go from one to another and cool those wounds." With a bow, a grave, satisfied smile, he left us and went back to his dreary work.

I had spent a month in the first hospital mentioned, but the patients were mostly sick with typhoid fever, and we only had a few wounded men. This was different. None but the wounded were treated here.

We entered the first of the suite of rooms called Ward No. 2, and such a sight as met our eyes. There were three rooms opeuing one into the other by folding doors; each room about forty by twenty feet. Long lines of cots filled the rooms, with space for a person to walk between them. Upon them were the suffering soldiers, writhing in pain, tormented with thirst, their wounds burning with irritation, and swarms of flies giving them no

rest, while the delirious ravings of some, mingled with the groans of others, sent a chill and horror to my soul, which has never been forgotten.

Two male nurses and a Sister of Charity were attending to the last moments of one who was dying, while two other ladies quietly flitted amongst the rest, doing what they could to mitigate the woe written upon every manly face.

Never before had I seen so much suffering all congregated together, and it was no wonder my heart failed when I saw the field I was expected to occupy, but nerving myself, I determined at whatever hazard personally, I would do all I could to relieve this intolerable misery.

I will never forget the expression on the faces of the wounded as we walked into the room, the satisfied pleasure that diffused itself over every feature, and the deep, earnest look of the eyes that followed our steps wherever we went. The wounds were dressed once a day by the surgeons, and keeping them moist with water was the treatment. Getting a pan and sponge I soon found my work, and went through the rooms from one to another applying the cooling water.

We had been through twice in this way when a young man from North Carolina, wounded through the spine at the back of the neck, said to me:

"Oh, Miss! God will surely bless you for this visit. I have been longing for the sight of a friendly face. Nobody has done anything for me but men, and the ball is still imbedded in my spine. You seem like my sister I left behind in old North Carolina. I may never see her again, but will you come to me every day when you first enter the hospital? I am so weary, so destitute, far away from those I love."

I made the promise, while my eyes grew moist to think my slight service met with so much appreciation. Another young lady who had brought her port-folio and writing material, busied herself writing letters for the brave, dying men, but I was too restless to do that, too impatient to apply a few drops of water to the parched lips and the burning wounds.

A cot was brought in with another wreck of humanity. The bearers deposited their load near where I stood. The pale features were convulsed with pain. I said, as gently as possible: "Can I do anything for you?" Looking eagerly up in my face he replied: "Yes, you can; stay by me a few moments. I am shot through the lungs, am bleeding to death, and if you will only wipe the blood from my breast God will surely reward you."

He bared his breast, and there was the ghastly wound, bleeding at every pulsation of his heart. Somebody must wipe that blood

away, and why should I shrink back? There was no one else He had appealed to me pityingly. So I sat beside him, and with my sponge absorbed the red fluid and cleansed it in the basin, while my own heart sank as I witnessed his anguish, as he talked of his South Carolina mother and dictated a letter telling her he was dying, but watched by a girl who had not failed in an hour of dire necessity.

The long, hot afternoon passed. Still I kept my position, the monotony only varied by going occasionally for a fresh pan of water, and smoothing the fevered brow. The sun went down and I must go. With some intuition of my intention he asked: "Can you not stay longer?"

I told him I had a wounded brother at home, and could not remain all night, but would get an older lady to take my place.

"Oh!" he said, "I shall not live long after you leave. I am not afraid to die. The surgeon said if I was raised up, I would suffocate. I don't want to die while you are here, but when you go, I will make them raise me up, and the suffering will soon be over. I can never thank you for your kindness, but sometimes remember the poor soldier you nursed. I will pray that many blessings may follow your life."

I had no appetite for my supper that night. The pleading eyes seemed to gaze into mine wherever I looked, while my sympathy went out to the tortured, and wandered away to the Southern home where the shadows would ever after hang.

The next day his cot was empty. The attendant said he had insisted upon being raised up, and had expired half an hour after I left, and his body was in the dead house awaiting burial. I did not want to look upon his dead face, but turned to the living. The young man who had asked me to come to him each day, I found utterly paralyzed, not even able to lift his head. There he lay, so brave, so helpless, talking cheerfully about the battle where he was wounded, never regretting the sacrifice, knowing as he spoke of the one who had died, that his turn would come very soon, and he too, would be taken and laid away by stranger hands.

Is it any wonder that sensitive, sympathetic people should quiver with emotion amid such scenes, that a great pity should fill the soul for the lives going down thus early to death? Glory was exchanged for agony. Patriotism well nigh oozed out amid the horrors of the situation.

A grand looking officer from Georgia mistook me in his delirium for the young wife he left in hts native State, and during lucid intervals would talk of scenes sacred to his memory and hers, and as it seemed to please him, I never told him I

was a stranger, allowing him the happy delusion, and with his hand resting in mine, his wife's name upon his lips, he breathed his last, one of the saddest death-beds during all that sad time.

It was so dreadfully real, this taking out the cot with the dead, this constant talk of the loved ones in a distant home, this catching at every face that brought the absent to memory, the pleading for a woman's presence, a woman's voice, a woman's hand, it was deeply, fearfully real.

My spririts grew more depressed each day as my patients passed beyond my care, and each day I became morbidly anxious lest another should be added to the list of the lost.

I have visited hospitals where charity is bestowed, alms houses, hospitals, private retreats for the sick, lunatic asylums; but nothing is so truly heart-rending as a military hospital during time of war.

After the seven days' carnage was ended, that hospital was so full that the cots were pushed close together, with only room to reach them from the foot.

The day after my first visit, we had an abundance of help, as the ladies came in groups to Dr. Gibson's assistance, and little girls became efficient help with their fly brushes. How welcome the children were to those wounded men can never be expressed, as they eagerly fanned the flies away and talked gaily to the men.

To those whose sick room is guarded by a loved presence, anticipating every want, or a hired nurse whose duty it is to be ever on the alert, this will not be understood. Remember how these men had been deprived of female society for months, away from the sight of a child's face, wounded and dying in a hospital, where every man only received so much attention. Think of the sickening sight on every side of others' suffering and woe, the thirst, the intolerable army of flies, do as best the attendants could to prevent this nuisance, the bare, blank walls where they were compelled to gaze for weeks and months, and then reflect how welcome was a woman's hand, a child's voice amid the distracting confusion of ideas.

The weeks spent at that hospital are indelibly stamped upon memory's tablets. Often, when weary with the world, feeling utterly desolate, the recollection of those feeble words, "God bless you," has come back as the refreshing dew upon the parched earth. The grateful looks from the eyes of the dead Confederates seem to speak in benisons to the weary heart, and those blessings have followed me through the checkered, changing scenes of a life filled with strange experiences.

## CHAPTER XII.

Feeling at the North with Regard to McClellan's Want of Success—Call for Three Hundred Thousand Men and a New Commander—Major-General Pope Selected—Change of Base to Rappahannock River—Record of the New Favorite—General Jackson's Activity—Whereabouts of the Texans—Battle of Freeman's Ford—Fight at Thoroughfare Gap—Second Battle of Manassas—Bravery of Texans—General Hood in Command of Several Brigades—Texans and Other Confederates Supply Themselves With Clothing—General Lee's Plan to Cross the Potomac Into Marylaud—General Hood Placed Under Arrest—Texans Refuse to Fight at Boonesboro Gap Unless General Hood is Restored—General Lee Orders General Hood to His Command—Enthusiasm of the Men, Again Assisting to Save the Day—Jackson at Harper's Ferry—Lee and Jackson at Sharpsburg—General Lee's Proclamation to Marylanders.

The people of the North were surprised and chagrined at General McClellan's ill success in reaching Richmond, as they had fondly boasted would be the El Dorado of their hopes. Conducting the war, however, upon the soil of the enemy, they felt no immediate alarm for the safety of their homes and firesides, and coolly looked upon the defeat of the rebels only as a matter of time and the expenditure of more men and means. Accordingly the government at Washington issued a call for three hundred thousand additional troops and a new commander, who could more successfully cope with the fighting capacity of the Confederates.

The choice now fell upon Major-General Pope, who changed the base of active operations back to the Rappahannock river. This general had, in 1849, conducted the Minnesota exploring expedition, afterwards acted as topographical engineer in New Mexico, and had command in 1853 of one of the exploring expeditions to develop the Southern Pacific railroad route. He distinguished himself on the overland route to the Pacific by sinking artesian wells and government money, to the amount of a million dollars. Some of these wells were sunk on the staked plains of Texas. He was in Missouri at the beginning of the war, and made himself obnoxious to the people of that State. He was afterward made Major-General and placed at the head of a corps, in the reduction of Corinth. He reported to his superior in command, General Halleck, that he had captured ten thousand of General Beauregard's army, and fifteen hundred stand of arms, when not a man or musket had fallen under his operations,

which shows how reckless he was with regard to the statement of facts.

As soon as he was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac he issued his proclamation from headquarters in the saddle, ordering all citizen Confederates to "take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government or be escorted beyond his lines." This order created consternation among the people, where defenceless women were only protected from the brutal soldiery by aged relatives too old for service in the rebel army.

"Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponent and leave our own to take care of itself. Let us look before and not behind—disaster and shame lurk in the rear."

These were the words addressed to his command. He fondly hoped to chase the rebel hordes away from his front and boasted of his ability, until the Northern papers caught the inspiration and believed him the greatest leader of the age. He had a wily foe in his front—no less than the indomitable Stonewall Jackson, who had quietly left the lines below Richmond and made his way as rapidly as possible to the Rapidan. The Confederate authorities knew it would be folly to wait for the new recruits to be gathered at the North, and the best way was to push ahead with their military operations.

On August 8th, General Jackson's command engaged the Federals at what is known as the battle of Cedar Mountain, one of the most rapid and severe engagements of the war. In every particular it was a sanguinary and desperate struggle, and resulted in a complete and decisive victory for our arms.

The Texas Brigade was not engaged in this battle. After resting and recruiting, as before stated, Whiting's division had received orders to move north, but the place of destination was a mystery. General Longstreet had gone, but under which leader they were expected to fight was not known.

They took up the line of march, going thirteen miles the first day, and this in proportion each day until they reached the Rappahannock. The weather was oppressively warm, and many of the division were smitten with sunstroke, but still General Hood moved forward until they reached Freeman's Ford. The enemy had crossed in front of General Trimble—the battle was already begun. The artillery had been at work some time, and now the sharpshooters were marking their objects. On arriving, the Texas Brigade took position on General Trimble's right, and Colonel Law's Brigade on his left. The line of battle was formed, the "forward" was given, the line of the Federals instantly broken and driven headlong into the river. The rout was complete; many were shot in the back while attempting to re-cross the river, while

about three hundred killed and wounded in the river and along the shore told the tale of this day's destruction.

The men had only green corn for food, as the wagons did not come up until the night of the 23d. Soon the camp was busy cooking rations, when an order came to move at once. Supper was in every shape of preparation, except ready to eat, but the military rule to move must be obeyed.

The next day they had a chance to cook their food, which was done, and the march continued for several days, until they reached, on the 28th, what is known as "Thoroughfare Gap." Jackson had passed through unmolested, but the Federals now occupied the Gap, which was a narrow defile in the Bull Run mountains, with crags and slopes close around, protected, as it were, by a wall of stone on either side.

General Hood had united with General Jones' division and they determined to force a passage through this strong position. They were prepared to fight persistently, for they well knew the advantage was upon the Federal side. General Jones' advance immediately opened fire, and pressing vigorously on, drove them before him from the slopes and gap, and led his men to the other side. The whole line, quickly following, passed through and bivouacked upon the field beyond.

There were about one hundred killed and captured in this encounter, but few casualties on our side, while the booming of General Jackson's cannon was distinctly heard in the direction of Manassas.

"Next morning the Texas Brigade was thrown to the front, and Colonel Upton, of the Fifth Regiment, was placed in command of a picked force of about one hundred and fifty men, whose duty it was to act as skirmishers, also to act as an advance guard and drive the enemy before them. This gallant officer and his brave marksmen pushed them so rapidly as to be frequently under the necessity of halting for the troops to come up."

Early in the day they came upon the main body of the Federals upon the plain of Manassas, having pursued the retreating guard for eight miles.

Forming line of battle, they awaited orders, as General Jackson was engaged upon the left in deadly combat.

The division was formed across the pike, Hood's Brigade posted on the right and that of Law on the left. Between Hood's left and Jackson's right, which rested about one mile south of Groveton, there was a gap of several hundred yards. Here was planted the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, under Colonel Walton, and several batteries commanding the ground over which General Pope's forces were advancing. He

threw forward a heavy column, making a desperate effort to divide our line. The artillery opened fire and the advance was repulsed. Again an advance was made, and again driven back, the fight becoming general along nearly the entire column of Jackson.

General Lee discovered that re-enforcements were coming up to aid the discomfited Federals. General Hood, at this juncture, was ordered by Longstreet to make a demonstration on the enemy's left. Instantly the order was given the flash of fire belched forth along the line. The din became horrible, the artillery thundering and the infantry firing continuously. The advancing column wavered, fell back, took another position to the rear, and advanced again, but were again driven back. Thus, on and on, they retreated, until night put an end to the progress of the troops, and gave shelter to a vanquished army.

About 9 o'clock it was discovered that the Federals and Confederates were mixed up curiously—Hood's men in advance of Jackson. It was so dark one flag could not be distinguished from another. The troops soon found out the condition of affairs. Federals sang out "5th Texas," and passed unmolested by the guard to the rear. General Hood discovered the state of affairs, and determined to inform General Lee of the facts, and recommended that his men be called off to the ground they had occupied before the pursuit began. He agreed to this, and at 2 o'clock in the morning the Texans were withdrawn from the immediate presence of the enemy.

This is said to have caused General Pope to telegraph to Washington that he had whipped the rebel army, and driven them from the field, although confessing his own loss in killed and wounded to be eight thousand. Thus ended the first day's fight. The soldiers sought their rest only for a few hours, as next day the conflict was renewed, and one of the most bloody battles of the war was fought.

The morning of August 30th broke upon the two armies lying so close together. The Federals had moved up and occupied the ground which Hood's men had abandoned. Picket firing and artillery dueling began at an early hour.

Our line of battle was an obtuse crescent in shape, and at least five miles long. Jackson's line, which formed our left, stretched from Sudley, on Bull Run, along the partly-excavated track of the Manassas independent line of railroad, for a portion of the way, and thence toward a point on the Warrenton turnpike, about a mile and a half in rear or west of Groveton. His extreme right came within about six hundred yards of the turnpike.

WIGFALL MESS.

Winter Quarters Texas Brigade near Dumfries, Va., Winter 1861-1862.

Longstreet's command, which formed our left, extended from the point near the turnpike, on which Jackson's right flank rested, and prolonged the line of battle far to the right, stretching beyond the line of the Manassas Gap railroad. A point on the Warrenton pike was the apex of the crescent, and it was here, between Jackson's right and Longstreet's left, that the artillery had been placed. Eight batteries were planted on a commanding elevation.

The Federal line of battle conformed itself to that of the rebels, and took also a crescent form—artillery in rear of their infantry. Whiting's Division belonged to Longstreet's Corps, and Hood's Brigade formed Longstreet's left.

During the morning the fighting did not amount to more than a brisk artillery duel. At 1 o'clock the Federals commenced a series of invitations to compel the rebels to bring on the fight, by advancing both upon the right and left, but were promptly repulsed.

Suddenly, at 4 o'clock, our batteries "belched forth a volley that seemed to shake the earth." A column of infantry had moved out to attack Jackson. A second and a third column made their appearance, moving boldly forward, until they came within range of small arms. These troops were the crack corps of the Federals, under Generals Sykes and Morrell. As the fight progressed, General Lee moved his batteries to the left and opened fire, only four hundred yards distant. A spectator says:

"It was not in human nature to stand unflinchingly before that hurricane of fire. The spectacle was magnificent, as shell after shell burst in the wavering ranks, and round shot ploughed broad gaps among them; one could distinctly see through the rifts of smoke, the Federals falling and flying upon every side. The columns broke, the men fell back to the rear. Jackson's men now went into the charge upon the scattering crowd left without a leader. In the severe action Jackson's left advauced more rapidly than his right, and the line of battle became changed. Longstreet, who had hitherto not been engaged, took the golden opportunity to attack the exposed left flank of the enemy in his front; Hood's Brigade being on the left, charged the turnpike. Here occurred another brilliant achievement of these men, again crowning Hood's Texans with fresh laurels."

Sickles' Excelsior Brigade of Zouaves had been, for several days, anxious to come in contact with the Texans.

Pollard says: "In the track of the charge, the Texas Brigade met Sickles' Excelsior Brigade, and almost annihilated them." This was how it came about. During the charge, while the men were steadily advancing upon the Zouaves, who occupied an

eminence, with their batteries in the rear upon the brow of the hill, General Longstreet sent rapidly for General Hood. He instructed Hood not to allow his men to move so far forward as to throw themselves beyond the prompt support of the troops he had ordered to the front.

General Hood, on leaving his men to receive his superior's instruction, gave the order to "press the enemy back to the branch, and there halt under the shelter of the hill." They obeyed the order to "press them back to the branch," but the temptation was too strong to allow them to halt; they moved right on up the hill to the battery of five pieces, frowning down upon them, and scattering destruction in their midst.

The men stood gallantly by their guns. The Texans advanced and, amid the deadly fire, succeeded in driving the Zouaves, with their bright, red uniforms, beyond their guns. Never were braver men than those standing beside these guns. Even when the infantry had fled, pell-mell, like heroes they kept up firing to the last. One remarked to his captor, as he lay mortally wounded: "I promised to drive you back, or die by my guns, and I have kept my word." When the men returned from the charge, he was dead under his gun. The battery, under Captain Curran, had volunteered to support the Zouaves and regulars in their attack upon Hood's Brigade.

When General Hood returned, he found his men were not where he had ordered them to halt, but had run over the battery and were in the valley beyond, pouring their deadly fire into those splendid troops which McClellan had eulogized so highly before Richmond, with the 5th Texas leading the van.

When the general came up, instead of having them arrested for disobedience of orders, or sent to the guard-house, he said: "Boys, you don't know how proud I am of you! You have behaved gallantly; you have acted nobly!—for you have fought like heroes!"

It was a fine compliment to General Hood's military skill and genius that, just at this stage of the fight, General Longstreet selected him to receive and post the fresh troops sent upon the field by himself, as he watched from the rear the behavior of his corps, striving successfully with superior forces. Gallantly Hood handled his men, five or six brigades, besides his own, being sent to his disposal.

Resting his troops for a few moments, he took position near a house where he could watch and direct the movements upon that part of the field.

General Jones' Division now arrived. He rode up to General Hood, and desired to know what point he had best attack. He

promptly accepted the situation, as did several other commanders, to act in concert, and they moved to the attack, as did the whole line from right to left.

General Hood says: "Thus the splendid corps of Longstreet moved forward in a grand charge, out upon the high open ground, in rear of the Chinn house. Onward it swept toward Bull Run, driving the enemy at a rapid pace before it, and presenting to view the most beautiful battle-scene I have ever witnessed."

This time, when night approached, and the engagement was ended, the 5th Texas was found far to the front, in the vicinity of Sudley Ford road.

The day ended with a decisive victory gained by the Confederates, upon the plains of Manassas—twice baptized in the blood of the true and the brave. Our loss was severe. Colonel Upton, of the 5th, was left dead upon the field; Colonel Robertson, of the 5th, was wounded, while leading his men far out upon the field.

General Hood said, of all engaged with him that day: "As to their gallantry and unflinching courage, they stand unsurpassed in the history of the world."

The men who made the advance upon the battery and zouaves all unite in saying this was, to them, a most trying ordeal, —the one place, up to this time, the most hotly contested of all others. Those who stormed the breastworks at Gaines' Farm were the same who gave this verdict. Their opposers had purposely pitted themselves against the Texans, and were determined to conquer if possible. The men knew nothing of this until told by the prisoners, but grandly did they win the victory, and over such gallant enemies. It was truly wonderful.

An incident will serve to show the spirit of the men handling the guns: The 4th Texas had advanced up to the brow of the hill where the battery was planted. The zouaves had fled precipitately. The Texans had been watching the firing of one of guns, and had learned the range pretty well, as soldiers by a keen perception soon learn this. One gun was apparently silenced, as so many had fallen at this post. Captain Winkler, commanding company I, 4th Texas, happened to be just in its range. When only two feet from the mouth of the cannon, he saw the gunner suddenly rise and touch it off. He moved aside with self-possession, and the bomb-shell went tearing and whizzing past his ears—one of the remarkable escapes of the day. Poor, brave gunner! So eager to do his whole duty, but in a few moments shot down in the act of sending forth another death dealing missile. This is perhaps the only record ever made of his conduct, literally dying beside his gun rather than be taken prisoner.

During this engagement, the 5th Texas covered itself with glory, and won the palm of distinction. The two brigades General Hood had under his command captured five guns and fourteen stand of colors, as trophies of the work accomplished. General Pope's force numbered forty thousand, according to General Halleck's report, re-enforced by General Reno, eight thousand, a body of troops from the Kanawa valley under General Cox, and all of McClellan's army, except one division.

General Lee had from one hundred and thirty to forty thousand to contend with on this occasion, and, according to Dr. Jones (his biographer), he only had fifty thousand men at his disposal. The whole Confederate force in the Department of Northern Virginia was only sixty-nine thousand five hundred and sixty-nine, able for active duty.

Our entire loss amounted to six thousand killed and wounded, while that of the Federals approximated thirty thousand, from all reliable sources. "General Lee paroled seven thousand prisoners on the battle-field."

"To form an idea of this horrible day, the reader must imagine a field over which the sword flashed and fifty thousand bayonets bristled the hills from morning till night, and as many rifles poured their volleys of lead, while a perfect storm of hail rained all over the ground." This done, you will have the field over which death rode in his chariot of fire August 30, 1862.

When the roll was next called after this fearful display of bravery and exertion, the brigade was found to be decimated fully half its numbers, killed, wounded and missing. A young Texan was found lying wounded just beyond the captured battery, next morning, with the dead piled all about him. As the litter-bearers raised him up, and he surveyed the ground, helpless and feeble from the loss of blood from a fearful wound, he exclaimed: "My God! so many dead all around! It seems had I done my duty as faithfully as I should have done, I too would be dead, and not simply wounded." Noble sentiment of a boy, after being shot down in the thickest of the fight.

The wounded and dead Texans were scattered a distance of two miles. The Chinn house was converted into a hospital, and the regimental surgeons were busily engaged in attentions to the wounded, from early morning till the "wee sma' hours." They were not sufficient in number to care for the large number thrown upon their tender mercies, and worked like Trojans, assisted by the citizens and women of the surrounding country, many being removed to the farm houses in the vicinity, and nursed by females. Others were sent to Warrenton, Gordonsville and Charlottesville.

Clothing had become scarce in the Confederate ranks by this time, and after the battle of Manassas the rebels, without any compunctions of conscience, proceeded to relieve the dead Federals of shoes, socks, and their outer garments. This may seem revolting to the sensitive reader, but when we remember that Hood's Brigade had already gained the soubriquet, "ragged Texans," is it to be wondered the men did not stand on ceremony, or allow any feeling of sentiment to prevent them from appropriating garments of which their dead enemies stood in no immediate need? Thus does war blunt the sensibilities. Those who would before have shrunk from wearing a garment of even a dead relative, were now glad, through their pressing necessities, to be able to obtain whole articles of clothing, even if worn by a dead Federal soldier. It seems sad they were compelled to resort to such means to provide for themselves, but such are the facts, and facts are stubborn things. Not only the Texans, but other Confederates, renewed their clothing in this way, but we believe after this battle was the first time it had been resorted to as a disagreeable contingent.

After burying the dead and caring for the wounded, the march was resumed, and General Lee soon manifested his plan of crossing the Potomac into Maryland.

There soon occurred a piece of stubbornness on the part of the brigade, the particulars of which were furnished by an old soldier, and also mentioned in General Hood's work, "Advance and Retreat."

Some time during the battle of Manassas, Hood's brigade had captured some Fedeal ambulances. Major-General Evans, of South Carolina, ordered General Hood to turn them over to his men. This General Hood refused to do, saying he would cheerfully obey if he had been ordered to turn the captured property over to General Lee's quartermaster, but he considered his men had better right to them than troops from another State.

General Evans was his superior in command, and ordered General Hood to be placed under arrest. On the march to Maryland, "he was ordered by General Longstreet to proceed to the rear, to Culpepper Court House, and there await the assembling of a court-martial. General Lee, being apprised of the matter, sent instructions he should remain with his command, but continue under arrest.

General Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland September 4th. Longstreet's corps was finally massed at Hagarstown, after destroying the bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, over the Monocacy river, which was effected by the Texas brigade. From thence they moved through Frederick City and Boonesboro, to Hagarstown.

On the morning of the 14th they were ordered back to South Mountain, to meet the advance of McClellan, who was endeavoring to "break through Boonesboro Gap, divide our lines, and defeat our armies in detail," as General Jackson had gone with his troops to Harper's Ferry

The Texans had grown very indignant at the injustice to General Hood. They were ordered into line of battle just before reaching the gap. This was obeyed. Next came the command to ford the river This was not obeyed. General Evans demanded a reason. He was informed, if he would give them General Hood, they would fight, but not under him.

General Evans became very angry, and threatened to turn a brigade upon them. This did not frighten them into submission, so he sent to General Lee the information that the Texas brigade had mutinied. When the cause was explained, General Lee sent General Hood to the charge of his command. When he was seen approaching, the brigade opened ranks, and as he rode through hats flew up and cheer after cheer rent the air, notwithstanding they were in the presence of the enemy.

After reaching the head of the column, his clear, ringing "forward" rang out, and the men willingly obeyed. General Lee said to him, in a voice betraying the feeling which warmed the heart of that great and noble warrior, "I will suspend your arrest until the impending battle is decided." He knew full well the valuable services rendered by Hood and his men, and could ill afford to cater to military etiquette and exactions while danger confronted the army at this critical moment.

General D. H. Hill's division was already in and around Boonesboro Gap, and the battle began at daylight. Longstreet arrived at the pass at four o'clock, and his men were rapidly sent into the mountains.

"The pass known as 'Boonesboro Gap,' is a continuation over the broad back of the natural turnpike. The road is winding, narrow, rocky and rugged, with either a deep ravine on one side, and the steep sides of the mountain on the other, or like a huge channel cut through the solid rock."

The fortunes of the day were becoming desperate in the face of overwhelming numbers, when Longstreet's re-enforcements arrived. The brave men, who had held out all day, were giving away. Evans was assigned to the extreme left, Drayton to the right, and Hood and his ragged Texans occupied the center.

The Federals advanced over the rugged way, cheering at their success. General Hood was ordered to the right, as the troops on that part of the field were giving way He ordered the Texas, Law's and Wofford's brigades to fix bayonets. When the enemy

came within seventy-five or a hundred yards, he rang out, "charge!" He says: "They obeyed promptly with a genuine Confederate yell, and the Federals were driveu back pell-mell, over and beyond the mountaiu, at a much quicker pace than they had descended."

The ground lost had been restored, the enemy foiled in his effort to relieve Miles at Harper's Ferry, but no decisive victory was gained. Our men had stubbornly and doggedly held their ground, with little loss, preventing re-enforcements from going to Harper's Ferry, until General Jackson could be heard from.

From all reliable sources, it does not appear that General Lee expected a fight at Boonesboro Gap, as General D. H. Hill was left there only to watch the enemy, while Jackson went to Harper's Ferry and Longstreet to Hagarstown.

Consternation filled the minds of the Northern people when it was known that General Lee had crossed the Potomac. General McClellan decided to mass his troops, after a dispatch to General Hill fell into his hands, and, by a masterly stroke, defeat the rebels by preventing concert of action between commanders; hence, this engagement.

Firing ceased as night came on. Generals Lee, Longstreet and Hill held a council, and, after a long debate, decided to fall back towards Sharpsburg, and accordingly the troops crossed the Antietam to Sharpsburg, where they took position on the morning of September 15th.

Meanwhile, General Jackson had gained an almost bloodless victory at Harper's Ferry. He had planted his batteries during the night, and made the attack upon Bolivar Heights at daylight. The white flag was run up at 7 o'clock, General Miles, the Federal commauder, being mortally wounded in the thigh.

The object of General Jackson's attack upon Harper's Ferry was to capture the stores, munitions of war and army supplies at that point. He first obtained possession of Maryland Heights, then of Loudon Heights, and, by a dextrous movement of troops, crossed Ewell's Division over the Shenandoah river, and succeeded in enfilading the Federal position at Bolivar Heights.

At the same time they were attacked from both front and rear. There was nothing left but capitulation.

"The garrison surrendered with eleven thousand prisoners, seventy-three pieces of artillery, thirteen thousand small arms and other stores."

"Liberal terms were granted General Miles and the officers under his command," says General Jackson in his official report. Leaving General A. P. Hill to receive the surrender, in obedience to orders from General Lee, the intrepid leader left with the

remaining divisions of his army, and, after a forced march, reached the vicinity of Sharpsburg on the morning of September 16th.

The Federals crossed the Antietam above the position of the Confederates. Having obtained possession of Compton's Gap, on the direct road from Frederick City to Sharpsburg, they were pressing our forces, and seemed determined upon a battle.

After entering Maryland General Lee, on September 8th, issued a proclamation to the people setting forth his object in coming into their midst, to enable them to place themselves under the protection of the Confederates. He said:

"We know no enemies amongst you, and will protect you in every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny freely and without restraint. This army will protect your choice, whatever it may be; and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will."

General Lee and the people of the South were doomed to be disappointed at the conduct of the people of Maryland, who had signified, in so many ways, their allegiance to the Confederate cause.

"It was expected," says Pollard, "that Southern sympathizers in the State that so glibly ran the blockade in the interest of trade, might as readily work their way to the Confederate ranks as to the Confederate market; and it was not expected that the few recruits, who timidly advanced to our lines, would have been so easily dismayed by the rags of our soldiers, and by the prospects of a service that promised equal measures of hardship and glory "

The people of Maryland only stared at the Confederate army as a curiosity, and after all their protestations of friendship, when the opportunity offered to take up arms in its defense, tacitly refused to follow the standard of the "Southern Cross."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Position of Sharpsburg—Disposition of the Troops—General Lawton, Division Commander, Wounded—General Hood Takes His Place—Perilous Location of the Texans—Two Corps Engaged on Hood's Front—Terrible Slaughter on Both Sides—Texans Distinguish Themselves in a Baptism of Fire and Blood—Results of the Battle—General Lee Withdraws His Army Across the Potomac—McClellan Too Crippled to Renew Attack—Northern Papers Assert General Lee's Retreat a Master-Piece—Review of the Campaign—General Lee's Appreciation of Texans—General Hood's Address to the Division—General Lee Compliments His Men—Hood Appointed Major-General—Compliments of Europeans to Southern Bravery—World Still Neutral—English Minister Asks Relaxation of Blockade—Southern Conscription Act—Reflections Upon Continued Faith of the South.

Sharpsburg lies in a deep valley surrounded by hills, about ten miles north of Harper's Ferry, and about eight miles west of Boonesboro. Situated in the valley of Antietam, which winds its way longitudinally through the fertile plain until it empties into the Potomac, surrounded by the majestic loveliness of the Blue Ridge only two miles distant, it slumbered, almost in forgetfulness of the outside world, until the clash of battle re-echoed through its midst, and the little town, forever after, became historic ground. The battle has been called by the Federals Antietam; by the Confederates Sharpsburg, and a dreadful remembrance it has ever been to each of the contending parties.

On the march to Sharpsburg, the two brigades under General Hood's command, and Frobel's cavalry, acted as rear guard. The men had received no meat for several days, and very little bread, subsisting principally upon green corn and green apples. Their spirits were defiant. When they missed their rations made it up in joking about the situation, and how they would enjoy again meeting the Federals.

During the afternoon of the 16th, General Hood was ordered to take position near the Hagarstown turnpike, in an open field, in front of Dunkard's church. The reader will remember that in the last chapter it was explained the Federals had crossed the Antietam, beyond the range of our batteries. This position of General Hood was given to meet that advance. General Jackson occupied Hood's left, and formed his line with his right resting on the Hagarstown road, and his left extending towards the Potomac. The enemy attacked Hood that afternoon, but his men repulsed them gallantly, driving them back some distance.

Night closed the contest, which left them so close together as to be able to hear distinctly the orders of their officers.

General Hood went in search of General Lee, with the request that his two brigades be relieved from the immediate presence of the enemy,—that they were suffering with hunger and fatigue. General Lee sent the brigades of Lawton, and Trimble, and Hayes, of Ewell's division, to their relief, but exacted the promise that they must return to relief of these troops at a moment's warning.

"Off duty!" Reader, do you know the charm of those words after men have been marching, fighting and starving for days?

Now commenced a hunt for supply wagons difficult to find. The red haze of early morn was mantling the eastern sky before the men had their food cooked, and many were only preparing the meal when the order came "To arms!" "General Lawton sends his compliments, with the request that you come, at once, to his support," was the message brought by a courier to General Hood.

The Federals had commenced firing along General Lawton's line at three o'clock. As they marched back to their position of the previous evening, a courier brought tidings that General Lawton was wounded, and General Hood must take command of the division. As they crossed the pike and filed through a gap in the fence in front of Dunkard's church, General Lawton was borne in a litter to the rear.

To give an idea of the perilous position into which General Hood was commanded to take his men, we will quote from General Jackson's official report:

"General Lawton, commanding division, and General Walker, commanding Lawton's brigade, were severely wounded. More than half of the brigades of Lawton and Hayes were either killed or wounded, and more than a third of Trimble's, and all the regimental commanders in those brigades, except two, were killed or wounded. Thinned in their ranks and exhausted of their ammunition, Jackson's division and the brigades of Lawton, Trimble and Hayes retired to the rear, and Hood, of Longstreet's command, again took the position, from which he had been relieved."

The sun had just risen, and in Hood's front were drawn up in battle array heavy columns of Federal infantry, "not less than two corps," says General Hood, and to oppose this array of the "best army the world had ever seen," General Hood had about two thousand effective men. With Law in command of one brigade, and Colonel Wofford, of the 18th Georgia (part of Hood's Brigade), in command of the Texas brigade, they moved forward to the assault.

The reader naturally asks, why were three brigades and a division removed and only two brigades sent to take their position at this critical moment? General McLaws had been ordered to move forward with his command at the same time as General Hood, but he was behind, and did not seem to appreciate the fact that the fortunes of the day might rest in a single order being dilatorily obeyed.

The odds were tremendously against the men, yet they went "gallantly into the fight, driving the enemy from the wood and cornfield, back upon their reserve, and forcing him to abandon his guns to the left."

General Hood, realizing his terrible position, sent to General Hill for troops to assist in holding the left of his position. Every time, the courier returned with the answer: "No troops to spare." Again and again he sent messages for re-enforcements, while his devoted band was struggling with the thousands pouring in like a flood.

There they stood, fighting as only desperate men can fight, challenging even the admiration of the enemy in their front, cheered alone by the hope of able resistance until help should come after awhile. Every man who withstood the carnage that day at Sharpsburg agrees that to "Hood's Brigade" this was the most terrible rencontre of the four years service.

The battle raged along the line for five miles, but the leaders did not seem to realize that in front of Hood's men the enemy had massed his strength, knew nothing of McLaws' tardiness, and were abashed when they learned how Hood's soldiers had withstood the hottest fire of the day. General Hood says in his report: "Here I witnessed the most terrible clash of arms, by far, that has occurred during the war. The two little giant brigades of my command wrestled with the mighty force, and although they had lost hundreds of their officers and men, they drove them from that position, and forced them to abandon their guns on our left. One of these brigades numbered only eight hundred and fifty-four men."

The 1st Texas lost, in the cornfield, fully two-thirds of their number, whole ranks of brave men were mowed down like grass. The enemy began an enfilading fire, as our line was in a right angle, and the division was compelled to move to the left and rear to close up the unoccupied space between our left and Jackson's right, that general having moved his troops, leaving their left entirely exposed. It seems strange that such a state of things should have existed, but such are nevertheless the facts. The most deadly combat waged until every round of ammunition was exhausted. General McLaws appeared upon the scene

at 10:30 o'clock, when General Hood, with colors flying, moved to the wood in the rear. The men supplied themselves with ammunition, and returned to the wood, near the church, which ground was held till a late hour in the afternoon, when they moved to the right and bivouacked for the night.

The correspondent of the *New York Herald* said of this part of the engagement: "That those ragged and filthy wretches, sick, hungry, and in all ways miserable, should prove such heroes in the fight, is past explanation. Men never fought better. There was one regiment that stood up before the fire of two or three of our long range batteries and two regiments of infantry, and though the air was vocal with the whistle of bullets and the scream of shells, there they stood and delivered their fire in perfect order." The regiment referred to was the Texas brigade. They had passed through so many engagements, their ranks had been thinned to the proportions of a regiment.

Dr. Jones, in biography of General Lee, said with reference to this engagement: "Seeing Hood in their path, the enemy paused." A Northern correspondent, writing to his paper, said: "While our advance faltered, the rebels, greatly re-enforced, made a sudden and impetuous onset, and drove our gallant fellows back over a portion of the hard-won field. What we had won, however, was not relinquished without a desperate struggle, and here, up the hills and down through the woods and standing corn, over the ploughed land and clover, the line of fire swept to and fro, as one side or the other gained a temporary advantage."

Hood was now fighting with his right towards the main line of the enemy, for General Hooker had swept around so far that his line was almost at right angles with his original position. "Hood threw himself into the action with great gallantry."

With regard to failure of re-enforcements, General Hood says: "I am thoroughly of the opinion that the victory of that day would have been as thorough, quick and complete as on the plains of Manassas August 30th, if General McLaws had reached the field even as late as nine o'clock."

Next day both armies were confronting each other, but with no disposition to renew the attack. Both had lost heavily, and both spent the time in burying their dead and caring for the wounded. The Confederate loss was heavy, estimated between five and nine thousand. The Federals report that where General Hooker engaged the enemey's left (in front of Hood's division of two brigades) there were twelve hundred and fifty wounded. Summers' corps lost, in killed, wounded and missing, five thousand two hundred and eighty.

McClellan was in command at Sharpsburg. The corps which

massed to turn the left flank had an aggregate attacking column of forty thousand, while the Confederates had less than fourteen thousand. General McClellan said in his report:

"The next morning I found our loss had been so great, and there was so much disorganization, I did not consider it proper to renew the attack that day, especially as I was sure of the arrival that day of two fresh divisions, amounting to about fourteen thousand men."

General Hood said that never before had he felt so much fear upon a battle-field that his horse might injure some wounded man, as they were lying so thick upon the ground it was almost impossible to avoid such a catastrophe.

Sharpsburg will be remembered by the horrible reflection that many of our noblest and best men were left unburied upon the battle-field. It will also be always a fearful dream, where a small handful of men withstood ten times their number, unsupported by the re-enforcements that did not arrive until it seemed human nature could no longer endure the strain upon brain and nerve. The Texans there made a record second only to those who fell martyrs of the Alamo.

The morning after this famous clash of arms, neither army was in fighting condition, although the rebels were eager to renew the conflict. During the 18th, General Lee awaited General McClellan's advance, but as none was made, he withdrew his army to the south bank of the Potomac, crossing at Shepardstown. No attempt was made to prevent the evacuation of Maryland. Why did General Lee retire across the Potomac? His army was exhausted. Instead of Maryland rising to the support of the Confederacy, he found them entirely hostile to the cause.

While General McClellan's army was crippled to an alarming extent, yet he was in easy distance of Baltimore and Washington, where there was large re-inforcements of men and money. In the report of the Committee on Conduct of the War, General Sumner testified as follows: "General Hooker's corps was dispersed, there is no question of that. I sent one of my staff officers to find where they were, and General Ricketts, the only officer he could find, said that he could not raise three hundred men in his corps. There were troops lying down, which I took to be Mansfield's. In the meantime, General Mansfield had been killed, and a portion of his corps were in confusion."

General McClellan, in the same report, testified as follows: "The next morning I found that our loss had been so great, and there was so much disorganization in some of the commands. As an instance of the condition of some of the troops, I happen to recollect the return of the first corps (General Hooker's), made

on the morning of the 18th, by which there were 3500 men reported for duty. Four days after that the returns of the same corps showed 13,500."

General McClellan's report shows that he had in action at Sharpsburg 87,164 men. Official Confederate reports show the entire forces in all the departments of Northern Virginia was a little over 69,000, and General Lee's whole strength at Sharpsburg was only 35,254. These figures show how utterly impolitic any further proceeding into the enemy's country. The wisest course was to fall back across the Potomac, which General Lee did in a splendid manner.

On the morning of the 20th, General A. P. Hill, who commanded the rear guard, was pursued by some brigades of the Federals. He gave the order to drive them back, and says in his report: "A simultaneous, daring charge was made, and the enemy driven pell-mell into the river. Then commenced the most terrible slaughter that this war has yet witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with the floating bodies of our foe. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account, they lost three thousand killed and drowned, and from one brigade alone some two hundred prisoners were taken."

The *New York Tribune* indignantly sums up the situation thus: "General Lee leaves us the debris of his late camp, two disabled pieces of artillery, a few hundred of his stragglers, perhaps two thousand of his wounded, and as many of his unburied dead. Not a sound field-piece, caisson, ambulance or wagon, not a tent, box of stores or a particle of ammunition. He takes with him the supplies gathered in Maryland, and the rich spoils of Harper's Ferry." The same paper says that "the failure of Maryland to rise was the only defeat Lee sustained; that his retreat over the Potomac was a master-piece; and the manner in which he had combined Hill and Jackson for the envelopment of Harper's Ferry, while he checked the Federal column at Hagerstown and Compton Gap, was probably the best achievement of the war."

General Lee, his officers and men, made a record during this campaign that will flash down the ages with all the lustre of true military glory. Leaving the Confederate capital on the banks of the James, he had rapidly transferred his operations to the Potomac, fought his way through the mountain gap to the Potomac, crossed that stream, captured stores, arms and ammunition at Harper's Ferry; fought the greatest pitched battle of the war at Sharpsburg, and re-crossed the Potomac into Virginia, after destroying miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and its bridges, which cost thousands of dollars.

The men who performed the wonderful exploits of this cam-

paign had, in little over a month, been able to secure only four days' rest. "One-fifth of these men were barefoot, one-half of them in rags, and the whole of them half famished."

They had marched over many a weary mile, stood the shock of battle, watched many a comrade fall upon the right hand and the left, yet their footsteps marked the same martial bearing, and on their faces rested the expression of the same determination as when they first enlisted in the service.

General Hood's division marched to a point north of Winchester, in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, where they rested after their toilsome labors. The appreciation of the commanding general of the Texas troops is conveyed in the following letter to Senator Wigfall, of the Confederate Congress from Texas:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
September 21, 1862.

*General L. T Wigfall:*

GENERAL:—I have not heard from you with regard to the new Texas regiments which you promised to raise for the army I need them very much. I rely upon those we have in all our tight places, and fear I have to call upon them too often. They have fought grandly and nobly. and we must have more of them. Please make every possible exertion to get them on for me. You must help us in this matter. With a few more regiments as Hood now has, as an example of daring and bravery, I could feel more confident of the campaign.

Very respectfully yours,
R. E. LEE, General.

This appeal never met with any encouragement. Men were added as recruits to the three Texas regiments in Virginia, but no more new commands were ever brought from Texas to General Lee's army.

General Hood delivered his address to the division, as follows:

NEAR WINCHESTER, September 28, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. —.

The brigadier commanding takes pleasure in tendering his thanks and congratulations to the officers and men under his command for their arduous services and gallant conduct during the recent campaign. After having distinguished yourselves at the battle of Gaines' Farm on June 27; your long-continued and tiresome march since leaving Richmond; dashing courage at the battle of Manassas Plain, August 30; your truly veteran conduct at the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, has won for you

the praise and gratitude of the army and country. In less than three months you have marched several hundred miles, under trying circumstances, participated in several battles, and made yourselves the acknowledged heroes of three of the hardest fought battles that have occurred in the present war. In none of these have you elicited so much praise from our commanding general, or so justly entitled yourselves to the proud distinction of being the best soldiers in the army, as at the battle of Sharpsburg. Called upon to retake ground lost by our arms, you not only did so, but promptly drove the enemy, twenty times your number, from his guns, and if supported, would have led on to one of the most signal victories known to the history of any people. Your failure to do so was attributable to others. And it was here, by your conduct in rallying and presenting front to the advancing columns of the enemy. that you earned higher praise than in any of the brilliant charges you have made. No achievement so marks the true soldier as coolness under such circumstances as surrounded you on that memorable day, and it was with peculiar pride the brigadier commanding acknowledges that such of his command as had not fallen in that terrible clash of arms, were in ranks again, ready and willing to meet the foe.

J. B. HOOD, Brigadier-General, Commanding.

General Lee issued the following address to the whole army, which is a complete summary of the campaign:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY
NORTHERN VIRGINIA, October 2, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 116.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the commanding general can not withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle, and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march. Since your victories around Richmond you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and after a conflict of three days, utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas, aud forced him to take shelter within the fortifications around his capital. Without halting for repose, you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than eleven thousand men, and captured upward of seventy pieces of artillery, all their side arms and other munitions of war. While one corps was thus engaged the other insured its success by arresting at Boonesboro the combined armies of the enemy, advancing under their favorite general to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted from daylight until dark the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front of more than four miles in extent. The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning without molestation across the Potomac. Two attempts subsequently made by the enemy to follow you across the river has resulted in his complete discomfiture, and being driven back with loss. Achievements such as these demand much valor and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited; and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms. Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety. Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

The following letter from General Jackson explains how General Hood came to be promoted Major-General soon after:

HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DISTRICT,
September 27, 1862.

GENERAL:—I respectfully recommend that Brigadier-General J. B. Hood be promoted to the rank of Major-General. He was under my command during the engagements along the Chickahominy, commencing on the 27th of June last, when he rendered distinguished service. Though not of my command in the recently hard-fought battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, yet, for a portion of the day, I had occasion to give directions respecting his operations, and it gives me pleasure to say that his duties were discharged with such ability and zeal as to command my admiration. I regard him as one of the most promising officers in the army.

I am General, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON, Major-General.

General Hood's arrest, which General Lee had suspended at Boonesboro Gap, was never reconsidered; in lieu thereof, he soon received the promotion of Major-General. During the re-organization of the division, placing regiments of States together, the Texas Brigade lost the 18th Georgia Regiment, which up to this time, had stood shoulder to shoulder with them in every conflict, and had shared every weary march and all their scanty rations.

The men regretted the change, but gained in exchange, the 3rd Arkansas Regiment, thus throwing all the regiments from the trans-Mississippi together in the Texas Brigade.

"The loss sustained by the division of two brigades, after leaving Richmond, was two hundred and fifty-three killed on the field, sixteen hundred and twenty-one wounded and one hundred missing, making in all one thousand nine hundred and seventy-four.

"There was an outburst of praise amongst the nations of the world at the splendid display of bravery of the Southern troops who had purchased their distinction by the price of blood."

The *London Times*, the great exponent of "historic precedent and educated opinion in Europe," paid the following tribute to the South:

"The people of the Confederate States have made themselves famous. If the renown of brilliant courage, stern devotion to a cause, and military achievements almost without a parallel, can compensate men for the toil and privation of the hour, then the countrymen of Lee and Jackson may be consoled amid their sufferings. From all parts of Europe, from their enemies as well as their friends, from those who condemn their acts, as well as those who sympathize with them, comes the tribute of admiration. When the history of this war is written, the admiration will doubtless become deeper and stronger, for the veil, which has covered the South, will be drawn away and disclose a picture of patriotism, of unanimous self-sacrifice, of wise and firm administration, which we can now only see indistinctly. The details of extraordinary national effort which has led to the repulse and almost the destruction of an invading force of more than half a million of men, will then become known to the world, and whatever may be the fate of the new nationality, or its subsequent claims to the respect of mankind, it will assuredly begin its career with a reputation for genius and valor which the most famous nations may envy."

While this was the expressed opinion of the world, yet the great powers of Europe failed to make any attempt of recognition, and Lincoln's paper blockade was sustained, when the Federal navy at the beginning of the war, according to the navy register, did not comprise more than fifty vessels to protect a coast line of nearly three thousand miles in extent.

The neutrality, which now began to be galling to the South, cannot be attributed to preference for the government of the United States, nor hatred to the Southern institution of slavery, although the abolition movement virtually began in England. The United States had probably never been forgiven for separat-

ing from the British crown. Monarchies are sublimely indifferent to the fate of republics, lest their own thrones should totter and fall beneath their feet.

The war demanded an immense amount of arms and munitions of deadly strife, and England was interested to have it continue for the benefit of trade, even when her own people were clamoring for the cotton which was the product of the South.

France could not afford to interfere. Maximilian was attempting to establish a monarchy in Mexico under French protection, while the United States was engaged in civil war. This kept Louis Napoleon interested in his own project, and while commissioners were sent to both England and France, they never got even a shadow of recognition of the existence of the Confederacy

The other powers tacitly followed the leadership of those two. Nothing for them could be accomplished by sympathy with revolution—the South must defend herself.

A plan was formulated to purchase all the cotton at ten cents per pound and store it in England, as a permanent basis for the Confederate government. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury, bitterly opposed the scheme, and it was abandoned. This was a fatal mistake. However much a nation may admire pluck, courage and endurance, yet the cool speculator wants something more substantial before risking interference. Who can fathom the result, had the finances been solidly supported?

The capture of the Southern commissioners to England aud France upon the high seas was encouragiug to the South, but was managed by Mr. Seward with coolness, and the demand for their release was yielded to without remonstance, in spite of the fact that the Northern press declared their seizure more than victories in the field, the compliments of the cabinet were tendered their captor, Captain Wilkes, and a proposition introduced into congress to distinguish his piratical adventure by a public vote of thanks.

The course of the government convinced the South that the North would not only spend large sums of money, recruit their armies from every nation under heaven, but, also, condescend to any concession so the great purpose of crushing out the rebellion was accomplished. They realized there was no hope from outside help, and went to work to develop more of the resources of their own country.

During 1862 the British Minister of Foreign Affairs applied to Mr. Seward for some relaxation of the blockade, so they could command some cotton from the Southern States, as the distress of the manufacturing districts was becoming alarming. The

growth of cotton in the British colonies, Egypt, Brazil and elsewhere, which had been stimulated by the American war, had not brought forth the results expected, although there were hopes of freedom from dependence upon the slave-holding South, yet they soon became convinced they must have more cotton or ruin would stare them in the face.

Mr. Seward promised he would soon open all the channels of commerce, and said in his communication:

"We have ascertained that there are three and a half million bales remaining in the region where it was produced. We have instructed the military authorities to favor, as far as they can with public safety, its preparation for and dispatch to the market where it is so much wanted."

Congress passed resolutions providing that the President was authorized to issue his proclamation declaring the inhabitants of a State to be in a state of insurrection, therefore all commercial intercourse became unlawful and must cease, and all goods and merchandise, in transit, must be forfeited to the United States.

It became then in the rebellious States, unlawful to trade between themselves, or others, and all goods subject to seizure were confiscated. There was also a provision that some one might be appointed to re-open trade, if conducive to public interest. The articles of trade were cotton and tobacco, and the public interest was the seizure of these articles and transporting them to European manufacturies.

The Confederate Army was a vast volunteer corps, until April, 1862, when there was passed a conscription act, through the recommendation of President Davis, declaring all persons between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five liable for military duty, exempting only those engaged in work for the government, making the whole male population a vast reserve force to be placed in the field without legislative enactment. Even those engaged in government employ were organized into companies and battalions, and kept ready to move at a moment's warning.

The depletion of the army, during the bloody battles of the campaign, called for re-enforcements, and another conscription act was passed, extending the age to forty-five years. The people long suffering, as they had been, met the issue promptly. and were still strong enough not to murmur, but to purchase victory, or die in the attempt.

The historian, who looks backward, now wonders at the faith of the people, the faith of the women who had so much of the bitterness to endure, the faith of the soldiers. Those were heroic times. They never realized what they were enduring.

The necessities of the times were such there was no time for repining over the inevitable, and no patience for the croakers who, unless compelled, would do nothing themselves, nor give a cheering word to others.

The people, at home, devoted themselves less to the growth of cotton and tobacco, and turned their attention in the agricultural districts, more to grain, corn and other needed supplies for the army. The unwarrantable act of the Federal congress was looked upon as another species of oppression of a people who had forgotten to be just, in the blind passion of the hour.

## CHAPTER XIV

Plans for Filling the Confederate Treasury—Depreciation of Currency—The Means Women Resorted to, to Make Money—The Clothing Bureau—Work on Plantations—Faithfulness of Slaves to their Mistresses—Capture of Galveston a Shock to the Texas Brigade—Review of Troops—Flag of 4th Texas—1st Texas Flag—Bands of Brigade—Corps Again on the March—Colonel Robertson of 5th Texas Appointed Brigadier-General—Burnside Appointed to Command of Federal Army—Supplies of Clothing Sent Texans—Burnside Attempts an "On to Richmond"—Battle of Fredericksburg—Federals Re-cross the River—General Lee Fights Behind Breastworks First at Fredricksburg—Suffering of the People of that Place—Assistance of the Soldiers—Emancipation Proclamation—Galveston Re-captured—Delight of Texas Brigade—Hood's Division Detached and Sent to Suffolk—General Hooker in Command of the Federal Army—Division of Hood Re-called, but Arrives too Late for Chancellorsville—General Lee's Regret at Hood's Absence.

By this time the bad financial system of the Confederate government began to bear its fruit. After Memminger's steady refusal to purchase the cotton, send it to Europe and hold it as a base of operations, other plans were resorted to, borrowing from individuals, taxation and the collection of millions of dollars owing Northern men, which by an act of Congress, approved by the President, was paid into the coffers of the government. All this did not relieve matters.

The country was flooded with confederate money, issued almost at random by the administration, and counterfeited by Northern people, who supplied their soldiers with it to scatter amongst Southern people wherever the army camped.

The illicit traffic of "running the blockade," carried a great deal of gold aud silver out of the country, as this now began to assume the proportions of a regular business across the border, and through every Southern port.

At the capital, Confederate money was now worth only five dollars for one. When it is understood all the able-bodied men, up to forty-five years, were in the field, or subject to military duty, the city filled with refugees, provisions and clothing scarce, and only to be purchased with cash, it will be manifest the sufferings of non-combatants began to tell very plainly. The pay of officers and men was very small. Out of this pittance there was little for family use. Numbers of refugees had lost every slave, captured by the enemy, and numbers of soldiers left no slaves behind to earn a subsistence for their families.

Women therefore, were compelled to do something to keep the

"wolf from the door," and sustain the helpless children while their fathers were absent. Many a woman, who had never earned a dollar, was compelled to seek employment. The government, by this time, had systematized their hospital arrangements and provided a clothing bureau. Nurses and matrons were needed in the hospitals regularly, to perform the service hitherto rendered by volunteers, and a large number were thus employed—efficient help in that department being imperative.

Many who were well educated, were engaged as clerks in the commissary, quartermaster and other government offices. It was found women could do the work as well as men, allowing the latter the privilege of fighting the battles of their country.

Women and girls also were engaged in the laboratories, manufacturing cartridges and other death-dealing missives, while scores and hundreds thronged the clothing bureau to obtain soldiers clothing, there distributed, to be taken home and made at nominal prices. Perhaps of all the sad scenes enacted around the Confederate capital, none were more heart-rending than those that met the eye around this place, where grim want hunted for the boon of work to supply food for hungry childhood.

At early daylight, women with drawn, pinched faces, took their position in a line at those doors. By the time they were opened and ready for business, a vast throng was on hand, which had to be held back by policemen, so eager were they to get the sewing, as they marched up, procured their bundles, and passed out by another door.

Often the press of the crowd was so great, a delicate female would faint and almost die, before the surging mass of humanity could give her fresh air. The chief of bureau would send her down in an elevator and back to her poverty-stricken home. When this became known, willing hands were stretched forth to relieve her necessities; but, alas! how many suffered in those days the pangs of hunger and despair, who never breathed their want to mortal ears. Only when these occurrences came to the knowledge of the rushing world, interested in news from the seat of war, was the hidden anguish of the times unveiled.

Women in the agricultural districts were in better condition. They assumed the management of the plantations, directed the work of the slaves, dragged out spinning-wheels and looms, kept the females continually knitting, spinning and weaving, and not only kept themselves and dependents well fed and clothed, but sent regular supplies of food and clothing to the soldiers and hospitals at Richmond.

Their homes were always open to convalescent soldiers, who recovered from sickness and wounds in the delightful farm-houses of Virginia—their wants attended to by the daintiest women in

the land. As soon as one lot of soldiers recovered and returned to the field, it was reported to the hospitals whence they came, and others took their places. Thousands were thus cared for, and recovered to the army who would otherwise have perished for want of attention, amid the long, weary hours of hospital life.

While the farming country was frequently in the hands of the enemy, and their raiding parties left a track of desolation behind them, yet the faithfulness of many of the negro slaves helped the women to recover from these disasters.

To the eternal honor of the slaves, who refused to yield to the machinations of abolition troops, they gave their mistresses only the most cheerful obedience and assistance in every way possible, and no single case of mutiny or insurrection ever occurred, when there were whole neighborhoods of women, children and old men at their mercy. Some, of course, deserted when they got the chance, and enlisted in the Federal army, but the majority were faithful to the bitter end, and very materially, under the guidance of their mistresses, helped to furnish the means of subsistence for the army, as there were districts where the foot of the invader never trod, rich and fertile in their yield, under good management.

While the Texas Brigade was recruiting, reorganizing and resuming the rigid system practiced by General Hood, in their camp near Winchester, the news was received of the capture of Galveston, Texas, by the Federals, October 9th.

This was a shock and surprise to the men who had followed General Lee so persistently through Virginia, which they found to be attributable to the fact that the Confederacy had practically allowed that sea-port to remain in a defenseless state, and it had fallen, after only a feeble resistance, before the superior naval advantages of the Federals. They felt this to be sheer neglect, as there were available forces enough in Texas to have averted this disaster, had they been properly handled. While they grieved at the unfortunate mistake, it did not diminish their devotion to the Army of Northern Virginia.

On the 8th of October Generals Longstreet and Hood reviewed the troops. Regiment after regiment passed, until there came one bearing a flag filled with holes from the bullets of the foe. The ensign, who bore it, walked with a manly step, proud of his colors. It was a lone star flag belonging to the 5th Texas, and had been pierced forty-seven times. Seven ensigns had fallen beneath its folds.

Another passed made by Miss Loula Wigfall, and presented to General Hood while in command of the 4th regiment. The motto: "Fear not, for I am with thee; say to the North give up, and to the South, keep not back," was graven on the spear-head.

Nine ensigns had fallen beneath it, on the field. "It had gone through eight battles which had occupied eleven days, and brought off the battle scars of sixty-five balls and shot, besides the marks of three shells."

To-day was the last time it appeared on parade. The next day it was sent by Colonel S. F. Darden, Texas member of Confederate Congress, to the Governor, to be preserved amongst the archives of their State. The ensign who first carried this flag, and was wounded so many times, was E. D. Francis, and perhaps a braver man never lived. He had been wounded on the second day at Manassas and was not yet recovered, yet be bore it on review in that last parade, and felt such glory encircled its blood-stained folds as would go down to history with romantic interest. The following letter accompanied the flag:

HEADQUARTERS 4TH TEXAS REGIMENT,
NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., Oct. 7, 1862.

*His Excellency F. R. Lubbock, Governor of Texas:*

SIR:—I have the honor to present to you, by the hand of Captain S. H. Darden, the battle-flag of the 4th Texas Regiment, borne by them in the battles of Eltham's Landing, Seven Pines, Gaines' Farm, Malvern Hill, Freeman's Ford, Manassas Plains, Boonesboro Gap and Sharpsburg. From its torn and tattered condition, it can no longer be used; and it is returned to you, that it may be preserved amongst the archives of the State as a testimonial of the gallantry of her sons who have fought beneath its folds. I need not dwell upon the services of my regiment. Its deeds in battle will go into the history of the country, and speak for themselves, and this silent witness bears eloquent evidence that the men who followed it in action, were where shot fell thick, and death was in the air. You will readily believe, Governor, that we part from the old flag with painful feelings. More than five hundred of our comrades in arms have fallen beneath its folds, and it is to us an emblem of constancy under multiplied hardships, gallant and dauntless courage in the storm of battle, and devotion unto death to our cause. Let it be preserved sacredly, that the remnant of our little band may, in future days, gaze upon its blood-stained colors, recall to mind the sufferings they have endured in their country's cause, and their children incited to renewed vigilance in the preservation of those liberties for which we are now contending. Our general has presented us with another battle-flag, and we hope to be able to acquit ourselves as well with that as we have with the old one.

Respectfully, your servant,

B. F CARTER,
Lieut.-Col. Commanding.

"The 1st regiment carried its old flag through every battle until at Sharpsburg, when the ensign was shot down, unobserved in the corn field as the regiment was changing its position to prevent being flanked, and it fell into the hands of the enemy, who we learn from some of our men who were made prisoners, rejoiced over it considerably, mounted it upon a music wagon, and running up the stars and stripes over it, drove through camp to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' and then to McClellan's headquarters, where they delivered themselves on the subject of capturing a Texas flag."

In connection with the flags, no unimportant factor in the brigade organization was Daniel Collins' brass band of the 4th regiment. At review the bugle blast woke the soldier to his duty. When wearied and tired the enlivening strains of "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "The Southern Marseillese," inspired him with heroism. At the evening hour when the camp was quiet, the plaintive notes of "Mocking Bird" and "Home, Sweet Home," drove away the dull reality of his situation, while dreams of loved ones came like angels' visits and rested like a benediction upon his waiting soul.

During the crossing of the Potomac the bands played "Maryland, My Maryland," and upon their return, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," cheering the men and driving the depression of falling back, away.

Being thoroughly organized, they served as guard for knapsacks and blankets, which the men could not carry into the fight, and also acted as nurses to the wounded as they were brought in from the battles to the field infirmaries. An eye witness says:

"As it was our lot on several occasions to be present at these scenes of suffering, we take pleasure in saying they labored with untiring zeal for days and nights together without sleep and with but little food."

General McClellan, while claiming a victory at Sharpsburg, awoke the severe criticism of the North by allowing General Lee to evacuate Maryland, and was ordered to follow him across the Potomac. This he proceeded to do, crossing east of the Blue Ridge, and taking possession of the mountain passes as he progressed. General Lee determined to evacuate the Shenandoah valley, and return to the valley of the Rappahannock, keeping his eye upon the Federal commander, whom he suspected of trying to concentrate at Fredericksburg.

About the 26th, Longstreet's corps was again on the march, moving with the rest of the army, vastly improved by rest and discipline. The Texas Brigade halted near Culpepper Court House, aud while there on November 1st, Colonel J. B. Robert-

son, of the 5th Texas, by recommendation of General Hood, received his appointment as brigadier-general, and took command of the brigade.

Here also came the intelligence that McClellan, "the Napoleon of the West," had been sacrificed to popular clamor and official envy, and General Ambrose Burnside, of Rhode Island, appointed to the command of the Federal army. He at once proceeded to concentrate his forces on the north bank of the Rappahannock. McClellan had declared his ability to capture Lee and his rebels before they could get out the valley General Lee had astonished him by turning up at Culpepper Court House, and while he was making plans, contemplating another change of base, lo! the order for his removal came, and the day of his greatness was ended.

General Lee crossed to the south side of the Rapidan, and by the latter part of November the Federal and Confederate armies again confronted one another at Fredericksburg, where they quietly waited the development of events.

When General Robertson took command of the Texas Brigade he appointed Captain J. H. Littlefield, of the 5th Texas, quartermaster, with the rank of major He entered into the discharge of his new duties, and found that, through the immense demands upon the quartermaster's department, there was little prospect of procuring sufficient clothing to protect the men from suffering through the winter. They were too far from home to obtain relief from that quarter, and the dilemma coming to the knowledge of Mr. Davis, that ever faithful champion of the 4th, he decided to let their wants be known. The following card appeared in the *Richmond Whig* of November 5th, prefaced by this notice:

"We call attention to the statement below, assured that the citizens of Richmond need no comments from us to induce a prompt response to the simple and touching appeal of the Texans —bravest of the brave. The 4th Texas, to which Mr. Davis is attached, distinguished itself greatly at the battle of Gaines' Farm, where Lieutenant-Colonel Bradfute Warwick fell, while leading it into action. The 4th Texas has a special claim upon Richmond, which, we doubt not, will be fully recognized."

"RICHMOND, November 1st.

"*To the Editor of the Whig:*

"I have just arrived from Fredericksburg; the prospects are good for a fight, but our men are not well shod. On yesterday evening an order was read on dress parade to the effect that being bare-footed would not excuse any man from duty Those who were without shoes were ordered to make moccasins of rawhide,

and stand in their places; and we feel that Texans will come as near discharging their duty as any who will meet the next struggle; but I ask the good people of Richmond and the surrounding country if they will stand by and see them go into the fight without shoes. We are too far from home to look to our friends there for help. We acknowledge the kindness shown us last winter, and many of the recipients have poured out their life's blood on the soil of Virginia. We are from the far South, and the cold is severe to us. It will require at least one hundred pairs of shoes and five hundred pairs of socks to complete one suit for our men. Those who are disposed to contribute will please forward their mite to the depot of the Young Men's Christian Association, or the depot of the 4th Texas regiment, on Fifteenth street, between Main and Cary, and it will be forwarded immediately.

"N. A. DAVIS,
"Chaplain 4th Texas Regiment."

In response to this appeal, Mr. Davis says: "We received from Miss Virginia Dibrell (collected from various contributions) two hundred and sixty-eight dollars, twenty-five cents; Miss Mattie Nicholas and Mrs. Garland Hanes, proceeds from a concert at Buckingham Female Institute, one hundred and seventy-five dollars, five cents; from the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society, New Market, Nelson county, Va., a box filled with clothing; Mrs. Wm. Paine, seventy-eight pairs of socks; Mr. Wm. Bell, Chairman of Purchasing Committee of Citizens of Richmond, one hundred pairs of shoes; Young Men's Christian Association, thirty rugs, one hundred and forty-six pairs of drawers, one hundred and nine shirts, twenty-four pairs of gloves, and four hundred and ten pairs of socks, besides a number of smaller sums and packages, which have warmed both the feet and hearts of our men, who feel it will be unnecessary to attempt to express their gratitude for these unexpected favors." "In return for the liberality extended our men the brigade, after the battle of Fredericksburg, contributed to the sufferers of that unfortunate city."

When General Burnside was placed in supreme command, he commenced to make active preparations towards another attempt to capture the Confederate capital. General Lee had moved up to the South bank of the Rappahannock, where his line stretched along the river for some thirty miles, guarding the different crossings.

General Burnside planted upon Stafford Heights, just opposite Fredericksburg, an immense armament of heavy artillery, fully one hundred guns being in position, commanding the river bank opposite, the plain upon which the city rests, and giving shelter

to his men while they constructed pontoon bridges for the army to cross.

On the morning of December 11th, they opened fire at daylight upon the pickets who were stationed to resist the advance, and raked every street and lane of Fredericksburg with a galling fire.

Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade held the town in the face of the terrible shelling, after leaving the river, when certain destruction was only averted by lying flat upon their faces. After the Federals had effected a crossing, the men were ordered to fall back, and even in the streets this brigade gallantly held its own in a skirmish, when they were ordered to fall back and leave the town in possession of the enemy.

General Lee rapidly concentrated his forces, occupying a position in a range of hills and heights, a portion of which was a dense oak forest in rear of the town, and plains below, presenting a bold front of about six miles in length. Here he threw up earth-works and prepared to await the advance of his opponent. During the 12th, they crossed the river in vast numbers, secured from material interruption by a dense fog. Longstreet's corps occupied the extreme left of General Lee's forces, with Hood's division extending to the right. General Jackson's forces joined Hood's right.

On the morning of the 13th, a mist still hung over the two armies, but lifting about 9 o'clock, disclosed the advance upon Jackson's forces on the right. About 1 o'clock the assault was made with three compact bodies of infantry against General A. P. Hill's front. They were received, near Hamilton's crossing, and momentarily checked, but recovered. They pressed forward, coming within range of the infantry, where the conflict became fierce and bloody.

General Hill paid a tribute to General Gregg's South Carolina Brigade, when he said: "The advancing columns of the enemy encountered an obstacle at the military road, which they little expected—Gregg's Brigade of Carolinians stood in the way."

The advance was allowed to come near, when the brigade poured a withering fire into the faces of Meade's men, and the contest was short and decisive. The enemy was routed and, although re-enforced, was pressed back and pursued to the railroad embankment. The repulse of the foe on the right was decisive, and the attack was not renewed on that part of the line, except that their batteries and sharp-shooters were active during the afternoon.

The main assault was upon the left of the line. General Burnside massed his troops in strong columns to the attack of Maryes Heights, while his batteries upon Stafford's Heights, at the same

time, directed their fire upon our artillery stationed upon those elevated positions. The orders were given to "move rapidly, charge up the hill, and take the batteries at the point of the bayonet."

Before advancing, it is said, the commander of the Irish division of General Meagher, harangued his men, pointing to the heights, where victory should crown their efforts, and others inspired their men in like manner.

They advanced grandly, sixty thousand strong, but were driven back with great slaughter, as the batteries on the hill waited until they came within range of their guns, to pour forth a deadly fire of grape and canister, which swept them down by hundreds. stopping for awhile to return the fire from Stafford's Heights. Six times did these men rally and advance, when the slaughter became so murderous, that acres of dead bodies strewed the hillsides, and they could stand it no longer, broke their ranks and fled in confusion into the town, pressed by the Confederate infantry.

Night closed upon the scene with a decided and brilliant victory for the Confederates. General Hood says that after the musketry fire had ceased that evening, General Jackson sent him a message to be in readiness to join in a movement to drive the enemy into the river. Hood replied he was ready, but the order was countermanded.

The next day General Lee decided to await developments, and a renewal of the attack, as he had resolved to strengthen his earthworks, and fight on the defensive.

Instead of fighting, a flag of truce was sent in, and permission asked to bury the dead and care for the wounded. This was granted, and still, when the day declined, hundreds were left unburied.

The next day. the whole Federal Army was drawn up in the plains below the city, with all "the pomp and circumstance of glory," where they were in full view Contrary to General Lee's expectations, no advance was made, and that night, under the cover of a terrific thunder storm, General Burnside concluded to "change his base" after consultation with his generals, as the battle was a defeat, and he believed General Lee was meditating getting him into a trap.

Their loss was nine hundred prisoners, nine thousand stand of arms, over a thousand killed, nine thousand one hundred wounded, over three thousand missing, a total of over thirteen thousand. Our loss was four hundred and forty-eight killed, three thousand seven hundred and forty-three wounded.

General Burnside testified before the "Committee on Conduct

of the War," that "he had one hnndred thousand men, and they were all under artillery fire, and about half, at different times, in columns of attack. On being asked the cause of their failure to storm the heights successfully, he replied, "It was found impossible to get the men up to the works. The enemy's fire was too hot for them." He said also that President Lincoln had told him he did not want the Army of the Potomac destroyed.

Next morning, General Lee found his adversary had re-crossed the river, and no chance for their annihilation at this time, admitting the successful passage over the Rappahannock was equal to his masterly retreat across the Potomac.

The two armies remained on the Rappahannock river, one on the north, the other on the south side, and as the weather was growing severe, went into winter quarters, terminating the campaign for that year, after the fourth ineffectual "On to Richmond" had been repulsed.

The *New York Herald* said: "Our army will now go into winter quarters, because it has nowhere else to go."

During the battle of Fredricksburg, Hood's Brigade was not actively engaged. They were in line of battle with Longstreet's corps, and repelled with ease, the feeble attempt made upon their front, and stood as interested spectators and reserves, while McLaw's division and the Washington artillery repulsed the attack upon Maryes Heights. It is estimated that in this brilliant reucounter not more than one-half of General Lee's forces were engaged, and being, for the first time, entrenched behind breastworks, they were able to do very effective work, as ever before they had fought in open field fight.

The bombardment and sacking of Fredricksburg is almost unparalled in the history of civilized warfare. When the first shell went tearing through the place, the affrighted inhabitants fled in every direction. Houses were demolished, innocent women and children killed, old men turned out to brave the severe cold, helpless infants scantily clad, compelled to encounter weather from which they had ever been sheltered, and the most delicate of all God's creatures were at the mercy of the ribald soldiery to whom no revered relic of their past life was sacred. Elegant homes were stripped of all their beauties and ornaments, and even the wardrobes of the females were invaded to furnish amusement for the invaders who plundered and destroyed the habitations of the people who had done them no personal injury. Amid it all, be it said to the honor of the women of Fredricksburg, although the bitter cup of humiliation and loss was drained to the dregs, there was no craven cringing to the foe, and no tears—only words of cheer to their relatives of

General Lee's Army, many of whom, amid the desolation, met and parted at Hamilton's Crossing for the first time in long months.

Pollard says: "The romance of the story of Fredricksburg is written, no less in the quiet heroism of her women, than in deeds of arms. The verses of the poet, rather than the cold language of the mere chronicler of events, are more fitting to describe the beautiful courage and noble sacrifice of those brave daughters of Virginia who preferred to see their homes reduced to ashes, rather than polluted by the Yankees, and who in the blasts of winter and in the fiercer storms of blood and fire, went forth undismayed, encouraging our soldiers, and proclaiming the desire to suffer privation, poverty and death, rather than the shame of a surrender, or the misfortune of a defeat."

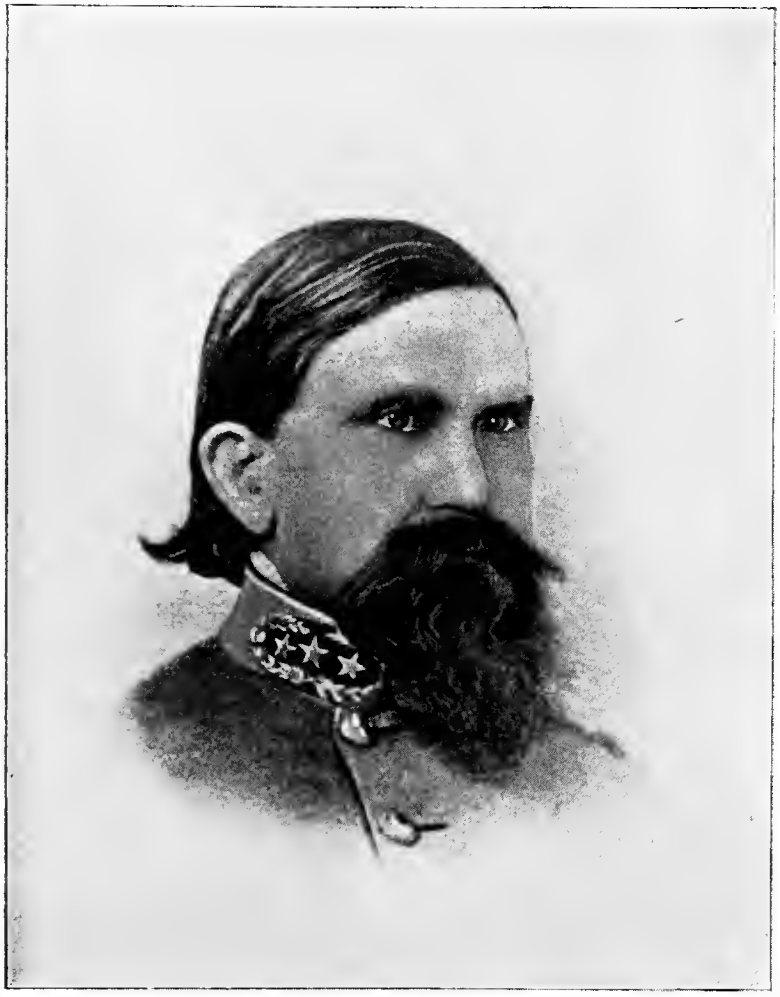
Their conduct, under such a trying ordeal, had its effect upon the Confederates, who realized that "Strength is strong, but it is not half so powerful as weakness."

After Burnside's withdrawal, when those women returned to their homes and viewed the desolation, the ragged soldiers, to whom they had been an inspiration, contributed thousands of dollars to relieve their necessities, from the humble pittance of their pay, rendering a tribute eloquent and touching, an immortal souvenir of their sympathy for their sufferings and virtues.

The members of the Texas Brigade, in return for the favors extended them by the people of Virginia, were happy to subscribe liberally to this worthy object.

The armies made themselves comfortable in winter quarters, glad of a respite from the arduous labors of the past months. Men were detailed to go to different Southern States, and bring in recruits for General Lee's army. A reasonable number of furloughs was granted, but those who remained in camp were put back to the rigid discipline which General Hood had always tried to enforce. It is related that one day General Lee was in conversation with General Hood, and complained of his men for burning fences, killing pigs, and doing other little indiscretions common to soldiers in camp. General Hood spoke up warmly in defence of his division, and asserted his men were not guilty of such misdemeanors, and asked that his chief of staff be sent to inspect the fences in the vicinity of his troops. General Lee paused in his walk up and down before the camp-fire, and laughingly said: "General Hood, when you Texans come about, the chickens have to roost mighty high." The general was considerably taken aback, but insisted upon an inspection of the fences.

Nothing occurred to break the monotony of camp life, except



BRIG.-GEN. J. B. ROBERTSON.

the discussion of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, issued in September, which was to take effect in January. This freed all the slaves in the States in rebellion, assuring the protection of the United States Army and Navy to all taking advantage of this edict to leave their life of servitude, and promising reinbursement of values to all slave owners who were loyal citizens who might lose their property by said proclamation. A howl of indignation went up from the army and people of the South, who had always felt that this was the veiled reason for the pretended desire of the Republican party to preserve the Union, one and indivisible, and the vast efforts to bring the South into subjection.

This proclamation was soon followed by acts of Congress enlisting the slaves in the Federal army and huddling others, not available for military purposes, into government camps, where they suffered many privations, after the care of their old masters had been forcibly withdrawn.

The Texas Brigade was in high spirits at the news, in January, of the recapture of Galveston, Texas, by the Confederates, under General Magruder, who landed his forces and made a night attack upon the troops in the city, and, in conjunction with two Confederate naval vessels, succeeded in capturing the Harriet Lane, a vessel of six hundred tons burden, mounting eight guns of heavy calibre, her bow gun being a fifteen-inch rifle.

General Magruder made his attack so secretly, in the dead hour of the night, that the inhabitants of the sleeping city were only awakened by the booming of cannon and the noise of whizzing shells.

The brilliant assault was so well planned as to be a complete surprise to the enemy, with very little loss of life securing for Texas her most important seaport, which was never again in possession of the Federals until after the close of the war.

The discussion of current events, the rejoicing of victory and amusement at the resignation of General Burnside and appointment of General Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and resting in camp was not long enjoyed by Hood's and another division of Longstreet's corps. They were detached for service on the south side of the James river in February, and took up the line of march for Suffolk. This movement has never been satisfactorily understood by either officers or men, why one-fourth of the army was sent off at a time when General Lee had reason to expect General Hooker's advance, unless it was the fear of an advance upon Richmond from that direction. Nothing was ever accomplished by the movement.

The Federals were well intrenched, protected by an impenetrable abatis, but during an affair between the troops and gunboats, Captain Turner, of the 5th Texas, was killed. As an outpost officer, he was said to be gifted with qualities of rare discrimination. Under the inactivity of the situation, General Hood became very restless to rejoin General Lee, who, he believed, would be attacked by Hooker. His appeal was refused. Finally about the time General Hooker crossed the Rappahannock, General Longstreet was ordered to General Lee's support.

There had been a scarcity of forage at Suffolk, and the wagons had been sent off into North Carolina for supplies. A short delay was unavoidable, as other transportation had to be provided. Every effort was made to get to Lee, at the earliest moment, but while on a forced march to accomplish that purpose, intelligence was received of the battle of Chancellorsville, and the mortal wounding of General Jackson.

The division continued its march without resting, and finally bivouacked upon the Rapidan near Gordonsville. The absence of so large a portion of General Lee's army, made the victory at Chancellorsville but the more brilliant. In a letter to General Hood, General Lee said: "Although separated from me, I have always had you in my eye and thoughts. I wished for you much in the last battle, and believe, had I had the whole army with me, General Hooker would have been demolished. But God ordered otherwise. I grieve much over the death of General Jackson. We must endeavor to follow the unselfish devotion and intrepid course he pursued, and we shall be strengthened rather than weakened, by his loss. I rely much upon you. You must inspire and lead your brave division, as that it may accomplish the work of a corps.

"I am, and always your friend,

"R. E. LEE."

## CHAPTER XV

Position of General Lee at Chancellorsville—Wounding of General Jackson by his Own Men—Death of the Great Chieftain—Honors to the Dead at Richmond and Along the Road to Lexington—Grief of the People and Army—General Lee Prepares to "Change his Base" to Northern Soil—Passage of the Potomac—Excitement at Washington—Arrival in Pennsylvania—General Meade's Position at Gettysburg—Position of the Confederates—Wounding of General Hood—General Lee Compelled to Retire—Successful Passage of the Potomac—Disappointment of the Whole Country at the Disastrous Result—General Lee Assumes the Responsibility of the Campaign.

General Hooker, confident of success with what he styled "the finest army on the planet," had thrown three army corps across the Rappahannock, with eight days' rations, and, by a well-conceived plan, sought to engage and capture the Confederate army General Lee and his officers watched his movements with every step, until the two armies confronted one another at Chancellorsville, some eleven miles from Fredericksburg and four miles south of the point of confluence of the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers. This place consisted of only a large brick house, formerly kept as a tavern, and some outhouses. It is situated on the plank road leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House, and easily approached by roads leading from the various fords along the rivers.

Between Chancellorsville and the river, and above, lies the wilderness, a district of country covered by scrubby black jack oaks and a dense undergrowth. The ground around Chancellorsville is heavily timbered and favorable for defense.

General Jackson, in command of one of the Confederate army corps, was ordered to make a flank movement and attack on the rear, "leaving a force in front to hold the Federals in check and conceal the movement." The enemy was completely taken by surprise. Position after position was carried, and every effort of the foe to rally was defeated, the rebels, in the ardor of pursuit, dashing over the intrenchments.

Night closed in, General Jackson and staff were returning from the extreme front, when, meeting a line of skirmishers that had been thrown out, he was mistaken for the enemy, fired upon, and borne, mortally wounded, from the field. This occurred May 2nd. Consternation spread throughout the army—Jackson, the invincible, wounded by his own men!! Never were sadder

words flashed over the wires to the waiting thousands who eagerly watched the coruscations of his genius, believing him the guiding star of the hopes of the South.

The darkness of the night, and the difficulty of moving troops through the dense undergrowth, rendered it necessary to delay further operations until morning, but renewing the attack next day, General Hooker's army was driven from all of its fortified positions, and retreated, with heavy loss, towards the Rappahannock; the fighting being terrible.

The attack of Sedgwick's corps, approaching General Lee from Fredericksburg, in the rear, and that general hurling his forces against him, preventing a junction with Hooker, was a masterly stroke. By the time this was effected, the beaten Federal army had retreated to its old camp ground near Fredericksburg, and the Southern army could claim another victory.

To General Jackson's note, informing him he was wounded, General Lee replied:

"I can not express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory due to your skill and energy."

It was on the reception of these touching words that the wounded chieftain exclaimed: "Better that ten Jacksons should fall than one Lee. General Lee should give the glory to God."

Eight days after General Jackson was wounded, the first blow to the success of the Confederate cause was struck by his death, which occurred at the field hospital of Wilderness Run, May 10th. Only once he regretted his fall, and then with reference to the fortunes of the field. "If I had not been wounded, or had had an hour more of daylight, I should have cut off the enemy from the road to the ford, and we should have had them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender or cut their way out; they had no other alternative. My troops, sometimes, may fail in driving the enemy from a position, but the enemy always fail to drive my men from a position."

When informed he must die, his only response was: "It is all right"; and, with the words, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," his mighty spirit quietly passed over the dark river of death, and the Christian warrior was forever at rest.

It is impossible to describe the grief and silent despair of the people and anguish of the army at this sudden and unexpected blow. Dead in the full zenith of his glory! The man of destiny, in whom had been embodied all the dreams of the chivalry of the South, who, from his startling stand at the first battle of

Manassas, where General Bee rallied his men, exclaiming, "Yonder stands Jackson like a stone-wall," had been followed, not only with admiring eagerness, but also by the prayers of a sorely stricken people. They trusted him, they loved him, they reverenced him for his purity and the firm reliance he manifested in his God, to whom he prayed as an humble child petitioning his father.

Women's faces turned pale when his death was annouuced upon the bulletin boards of the capital. Strong men trembled and shuddered at the future without Jackson's skill to maneuver the troops so long under his command, and whose place could not be filled—the man General Lee had called his "right arm." Every head was bowed, every heart stricken.

When the train bearing the houored remains reached Richmond, tender, loving hands placed the casket in the hall of the House of Representatives at the capitol, wrapped in the folds of the flag of the "Southern Cross" he had so often led to victory, and decked with the floral offerings of a people whose hearts were well nigh broken in agony.

Thousands crowded through the building in a continuous stream to gaze upon the beloved face, soon to be hid from sight forever. Many predicted the downfall of the Confederacy in the removal of this idol they had all worshipped so well, shaking their heads mournfully, believing God had taken him away, and turned away His face in anger. Others would fain consider his death an incentive to redoubled vigilance and energy, and bravely took up the burden he had borue so faithfully.

Perhaps no one grieved more than General Lee, who, in a private letter to his wife, said: "We have to mourn the loss of the great aud good Jackson. Any victory would be dear at such a price." He announced his death in the following order to the troops:

"With deep grief the commanding general announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General T J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th instant, at a quarter to 3 p. m. The daring skill and energy of this great and good soldier are now, by the decree of an Allwise Providence, lost to us. But, while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God, as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in defense of our beloved country. R. E. LEE, General."

The admiring world paid tribute to his fame. "He was," says the *London Times*, "one of the most consummate generals that this century has produced. The military feats he accomplished moved the minds of the people with astonishment which is only given to the highest genius to produce. The blows he struck at the enemy were as terrible and decisive as those of Bonaparte himself."

After lying in state at Richmond, his remains were taken to the train by a detailed military escort, and conveyed to Lexington where he had lived so long—the quiet praying professor of the Military Institute. He had said, when dying, "Bury me at Lexington, in the valley of Virginia, amongst the people I have loved."

Every station where the sad cortege passed, the sorrowing people crowded to testify their devotion with floral tributes of remembrance; and at Lexington he was buried amid the booming of cannon and the universal lamentation of a people stricken where least expected, and amongst those with whom he had walked so humbly as a Christian gentleman and friend.

Dying in the hour of triumph, with the plaudits of a nation sounding in his ears, the gratitude of his worshippers rising like incense around his pathway, thrice blessed was such a death! It was not his fate to watch the fading out of every hope, to grieve like those who surrendered the "Lost Cause" after four years of bloodshed, privation and sacrifice. Blest indeed was he to die, "like one who wraps his mantle round him, and lies down to pleasant slumber."

The river was now flowing between the two armies, with no desire to cross and attack. General Lee began to inaugurate measures for freeing Virginia from the presence of the invading army, by transferring his base of operations to Northern soil.

During the balance of the month of May his troops were inspected, artillery and transportation prepared for another campaign, and everything put in as good order as possible.

Longstreet's corps made the junction with General Lee after the battle of Chancellorsville, and the Texas brigade, under General J. B. Robertson, with Hood's division, went into bivouac near Gordonsville, where they remained until the line of march was taken up, June 3d.

At this time, the various armies of the Confederacy comprised all the population fit for military duty, and there was no hopes of any further increase of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Lee's plan was to cross the Potomac, and by a brilliant victory before his opponent could concentrate another "on to Richmond" advance from beyond the Rappahannock, to compel a

speedy termination of the great contest. Public opinion clamored for a transfer of hostilities to Northern soil by following up the victory of Chancellorsville. The army was thoroughly reorganized, the question of General Jackson's successor satisfactorily settled by the President commissioning Generals R. S. Ewell and A. P Hill both as lieutenant-generals, with General Ewell assigned to Jackson's old corps.

On June 3d, Hood's division, with Longstreet's corps, which had been occupied on the Rapidan, marched to Culpepper Court House. Ewell moved to the same place the next day, leaving General Hill watching Hooker's movements at Fredericksburg. Stuart's cavalry was also concentrated at Culpepper.

On the 9th, a force of Federal cavalry, supported by infantry, crossed the Rappahannock and attacked Stuart, but were repulsed with heavy loss. This was known as the affair of Brandy Station, and effectually quieted any further demonstration, General Hooker retiring, with his army, in the direction of Washington, keeping near the Potomac, enabling him to cover the approaches to that city.

The Confederate troops had cleared the valley of Federals when General Ewell reached Winchester, which he captured after a short but stubborn resistance. The whole number of prisoners who surrendered were four thousand, with two or three hundred wagons and ambulances, besides military stores.

A portion of Ewell's corps crossed the Potomac soon after, at Williamsport, sending a division eastwards from Chambersburg to cross South Mountain to leave open the communication with the Potomac through Hagarstown.

On June 24th, the whole of Hill's corps crossed the river at Shepherdstown, Hood's division, with Longstreet's, having previously crossed at Williamsport. The columns reunited at Hagarstown, and advanced into Pennsylvania, camping near Chambersburg on the 27th.

This invasion called forth the wildest excitement at the North. President Lincoln called for an additional hundred thousand men to defend Washington; the governors of Northern States offered all their military forces, and grave consultations were held with reference to the military situation.

Hooker having failed, allowing Lee to penetrate into Pennsylvania, he was immediately removed, and the command of the Army of the Potomac given to General George Meade, who moved at once to meet Lee, towards Chambersburg. The southern region of Pennsylvania was explored by the dashing Confederate cavalry, who were near enough to Harrisburg for their trumpets to be distinctly heard.

General Lee had designed attacking Harrisburg, but news reached him, on the night of the 29th, that Meade had crossed the Potomac, and the head of his column had reached South Mountain, thereby threatening his communication with his base of supplies, and compelling him to concentrate his forces on the east side of the mountain. Generals Ewell, Hill and Longstreet were at once ordered to proceed to Gettysburg.

In successfully conducting his army thus far, General Lee showed true generalship. From the immediate presence of a large foe, he had crossed the Blue Ridge, freed the valley, forded streams, overcome difficulties, and had reached Pennsylvania without much resistance. With a tender wisdom some thought sentimental, he offered protection to non-combatants along the line of march, in the invaded country; forbade the destruction of private property, and restrained his men from laying waste the country through which he passed.

The Northern armies had scattered broadcast so much desolation through all portions of the South, that many felt General Lee should have retaliated when he had the opportunity. This great leader decided otherwise, and preferred a chivalrous conduct of his military operations.

The editor of the *Richmond Enquirer* declared that General Lee's movements in Pennsylvania, in dissuading the people from what had been imagined of the horrors of invasion, gave them a certain moral comfort, and encouraged the prosecution of the war. This editor did not wish like scenes of Southern outrage committed, but "some justifiable retaliation serving out merited justice under the authority of superior officers." Be this as it may, posterity will judge after the passions of the hour have been spent.

The battle-field of Gettysburg was not the choice of either of the commanding generals. General Lee had not designed to engage in a pitched battle at this time, but being confronted by the Federals, he was compelled to show fight.

The troops advanced slowly, but on July 1st three divisions of Hill's corps met the enemy in front of Gettysburg, driving them back within a short distance of the town. Ewell, coming up with two of his divisions, joined in the engagement, and the opposing force was driven through Gettysburg with heavy loss, including about five thousand prisoners and several pieces of artillery.

About five miles from Gettysburg, the mountain rises abruptly several hundred feet. Upon this height, known as Round Top, General Meade rested his left flank, his right being upon the crest of the range about a mile and a half from Gettysburg, his line being in the shape of a crescent.

Pollard says: "The fatal mistake of the Confederates was, in not pressing the advantage of the afternoon, while only a small portion of Meade's troops were in position. General Lee was not aware of his weakness, and not having his whole army ready to handle, fighting, thus far, when prudence dictated otherwise, and no information of Meade's movements, the delay enabled the latter to get possession of the almost impregnable position which he occupied and fortified."

Much needless discussion has been excited upon whose shoulders to lay the blame of the disaster that followed. Ewell was sent to the right, Longstreet to the left, and Hill to the centre.

General Pendleton, chief of artillery, says General Lee expected Longstreet to begin the attack at sunrise, and had that been accomplished before Meade's re-enforcements arrived, the fortunes of the day would have been changed.

General Hood says Longstreet had not been able to bring up all the divisions of his corps, at that time, and remarked he did not "like to go into battle with one boot off." The commands had been brought up as rapidly as possible, from the time the order was issued "to concentrate at Gettysburg." General Hood says of his division: "So imperative had been the orders to hasten forward with all possible speed, that on the march my troops were allowed to halt and rest only about two hours during the night from the 1st to 2nd of July."

Hood's division arrived in front of the heights of Gettysburg about daybreak, and were filed into an open field. As the morning wore away, and General Lee's anxiety increased, it was decided to begin the attack, without waiting for the troops still on the march, advancing as rapidly as possible.

General Hood was ordered to place his division across the Emmettsburg road, form line of battle and attack. Sending out his picked Texas scouts, he ascertained that the enemy's left flank rested upon Round Top, but the country was open, and he could march around Round Top, and make an assault successfully, in flank and rear.

By making the attack as ordered, he found he would be fighting at great disadvantage, as first, he would be compelled to encounter the advanced line of battle, that at the base, and along the slopes of the mountain were immense boulders of rock, so steep, as almost impossible to be scaled while under constant fire from the line of fortifications above, bristling with cannon, and also subject to an enfilading fire. He saw, that independent of any fire, they could be repelled simply by rolling down stones from the steep mountain side. Having ascertained these facts, and conceiving the plan of turning Round Top as the most

feasible, he hastily sent a courier to General Longstreet protesting against the attack as ordered. That general replied to three separate messages: "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmettsburg road." While moving forward his men, he came up with Longstreet, and again expressed fears of the result under such unfavorable circumstances. He replied: "We must obey the orders of General Lee."

Notwithstanding the seeming impregnable character of the enemy's position, Benning's brigade of Hood's division, in concert with the 1st Texas Regiment, succeeded in gaining temporary possession of the advanced Federal line;* they captured three guns and sent them to the rear.

Unfortunately the other Texas regiments, whose advance was impeded by the boulders and sharp edges of rock, were unable to keep pace up the mountain and render the necessary support. The whole division was in excellent condition, never did more heroic men enter into battle, and never did the Texans fight more desperately against difficulties as General Robertson led them to this unsuccessful assault. He always contended this was the most appalling situation of the war.

In the midst of the thundering carnage, General Hood was severely wounded in the arm and borne from the field, while hundreds of Texans sank down like grass before the mower, their comrades compelled to retire before reaching the summit.

General Hood believed had he been allowed to use his own judgment, this part of the field would not have been lost. The day of frightful sacrifice closed without decisive result all along the line, leaving General Lee hopeful of victory, and the prospect for dictating peace upon Northern soil, not relinquished.

The enemy's position was almost impregnable, cannon placed wherever the Confederates might be raked, and thousands of musketry upon the dizzy heights, ready to be discharged at a moment's warning.

The next morning was spent in forming plans, the Federals waiting to be attacked. General Lee decided to mass his forces and storm Cemetery Hill—the key to the enemy's position. At twelve o'clock the battle began and raged with fearful violence until sunset; the storming party with Pickett's Virginia division in front, made a renowned charge, and gave to the world another example of the most sublime heroism. They managed to enter the advanced works of the enemy and got possession of some of his batteries, amid the heaviest, most galling fire of the artillery, near the summit of the ridge.

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*Spot to be marked by a national monument as a scene of great bravery.

This was a supreme moment, but suddenly the Confederate artillery ceased firing for want of ammunition, and while the intrepid advance received, without wavering, great sheets of shot and shell, their foe moved around strong, fresh bodies of infantry; and by a flank movement, rapidly sought to gain their rear. The order was instantly given to fall back, and doggedly resisting every inch of ground, they were obliged to retire, conscious that no bravery was capable of grasping a victory. Annihilation or capture was inevitable. Men could not accomplish impossibilities. The enemy did not follow beyond their works, but the day was lost.

General Lee acted with sublimity when aware of the disaster. He rode along among his broken troops, encouraging and rallying them, quiet, placid, uttering such words as these: "All this will come right in the end, but in the meantime, all good men must rally. We want all good, true men just now." They answered his appeal, and many—even the wounded—took off their hats and cheered him.

Without panic or confusion, General Lee and his officers, fully alive to the peril of the situation, successfully conducted them, by detachments, back to the same position from which they had driven the enemy the first day the contending forces came in contact.

To his generals, when they expressed vexation and annoyance at the unexpected turn of events, General Lee replied with a heroic ignoring of self: "Never mind, gentlemen! All this has been my fault. It is I have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best you can."

An English correspondent and eye-witness says: "It was impossible to look at him or listen to him without feeling the strongest admiration."

The effect upon the troops was surprising. His broken commands rallied and presented such a determined front that General Meade did not deem it advisable to attack, and the Confederates began their retrograde movement back across the Potomac, by way of Hagarstown, which they reached July 7th.

General Meade followed the retreating column, and approached to close proximity on the 12th, when an attack was expected.

On the 11th General Lee issued an inspiring order to his men, complimenting them upon their bravery in time of action, their coolness on the retreat, and exhorting them, in the name of their country and cause, to remain true to their standard, invoking the blessings of heaven upon their efforts. He closed thus: "Soldiers, your old enemy is before you. Win from him honor worthy

your righteous cause, worthy of your comrades, dead upon so many illustrious fields."

The men were eager for a fight, but General Meade declared "a fight would have resulted disastriously," as he testified before the Congressional Committee on Conduct of the War.

No impediment was, therefore, thrown in the way of General Lee's recrossing the Potomac, which he did on the 13th and 14th. General Ewell's corps forded the Potomac at Williamsport, while Longstreet and Hill, with their men, crossed on the bridge.

Wearily back came the Army of Northern Virginia, brave amid disaster, with love and confidence still in their leader undiminished—across the mountain fastnesses of the Blue Ridge, until they rested once more on the south bank of the Rappahannock —the campaign ended with all its sacrifice and disappointment.

The Texas brigade had suffered terribly in the loss of officers and men in killed, wounded and captured, the wounded Hood, in an ambulance, following the retreating army, suffering for want of attention with his disabled arm, and chafing at the forced inactivity. The Texans did not suffer so badly the second day, not being so prominently engaged.

The people, so saddened by Jackson's death, had become quite exultant when the army had gone so far into the hostile country, but were intensely disappointed as the news of Lee's failure reached headquarters at the same time as that of the fall of Vicksburg, Miss., after a vigorous siege.

No decisive result had followed Lee's campaign. The Federals chose their position and fortified. The Confederates could not dislodge them, and retired for want of ammunition, with the most terrific loss.

From the best sources of information we learn that the whole strength of General Lee's army was 62,000. General Meade, before the war committee, reported "little under 100,000—about 95,000." General Meade's loss was 24,000; General Lee's 19,000, which could not be replaced, while the Federals had the world as recruiting ground.

President Davis said: "The battle of Gettysburg was unfortunate. As an affair of arms it was marked by mighty feats of valor, to which both contestants may point with military pride."

President Lincoln, when shown the steeps held so persistently by Northern soldiers, answered: "I am proud to be the countryman of the men who assailed these heights."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Longstreet's Corps Detached from Lee's Army and Sent to General Bragg —Battle of Chickamanga—Conduct of the Texans—Wounding of General Hood—Rosecrans Retreats to Chattanooga, Reorganizes His Army and Fortifies—Extracts from Private Letters of Soldiers of Hood's Brigade—Coarse Fare of the Men—They Prefer Serving With the Army of Northern Virginia.

During the lull in the storm that followed the Gettysburg campaign, it was deemed best to detach Longstreet's corps from the Army of Northern Virginia (General Lee consenting to remain on the defensive) and send those troops to the relief of General Bragg, commanding the Tennessee army.

General Rosecrans, the Federal commander, was pressing on through East Tennessee, trying to force his way into the heart of the cotton States. "This military Hercules," said a Northern paper, "had of all others been selected to drive a wedge into the Confederacy." General Bragg had fallen back near Chattanooga, Tenn. Cumberland Gap, by a grave mistake, had been surrendered without attempt at defense, "which disaster laid open East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia to hostile operations. As it was impossible to hold Chattanooga with Rosecrans advancing so rapidly," the Confederate forces took position on the road leading south of Chattanooga, fronting the east slope of Lookout Mountain.

Chattanooga, lying in the valley of the same name, in the midst of the Cumberland range, is the great gateway through the mountains to Georgia and Alabama. On one side rises the lofty palisade of rocks, Lookout Mountain, twenty-four hundred feet above sea level, from a steep, wooded base. On the other, the heights of Missionary Ridge. East of the latter is Chickamauga valley, following the course of Chickamauga creek.

The Confederates were concentrated along this stream, in communication with the railroad at Ringgold, Ga. To this place General Longstreet's men were hastened by rail, through North and South Carolina and Georgia, leaving General Lee about September 15, and reaching Ringgold in time to be moved rapidly forward to the Chickamauga, reinforcing General Bragg on the afternoon of September 18, in time for the expected conflict, Rosecrans having massed his forces at Chattanooga, and an engagement being hourly expected.

General Hood, who had been under medical treatment at

Richmond, Va., for his wound, which had not necessitated amputation of the arm, while still under the surgeon's care, determined to follow Longstreet's corps, and take command of his division when they passed through the city, although his arm was still in a sling.

After reaching Ringgold he was ordered to proceed at once to Reid's Ridge on the Chickamauga and assume command of the column advancing against the Federals. There he met his men for the first time since Gettysburg, who gave him a touching welcome.

During the first day's fighting he drove the enemy six or seven miles across the creek. Next day General Longstreet assigned to him the direction of the left wing of the army, placing five divisions under his command.

General Bragg's plan of battle was to commence the attack on the right, and gradually have it taken up to the left until all the troops were engaged. This was not effected so rapidly as expected. General Rosecrans having massed his forces on the right, the left met with less resistance, and from 9 until 2:30 o'clock General Hood's men wrestled with the foe, who fought desperately.

On went Hood's division, the Texas brigade hotly engaged, when a body of Federals rushed down upon their immediate flank and rear, and they were suddenly forced to change front. General Hood, from a ridge several hundred feet distant, galloped down the slope in the midst of the men, who speedily corrected their alignment.

At this moment Kershaw's division was brought under Hood's direction, who ordered a change of front, when, with a shout, the men rushed forward all along his line, penetrated into the wood over and beyond the enemy's breastworks, which gave way along his whole front, crowning the day with success.

Just when victory was certain, General Hood was pierced by a minie-ball through his right leg, and fell from his horse into the arms of the men of his old brigade, which he had commanded upon so many fields of battle—a singular coincidence while commanding five divisions of troops.

Tenderly was he borne to a field hospital and one of the most difficult operations performed—amputation of the limb at the thigh. The day after the battle he was removed on a litter fifteen miles to a pleasant family residence in Armuchee valley, where he remained a month, when General Bragg notified him of a contemplated raid to capture him, when he was moved to Atlanta, and thence to Richmond. Here he remained several months at a private residence, an honored guest, receiving the most flatter-

ing testimonials of regard from all classes of people, who did all in their power to mitigate his suffering.

On the day he was wounded General Longstreet telegraphed from the battle-field to the authorities of the Confederate government, urging his promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general, and at the same time sent the following letter:

"I respectfully recommend Major-General J. B. Hood for promotion to the rauk of lieutenant-general for distinguished conduct and ability in the battle of the 20th inst. General Hood handled his troops with the coolness and ability that I have rarely known by any officer on any field, and had the misfortune, after winning the battle, to lose one of his limbs.

"J. LONGSTREET,
"Lieutenant-General."

This recommendation was signed by every superior officer, and made its way to the head of the government, but being obliged to pass through so much red tape, it was the following January before he secured the commission of lieutenant-general, and was placed in charge of the Tennessee army, after General Johnston's removal, who had succeeded Bragg.

Upon the battle-field of Chickamauga was the last time he commanded his old brigade, after sharing so many hardships together. So much did he prize their services and appreciate their warm affection will be understood from the tribute he paid them in his work, "Advance and Retreat:"

"In almost every battle in Virginia, it bore a conspicuous part. It acted as the advanced guard of Jackson, when he moved upon McClellan around Richmond; and almost without an exceptional instance, it was among the foremost of Longstreet's corps in an attack and pursuit of the enemy. It was also, as a rule, with the rear guard of the corps, whenever falling back before the adversary. If a ditch was to be leaped or a fortified position to be carried, General Lee knew no better troops upon which to rely. In truth, its signal achievements in the war of secession have never been surpassed in the history of nations."

Although Chickamauga was a splendid success, the men sleeping on the field so hotly contested, and Rosecrans withdrawing his forces within his lines at Chattanooga, yet the loss was immense—greater on the Federal side, but General Bragg made the appalling confession, that he had lost two-fifths of his troops, many of them field officers.

The Confederates engaged numbered officially 47,321; Federals 64,392. Over 8000 prisoners were captured, 51 pieces of artillery, 15,000 stand of small arms, and a large quantity of military stores.

The retreat to Chattanooga was disorderly. General Longstreet, who had contributed so much to the fortunes of the day, wished to make a forward movement of the whole army, intercept and flank Rosecrans before his men were safe behind his works at Chattanooga. He sent to entreat Bragg to advance, but the general-in-chief refused. So eager were the men for pursuit that General Forrest shouted from a lofty perch in a tree, where he swept the whole surroundings with his field glass: "Tell General Bragg to advance the whole army; the enemy is ours."

General Bragg did not catch the inspiration, and said officially: "The darkness of the night, and the density of the forest rendered further movements uncertain and dangerous, and the army bivoucked on the ground it had so gallantly won." He also reported that his supplies were greatly reduced, the railroad constantly occupied transferring troops, prisoners and the wounded, and by cutting off the enemy's supplies, he hoped to force an evacuation of Chattanooga. Three days after the battle, the whole army was ordered to move upon Chattanooga. It advanced up, and over Missionary Ridge, where it halted and remained many weeks.

Rosecrans congratulated his men upon their retention of Chattanooga. He said: "You have accomplished the great work of the campaign; you hold the key of East Tennessee and Northern Georgia, and of the enemy's mines of coal and nitre."

He reorganized his army, and fortified his position, leaving Bragg no chance to dislodge him by direct attack—only by toilsome maneuvers threatening his communication.

The men of the Texas brigade were the recipients of kind attention along the railroad route to Chickamauga. Ladies, old men and boys, crowded the stations, with baskets of provisions for the soldiers, when learning that Longstreet's corps was moving into Tennessee, cheering the dusty warriors to renewed efforts of endurance.

A war incident from the pen of a member of the brigade at Waco, Texas, will here find an appropriate place:

"During the hottest part of the fight at Chickamauga, as Hood's Texas Brigade was advancing and driving the stubborn foe before them inch by inch, and at every step passing over the dead and wounded of the troops they had relieved, one poor Confederate soldier wounded to death and then almost at the last gasp, exclaimed: "Oh! Lord! What shall I do?" A tall ungainly officer of the 4th Texas stopped in that storm of leaden hail and laying his hand on the head of the dying man, said: "My friend! place your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ," and

then passed on to his place in the ranks. The name of the soldier was S. M. Riggs—the officer was Captain J Loughridge, both of Company I, 4th Regiment, from Corsicana, Texas."

Some extracts from private letters of an officer of Hood's Brigade may prove interesting.*

"CAMP NEAR CHATTANOOGA,
"September 27, 1863.

"For three days and nights we have been in line of battle in front of the enemy; during the day, except an occasional boom of the cannon, we have been quiet, but every night we have skirmishing in front of our line, and the troops in readiness for action at any moment. To day, Sabbath as it is, our situation is unchanged. Officers are riding round, subordinates and men are lying in the shade, some writing letters on paper taken from the Federals in the recent fight; the working parties, meanwhile, busily engaged in strengthening our position.

"On Friday last a party, of which I was one, obtained permission to visit Lookout Mountain, and about noon, the day being beautiful, set out, and, in the course of an hour, had ascended as far as our horses could carry us, and dismounting, were climbing up its steep and rugged sides, when I disengaged myself from the balance of the party, and sat down upon a shelving rock, to contemplate the grandest scene my eyes ever beheld. Looking away to the northward, the Tennessee river could be seen winding its way through the mountain range southward, until it seemed to empty itself into the foot of the mountain where I sat, it being so high and steep, as seemingly, to overhang and exclude from view the river sweeping its base. The town of Chattanooga, situated on the east side, some half mile from the river, is plainly seen, together with the large depot, and railroad creeping down the valley, while across a large horse-shoe bend of the river, in which the town is located, may be traced the line of fortifications some time since evacuated by General Bragg, and within which Rosencrans has taken shelter since his defeat at Chickamauga. The enemy's encampment, along and within the heavy works, are plainly visible to the naked eye, and viewed through a glass, presented a scene of life and bustle, interesting to contemplate, especially when we consider them our mortal enemies. Their batteries are planted and frowning down upon us, their long lines of bayonets glistening in the sun, their rows of tents, the cloud of dust that is constantly ascending as they move to and fro, as officers dash aloug the lines, or their trains of wagons passing down to the pontoon bridge, and crossing the

* Major C. M. Winkler.

river, lose themselves among the mountains to the right, the whole surrounded and surmounted by mountains grand and gloomy, and as I gazed in amazement at the scene, I thought of the exclamation of Bascomb at the falls of Niagara: 'God of grandeur, what a sight!'—almost bewildered by the beauty spread out before me.

"Occasionally we have an incident in camp worth remembering. Last Thursday a man named Dearing, of the 4th Texas, set out, with ten others, on a scout down the river, when they came upon a Yankee ferry-boat propelled by horse-power. The scouts opened fire, fifteen jumped overboard, and all, but three, were supposed to be drowned. The balance of the crew surrendered, and the scouts marched into camp a lieutenant and twenty men, and a negro, turning them over to General Longstreet, and since I have been writing, Dearing has come in with another batch of prisoners. He is, without doubt, the best scout in the army

"I do not believe it is the intention of our general to make another direct attack at present, but to cut off Rosecrans' supplies, and compel him to come out of his stronghold and give us a fair fight in an open field.

"We have greatly strengthened our position by throwing up earth-works, behind which we are safe from any shelling the enemy may honor us with. The opinion prevails that when our artillery opens upon the place, Chattanooga will become too warm for the cold blood of the North, but I have no confidence in shelling them out. I believe, unless we interrupt their communication, so as to compel them to withdraw, we will be compelled to storm their works to get at them. There is little likelihood that General Rosecrans will attack now that we are fortified. I fear we have been too tardy in our movements; we should have followed up the victory of the 20th, before the enemy had time to recover from the shock of defeat.

"October 5th.—Lookout Mountain is to-day more grand than ever—the picture heightened just now by the smoke and flame issuing from our batteries, half way up its rugged side, and the peculiar reverberation among the mountains. I spent yesterday and last night with the pickets, close up to the Federal works; saw a great many. They were very friendly, and proposed an exchange of newspapers, but our orders prohibited all intercourse with them, except of a hostile nature.

"October 22.—While at breakfast this morning, our orderly came dashing up with orders to get under arms at once, and while the order was being put in execution, General Robertson rode up, 'harnessed for the fight,' and told us that information had been received the enemy was advancing. In less time than it

takes to write it, Jenkins' S. C. brigade and ours were in position, ready for business. Presently a battery opened fire and complimented us with a few shots which were entirely harmless. Our picket line was visited and it was found to be a false alarm. Every one returned to his place, the enemy still treating us to an occasional shell, but this only serves to remind us there is a large army in our immediate vicinity. Our connection with the army of Virginia, I fear, is at an end, but if we can better serve our country here, we ought to cheerfully submit, though the feeling is unanimous among those who have served under General Lee, in preferring that army to this. Next to going home, every one would prefer going back to the Old Dominion to remaining here, or soldiering anywhere else in the Confederacy.

"During the time of high waters, last week, we were almost without provisions for four days. The rains, however, have ceased, and we have our usual supply. Our principal article of bread-stuff is the coarsest kind of corn meal. Stuff it is, and no mistake. Occasionally we get flour, some rice, and, once in a while, can purchase Irish potatoes; but this is an exhausted, mountainous, poor country.

"November 2nd.—On the 28th our division, under Jenkins, of South Carolina, for the present, was ordered west of Lookout Mountain, but without any intimation as to the object of the movement. As we had to pass a point commanded by one of the enemy's batteries, we did not march until after dark, when we climbed the mountain, crossed Lookout creek, a stream running to the north, and emptying into the Tennessee river just below the town. In passing the mountain we had one of the grandest night views I have ever beheld. Looking to the north, the whole encampment of the enemy was plainly marked by the light of a thousand camp fires, while to the eastward, in a semicircle form, an equal number of these primeval luminaries disclosed the position of the greater portion of the Southern army, the whole covered with a cloud of smoke, as with a pall.

"After crossing the creek I met General Robertson, and ventured to ask him the object of the expedition. He enlightened me by saying a party of Federals had crossed the river below, and were then near us, and the intention was to surprise them, and by cutting off their retreat, capture them. The stillness of night was here interrupted by the keen crack of the rifle of a member of Jenkins' brigade; soon the volley was more prolonged, and the echoes were awakened by the boom of the enemy's cannon. Presently a full rebel cheer indicated that a charge was being made by our boys, followed by another and another, the cannon roaring and the musketry rattling away. Farther to the

right another fire of musketry burst upon the ears. Laws' brigade was engaged and our brigade was supporting them. One regiment after another of the Texas brigade was detached and placed at different points, to be ready in case of need, and the 4th was left alone, and for awhile were lookers on, or rather listeners to the fight. We, too, were soon called for. Law's brigade was being pressed, and the 4th regiment moved forward and took position on the right. We had just reached the top of a steep ridge, when the troops to the left gave way precipitately down the hill, and the 4th, left alone, in imminent danger of being surrounded, retired with the best grace possible. Soon the firing ceased, and we were ordered to return, so the whole thing was a failure. The Federals were more numerous than was supposed, and had they known our situation, could have cut us off, and, perhaps, have captured most of us, while we were attempting the same with them. Jenkins lost some three hundred men in killed and wounded and missing, Law but few, the 4th, two wounded; the other Texas regiments were not engaged. The remainder of the night, and all day, we guarded the west side of the mountain, and this morning we recrossed to our old position. In this tremendous battle, so far as noise was concerned, your correspondent escaped without further injury than caused by one scant meal a day, for four consecutive days."

## CHAPTER XVII.

General Grant Succeeds Rosecrans at Chattanooga—Grant Attacks Bragg at Missionary Ridge—Longstreet's Corps Sent off on An Expedition Against Knoxville—Extracts From Private letters—Longstreet's Communication with Bragg Severed—Siege of Knoxvill—Opens Communication with Bristol to Virginia, Subsisting His Men on the Country of East Tennessee—Suffering of the Men from Want of Food, Cold, and Want of Shoes—General Rodertson Protests Against Marching Barefooted Men Through the Snow—He is Relieved of His Command and Court-martialed—Brilliant Affair at Sabine Pass, Texas, Inspiring News—General John Gregg Placed in Command of Texas Brigade—General Robertson Reprimanded by His Court-martial, and Transferred to Trans-Mississippi Department—Stories of Returned Prisoners—A Military Execution—Major-General Field in Command of Division—Probability of General Longstreet Returning to Virginia—Army Movements in that Direction—Satisfaction of the Men, and Martial Spirit Still Undiminished—Lincoln's "Peace Proclamation"—Negro Troops in the Federal Army—New Conscription Laws Passed by the Confederate Congress—Efforts to Exchange Prisoners—Female Spies in Richmond—Dahlgren's Raid, His Repulse, and Death

General Rosecrans' failure at Chickamauga cost him dear, as, despite his efforts to qualify his misfortune, he was relieved of his command, and General Grant, who had successfully conducted the siege of Vicksburg and been appointed military commander of the division of Mississippi, proceeded at once to Chattanooga.

General Bragg was there, holding the Federal army at the point of starvation, everything was cheering for Confederate success, and hopes were entertained of retrieving the fortunes of the West after President Davis made a personal inspection of General Bragg's lines.

A strange policy was now inaugurated, which changed the aspect of the situation so materially as to cause Grant to make an attack upon Bragg at Missionary Ridge, and by a victory opened the way for his extended plan of operations through the South, which culminated in Sherman's famous "march to the sea."

As we are only proposing to follow the action of armies where Hood's Texas Brigade was engaged, we therefore leave this part of the narrative for the industrious reader to pursue for himself.

The damaging policy was General Bragg's detaching Longstreet's corps while confronting the enemy, and sending him off on an expedition against Knoxville, in East Tennessee, against Burnside.

It was conceded that the presence of this corps had assured the victory of Chickamauga, hence the strangeness of the arrangement at this critical moment, dispatching them away, with poor transportation and no subsistence whatever, to engage in an ill-advised undertaking.

We again give extracts from private letters:

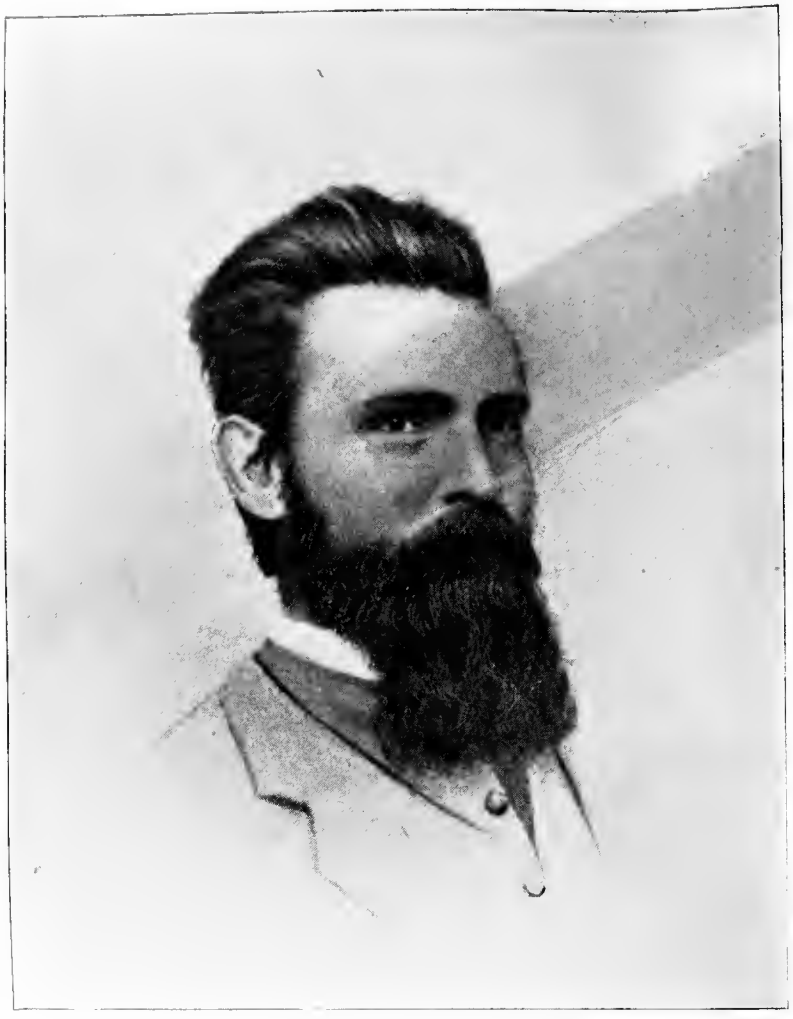
"SWEETWATER, TENN., Nov. 2.

"Left camp at Lookout Mountain, after exploring its top, sides, and subterranean passages, on the 5th, and reached this place last night, and have orders to march again at 10 this morning. We are traveling the direct road from Chattanooga to Knoxville—Longstreet's corps and cavalry. Of course we know nothing of its object, but suppose it is to maneuver or drive the enemy from East Tennessee. Everything points to a stirring campaign, for what may be left of suitable weather. General Robertson, who has been for several days relieved of his command, is this morning restored. He has been undergoing a thorough examination as to his qualifications and capacity to command. I presume he has passed the ordeal satisfactorily.

"We are now evidently operating independently of Captain Bragg(?). Have become well acquainted with General Jenkins, of S. C., who is at present in command of the division in Hood's place, and like him very much. He honors me with his confidence when he wishes a picket line established in the immediate vicinity of the enemy Colonel Key, who has been absent since Gettysburg, is now with us."

General Longstreet was disappointed with the number of men placed at his disposal, but managed to subsist his army upon the country, and November 8th, drove the enemy from his advance lines in front of Knoxville, close under his works. His investment of Knoxville was nearly complete, the enemy could only obtain supplies from one side of the river, and the men were already restricted in their rations, when news of Bragg's disaster reached Longstreet, and caused him to make an assault, when perhaps only a few days of starvation would have compelled the enemy to surrender; but his communication with Bragg was cut off, and he must do the best he could possible.

The attack was made by three brigades, and was not participated in by the Texans, developing a piece of wonderful heroism. It was, however, unsuccessful, in spite of men climbing upon the enemy's breast-works and planting their flags side by side with the Federals' Seven hundred men were lost in a few moments, while the Federals had only about twenty killed and wounded.



BRIG.-GEN. JOHN GREGG.

General Longstreet wisely raised the siege, and made a change in his base of operations.

It not being possible to join Bragg, he moved up where he could establish communication with Bristol, Lynchburg and Richmond, and retreated to Russellville and Bean Station successively

He organized his forces, entrenched himself, and proceeded to overrun the entire northeastern portion of the State, and gathered into his lines all that was valuable in supplies of food in a poor country, making his army quite self-subsisting where it had been thought impossible to remain without external aid.

While General Longstreet was doing all he could to maintain himself in an isolated situation, keeping his keen eye upon his communication with Richmond, yet it was a season of greater suffering and privation than anything experienced by the Texas brigade during the whole struggle. Not only was food scarce and innutritious, but they suffered for want of clothing during the cold weather, many of them barefooted.

General Robertson, who was very much beloved by his men, who had followed him upon so many battle-fields, did all he could for their comfort, and when the corps went into winter quarters got furloughs for them, as far as practicable.

On one occasion, General Robertson protested against marching his barefooted men in the snow, when their bleeding feet, the day before, had left stains along the road, and took upon himself the responsibility of ignoring the order sent down from headquarters.

From a humane standpoint, he showed a tender regard for his faithful soldiers, wholly commendable and noble, but from a military standpoint, where unquestioned and blind obedience is the only standard of action, it savored of insubordination, and he was relieved of his command and court-martialed. General John Gregg, who had commanded a brigade in Bragg's army, was appointed to command of the Texas brigade.

Before leaving the camp at Lookout Mountain, the Texans were very much cheered by the news of the brilliant affair at Sabine Pass, Texas, where the little Confederate garrison, under command of Major Dowling, with about two hundred men, resisted the attack of five gun-boats, capturing the gun-boats, two-hundred prisoners, fifteen heavy guns, with some fifty killed, while the garrison lost neither one man, nor had a gun injured. This disaster caused General Banks to abandon an elaborate expedition he had planned against Texas.

* * *

The Confederate capital was crowded during this winter with

the best society of the Sunny South, gathered here from all parts of the country—a glittering phalanx of notable people, intellectual, literary, beautiful.

President Davis opened the doors of the Executive Mansion, and held a series of weekly receptions, the most brilliant occasions of these troublous days, attended not only by the creme-de-la-creme of the land, but where the humble private was as welcome as the distinguished officer—where all classes mixed and mingled in social reunion.

These receptions were held at night, the large building lighted, a band in attendance, and as the surging crowd swept through the handsome rooms, only pausing to pay their respects to the President and his majestic wife, the scene can never be forgotten. Here were military and civil officers, beautiful, well-dressed women, stately matrons, elegant gentlemen, gay young girls—all that gives society its charm—whiling away a leisure hour, when perchance the morrow would call the soldier to battle, and duty would lead the women to wipe the death-damp from manly brows, smitten down in their prime.

This interchange of sociability was like an oasis in the desert, and all the more keenly enjoyed from the clouds that hung heavy above the horizon. The most beautiful marriage ceremony the writer ever witnessed was during this winter. The bride was the acknowledged belle of the city, the groom a surgeon in the army There were twelve attendants, ladies dressed in pure white, the groom and other gentlemen in their uniforms of Confederate gray, and as the glittering gold lace flashed in rivalry of the bright eyes of the young girls, the tableau was one of artistic loveliness, and has lingered as one of the attractive pictures of the period.

The heated discussions in Congress drew throngs to the capitol, unless momentous matters kept the Senate in secret session, when visitors were excluded. So the days went on and on, and some flashes of brightness filled the passing hours.

"NEAR BULL'S GAP, EAST TENNESSEE, March 7th.

"Most of the Texans have re-enlisted for the war—in the 4th there are few exceptions. We have gone into camp, and hearing General Gregg had commenced a chimney to his tent, supposed we were likely to remain here some time, and concluded to do likewise, and by to-night our mess will have comfortable quarters. Have no idea what our movements are to be, our orders prescribe drill in the morning, dress parade in the evening. We are living on poor beef and flour made of sick wheat.

"March 18th.—We start to the Gap in a few moments to work

on the fortifications. General Longstreet has gone to Richmond—for what purpose not known. General Robertson was reprimanded by his court-martial and hoped to be sent back to his old brigade, but has been transferred to the trans-Mississipi department. General Field, of Virginia, has made rather a favorable impression as our new division commander. General Gregg is becoming quite a favorite with both officers and men.

"March 13th.—Our brigade is picketing two mountain passes—so far unmolested. We have no notice of the enemy anywhere near us, or any prospect of an early engagement. Have had an opportunity of visiting the entire division of our army, and am glad to say it is in good health and spirits, and now tolerably well shod and clothed, the greatest need now being underclothing. Our brigade has received some packages of these articles from the ladies of Georgia, and those of Lynchburg, Va., which were very acceptable.

"Lieutenant Brown, adjutant of the 4th, who was wounded and captured at Gettysburg last summer, was among the returned prisoners who recently arrived at Richmond, reached camp last night, and being a good talker, has given us some interesting accounts of the doings of the rebels 'back in the Union,' and his experience during an imprisonment of eight months in the Northern bastile. While at Point Pleasant he and his party were guarded by a regiment of North Carolina negroes. He shows off the darkey playing soldier quite amusingly.

"On one occasion an officer was passing a negro sentinel, when the negro jerked off his hat, and sticking it under his arm, exclaimed: 'Don't come here massa; it's 'gin orders.' Another time an officer was going to the well for water, when the black sentinel ordered him to halt! and told him he 'couldn't go by widout de pass word.' Said the officer: 'What is it?' 'Washington,' said the sentinel. 'Washington,' repeated the officer, when the woolly head, with hat under his arm, bowed low and told him he could pass.

"While at Johnson's Island, the sentinels got in the habit of shooting at the prisoners upon the slightest, and without any provocation, and under this system one of our officers was badly wounded, when one of our generals wrote to the commanding general that the thing was unbearable, and if the practice was continued the prisoners would have to protect themselves, and if another man was shot they would take possession of the island. This threat had the desired effect, and firing on prisoners ceased.

"March 18th.—We are having pretty tight times here now in the way of rations. Usually we have bread and beef of the very poorest quality and deficient in quantity, but on yesterday for

breakfast we had bread and a small bit of bacon; for dinner, bread and boiled rice, and for supper, bread alone, and the same this morning; so, if my letter is uninteresting, it is attributable to something else than over-eating.

"The action of the last Congress on the subject of rations for officers, which was intended as a benefit, has turned out a disadvantage, for while we draw rations the same as the men, we are prohibited from purchasing, while by the old regulations we could purchase double rations and in this way keep something to eat; and again, the men get passes and go into the surrounding country and buy, while an officer is required to stay at his post, so that, in the matter of feeding, we are really worse off than the men, nor is this all. Officers, in order to properly attend to their duties, must have servants to cook—they have no time to do this themselves, and now they find their servants only by dividing their own scanty allowance. But I am willing, if I can do no better, to live on bread and water and fight to the bitter end.

"19th.—On yesterday, while our regiment was at work on the heights to the left of the Gap, several hundred feet below us in the valley we saw a large body of men drawn up in a "hollow square," and saw the smoke ascend, followed by the report of a volley of musketry, and some poor fellow, who thought more of his own comfort than his duty, was suddenly ushered into the presence of his maker. These military executions are fearful affairs, though necessary for the discipline of large armies and the success of our righteous cause. Who this was or what his offense, I have not the slightest idea—most probably a deserter.

"April 3. Zollicoffer, Tenn.—On the morning of the 28th our division, under Major-General Field, took up the line of march from the vicinity of Bull's and Harvard's Gaps, traveling in an easterly direction, and after a hard day's trudging through mud and rain, bivouacked for the night at Greenville, the former home of Andy Johnson, the Lincoln governor of Tennessee. We had pitched our tent and John was preparing our scanty breakfast, when we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Lieutenant Marchant with a letter and a box. The enjoyment of the letter was interrupted by the clamor for the opening of the box, and then it was that Virginia ladies, always at par with all soldiers, were at a premium. Before the work of devouring commenced, a toast was drank to the health of the sender. That ham* was fine, the biscuit excellent, and the cake could not have been beaten by any confectioner in Richmond, and all was a great treat for half-famished soldiers.

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*Price of ham, fifty dollars. Only three found in Richmond from which to make a selection.

"The next morning it was snowing, but our mess ate breakfast from the box, and stored away the remainder in our haversacks. We continued our march through a terrible snow-storm, over the worst roads I have ever seen, and on the 1st we reached this place, which is ten miles from the line of the Old Dominion. The balmy, spring-like atmosphere this morning, enlivened by the music of the songsters of the grove, gives us reason to hope that grim winter has taken its flight for the north pole, leaving us poor, shivering Southerners in the enjoyment of our own climate.

"As to the probability of General Longstreet being ordered back to Virginia, I believe, if the reports concerning General Grant are true, we will turn up there ere many weeks. It is believed by some we are concentrating a force in the vicinity of Bristol, Tenn., preparatory to a move through Pound Gap into Kentucky. My own impression is, we are gathering here to be in readiness for a move in any direction needed, and if Grant is re-enforcing with the view of attacking Richmond, think it likely we will be more needed there than elsewhere. Colonel Key returned to the command yesterday, but in such feeble health he intends retiring under the recent act of Congress creating an 'Invalid Corps.'

"Have seen none of the inhabitants of this part of the country, though learn from a member of the regiment who was out a few miles, that there is a decided improvement over those we left behind, and among whom we were so long, cut off from the rest of the world, sometimes for weeks without a newspaper.

"April 5th.—Every day, I am strengthened in the belief, when we leave this region, we will go to the support of the Virginia army, and soon be back in our old stamping ground in front of our old enemies, with whom we have so often contended, and so frequently beaten on the field. Every one is buoyant at the thought of again meeting in the field the 'Army of the Potomac.' We had rather see another 'On to Richmond,' than any other form of campaign. There is talk of our moving to-day—a quartermaster has just come in who says he is going to Virginia with his train.

"April 14th.—We have moved down to the railroad and sent off our baggage. The general understanding is we go to Charlottesville. There is no doubt we are going to General Lee, or sufficiently near to co-operate with his forces.

"Cobham, Va., April 28th.—This place is on the Central railroad, seven miles from Gordonsville, eighteen miles from Charlottesville. This morning the court-martial, of which I have been appointed a member, assembled and we tried three offend-

ers. We have cases enough to consume several days. Sentences only promulgated by order. Have had no opportunity for ascertaining how long we are likely to remain here, though the impression prevails we will go farther down the line. General Field held a division review to-day—everything passed off pleasantly. There is some talk of a corps review to-morrow, under the eye of General Lee himself.

"May 1st.—On the 29th, General Lee reviewed the 1st army corps (Longstreet's), which was quite an imposing affair. He paid the Texas brigade a high compliment, speaking of it as the best fighting brigade in the corps.

"General Lee's army say they can cope with Grant without the 1st army corps, though they confess they feel more comfortable to know we are about. After the struggle is over, it will be a proud boast for a man to make that he belonged to Longstreet's corps, and many a wife will also boast her husband was of that body of men. Our boys have received a good supply of clothing, and are in good health and spirits, never better. Have never seen an army so hopeful and confident of success, as this just now. If the people at home could only see the spirit of the army, I am confident Confederate currency would appreciate in value, and be worth as much as Federal gold."

When the Federal Congress met in December, 1863, President Lincoln, along with his message, issued his famous "peace proclamation," in which his demands upon the Southern people, if they returned to the allegiance of the United States, were so distasteful as not to be entertained by the authorities at Richmond, and were rejected by soldiers and people as impossibilities.

The provisions were: Emancipation of the slaves, and all surrender of property rights thereto, pardon on condition of an oath of allegiance, but debarring from this pardon all who held office under the Confederate government, all who had left judicial station under the United States to join the rebellion, all who had served in the army and navy above the rank of colonel, offering reconstruction to one-tenth the voters of any State that would take such an oath of allegiance, and granting to such States a republican form of government, and protection against invasion or domestic violence on application of the legislature, etc.

This could not be considered at all. Lincoln had distinctly stated in his first message after becoming President, he had "no legal right to interfere with slavery in the South," had afterwards issued the emancipation proclamation, and proceeded to colonize in Southern districts the slaves who had been simple enough to flock to the protection of the Union army, and then,

had enlisted all the able-bodied negroes into the army, under command of white officers.

His excuse was that the work of the slaves was an assistance to the rebels in building fortifications and raising supplies for the Confederate armies, hence giving them freedom was a military necessity.

His terms of peace were the ratification of his proclamation, yielding to the demands of the abolition party of the North and relinquishing, without compensation, the property rights inherited from our forefathers.

"It was stated by Mr. Seward in a diplomatic circular dated August 12, 1863, that nearly seventy thousand negroes were at that time employed in the Federal armies, of whom twenty-two thousand were actually bearing arms in the field, and when Congress assembled in December, the whole number of African allies of the North was said to exceed one hundred thousand. The employment as soldiers against the Confederacy of this immense number of blacks was a brutality and crime in sight of the world, the ignoring of civilization in warfare—a savage atrocity inflicted upon the South; but it was no benefit to the negro. It could be no benefit to him that he should be exposed to the fury of war, and translated from a peaceful and domestic sphere of labor to the hardships of the camp and the mortal perils of the battle-field."

A French writer at this time uses the following language: "The Northern idea of the abolition of slavery by making the negro food for bullets or by exiling him from his home to die of hunger, is now thoroughly understood in Europe. Our notions of philanthropy and our moral sense alike revolt from these ferocious exaggerations of the love of liberty."

When the Confederate Congress met, President Davis said in his message: "We now know that the only reliable hope for peace is in the vigor of our resistance, while the cessation of the enemy's hostility is only to be expected from the pressure of their necessities."

This realization of the enormity of the struggle against large odds, now began to dawn upon all classes, as well as government officials, as the "war to the knife" policy of the Federals became more and more manifest, and dissipated forever the hopes hitherto indulged for the speedy termination of the war.

To recruit the army, Congress passed laws extending the conscription from sixteen to eighteen years, annulling all contracts for substitutes which had hitherto been purchased if desired, and the amalgamation of the whole force of the Confederacy subject to the military necessities of the country, exempting

only those physically incapacitated from service, or detailed for government work. They also pressed into service all animals, unless needed for working plantations, and all surplus products except what was needed for the sustenance of the people at home, making everything subject to the military. The act of habeas corpus was suspended, and everything managed by martial law.

The volunteers re-enlisted for the war, when their terms of service expired. Young recruits filled the ranks under the new acts of Congress, the people willingly surrendered everything for the use of the army and the country determined to continue the struggle. No idea of anything else was ever discussed, the greater the demand, the more exalted became their heroism, the more sublime the self sacrifice.

During the summer of 1863, repeated efforts were made for the establishment of a cartel for the general exchange of prisoners. So large a number was a serious impediment to feeding our own army. The exigencies of the moment caused Vice-President Stephens to volunteer to go to Washington, under flag of truce, to seek a proper adjustment of the difficulty.

He went under these instructions: "With a view of making one last solemn attempt to arrange and settle all disputes that may have arisen, or may arise, to the execution of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners of war heretofore agreed on between our respective land and naval forces; also to agree to any modification that may be found necessary to prevent further misunderstanding of said cartel, and, finally, to enter into any arrangement or understanding about the mode of carrying on hostilities between the belligerents, as shall confine the severities of war within such limits as are rightfully imposed, not only by modern civilization, but by our common Christianity.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS.

*"To Abraham Lincoln."*

Mr. Stephens proceeded down James river under flag of truce, but near Newport News his progress was arrested by order of the admiral of the fleet. His mission was demanded, and when known, he telegraphed to Washington. The reply was: "The request is inadmissible. The customary agents and channels are adequate for all needful military communications and conference between United States forces and the insurgents."

The consequence was that only a limited number were exchanged; and all deliveries which were afterwards made, was the result of special arrangements, and lucky, indeed, were those so fortunate as to be the ones selected.

General Lee's army had remained upon the Rappahannock, closely watching the movements of Meade. Attacks were made at different times by detached troops, but nothing of much importance occurred.

In February, 1864, a design of the enemy was developed which, if successful, would have placed Richmond in the hands of the Federals by a bold stroke—nothing less than a raid around to the rear of General Lee's army, which was planned to capture the city by strategy, that had so long bid defiance to the advance of armies under picked leaders.

We have before mentioned the action of Union ladies in Richmond who had been suspected of being spies. During the summer of 1863 a Union woman, whose home was a large plantation on the upper James river, in Goochland county, was detected "holding the most brutal and treasonable communication with the enemy," pointing out to him objects for resentment, and proposing to betray a minister of Christ into their hands under whose roof she was a guest in the city of Richmond.

This attempted betrayal of Rev. M. D. Hoge, pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, a pure, intellectual gentleman, one of the finest pulpit orators of the South, gave Mrs. Patterson Allen an unenviable notoriety, and excited a great deal of indignation.

The letter written and intercepted, was sufficient to cause her arrest on the charge of being a spy and traitor, by the Secretary of War,* who was her neighbor at home on the river, and against whom she was especially bitter. She was not imprisoned, but confined for six months at the asylum of St. Francis de Sales, and afterwards bailed. She was never brought to trial, and the case never disposed of before the cessation of hostilities, but her guilt was so palpable that many felt Southern chivalry was strained in a romantic wish to evade the punishment of a woman for a grave offense.

To her was attributed the information as to routes, etc., that led to what was known as Kilpatrick's and Dahlgren's raid, as she gave directions about what points to strike, what mills to destroy, that showed her malignant hatred.

The plan was to engage General Lee's attention by a feint in the direction of Charlottesville, under General Custer, while Kilpatrick, with five thousand picked cavalry and a battery of six guns, made a dash upon Richmond, liberating the prisoners and doing as much damage as possible, seeking to enter the city by the Brook turnpike.

Colonel Dahlgren started with Kilpatrick, but at Spottsylvania

*James Seddon.

Court House they separated, Dahlgren proposing to strike the James river, cross to the south bank, and enter from that direction. He had five hundred men, with orders to destroy artillery, railroads and telegraph lines.

He struck the river in Goochland county, burned Dover Mills, a grist mill, cut the locks of the canal, and, after many acts of wanton cruelty to the people, employed a negro to guide him to the ford of the river. When he reached the place the stream was swollen by rains, and impossible to cross. Believing the negro had duped him, he ordered him to be instantly hung by a rein from his own horse's bridle, which was executed.

Custer's advance was driven back. Kilpatrick, after reaching within sight of the city, but never within reach of the artillery among the fortifications, was driven back by a small body of troops, stationed to hold these works, and fled precipitately, followed by Wade Hampton's cavalry, and ended his share of the raid, which Northern papers had declared would "sack the rebel capital."

Not being able to cross the river as designed, Dahlgren pursued his way to Richmond, along the Westham plank road, plundering and destroying everything within his power, until he reached Greene's farm, about nine miles from the city, where he was met by a battalion of armory artisans and the clerks' battalion. These men were engaged in the employ of government departments, organized and drilled to defend the capital in the absence of troops; always ready at a moment's warning, when the alarm was sounded, to rush from their desks and workbenches and take their places in the field.

Surprised at the unexpected attack, Dahlgren's men became demoralized, and fled at the first volley of musketry, leaving eighteen killed and thirty or forty wounded.

The rebel loss was a captain and two lieutenants killed, three lieutenants and seven privates wounded. This was a gallant little affair, and called forth much grateful admiration from the people, who turned out in a large concourse to attend the funeral of the fallen braves.

Dahlgren retreated as fast as possible, seeking to reach Kilpatrick, of whose repulse he was not aware. He was attacked by some home-guards and rangers, furloughed cavalrymen of Lee's army, who pursued them.

Dahlgren was riddled with bullets while leading his men and shouting surrender, thinking the attack was only by some skulkers—his men begging piteously to surrender—scattered as they were through the woods.

Upon Dahlgren's body was found some remarkable documents,

THE WILDERNESS: "LEE TO THE REAR."

disclosing a diabolical scheme at variance with the customs of civilized nations, his scouts wearing the Confederate gray.

The following is a copy of his address to his men and officers:

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,
"CAVALRY CORPS, 1864.

"*Officers and Men:*

"You have been selected from brigades and regiments as a picked command to attempt a desperate undertaking—an undertaking which, if successful, will write your names on the hearts of your countrymen in letters that can never be erased, and will cause the prayers of our fellow-soldiers, now confined in loathsome prisons, to follow you and yours wherever you may go.

"We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Isle first, and having seen them fairly started, we will cross the James river into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city; and do not allow the rebel leader Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape. The prisoners must render great assistance, as you can not leave your ranks too far, or become too much scattered, or you will be lost.

"Do not allow any personal gain to lead you off, which would bring you only to an ignoble death at the hands of citizens. Keep well together and obey orders strictly. Many of you will fall, but if there is any man here not willing to sacrifice his life in a great and glorious undertaking, or who does not feel capable of meeting the enemy in such a desperate fight, let him step out, and he may go hence, and read of the brave who swept through the city of Richmond. We want no man who can not feel sure of success in such a holy cause. Ask the blessings of the Almighty, and do not fear the enemy.

"A. DAHLGREN,
"Colonel Commanding."

Upon another paper were special directions containing these words:

"Pioneers will go along with combustible material. The officer must use his discretion about the time of assisting us. The pioneers must have plenty of oakum and turpentine for burning, which will be rolled in soaked balls, and given to the men to burn when we get into the city. They must be well prepared with turpentine."

Well do we recall the day of this memorable raid. Everything in the city was upon a war footing. When the news reached the place that a party was approaching, by a preconcerted signal the bells rang the fire alarm.

The battalions hurried to their place of rendezvous, people flocked from their homes, with whitened faces, to the streets and public thoroughfares. Capitol Square was crowded with an eager mass of non-combatants, anxious to hear the news—too excited to wait for news, and impatient at the result. Rumors were flying thick and fast, and General Lee was too far away to render any help in this sore time of trial. Hour after hour dragged slowly on, and night closed in. Still nothing reliable. People gathered their valuables together in as small compass as possible, and with a few changes of clothing, prepared for the worst.

What a thrill passed, like an electric flash, from heart to heart, when the pressure was removed early in the morning from the sleepless watchers, that the raid was repulsed, and later, that Dahlgren was killed. When his shocking orders were made public, indignation knew no bounds. The prisoners, captured while wearing the Confederate uniform, many thought should be hung as spies, but their assurance that their service was not voluntary saved them from the death penalty.

Many stories were circulated in Northern papers about Dahlgren being assassinated and his body subjected to malignant treatment, but this was wholly untrue.

Mr. Davis says: "The truth is, his body was sent to Richmond and decently interred in Oakwood Cemetery, where other Federal soldiers were buried. The enormity of his offense was not forgotten, but resentment against him ended with his life. It was also admitted that however bad his preceding conduct had been, he met his fate gallantly, charging at the head of his men when he found himself inexplicably encompassed by the foe."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

General Grant Takes Command of the Army of the Potomac—Plans for Crushing Out the Rebellion—Battle of the Wilderness—Gallant Action of the Texas Brigade—Battle of Spottsylvania Court House—General Sheridan's Raid—Death of General J. E. B. Stuart—Grant Moves Eastward, Followed by Lee—Battle of Cold Harbor—Fearful Slaughter of Federals—The Men Refuse to Attack—Grant Crosses to South Side of the James—General Butler's Plan to Reach Richmond by the Back Door—General Lee Concentrates at Petersburg—General Early with Second Army Corps Sent to the Valley—Experience of Texas Brigade in the Trenches of Petersburg—Early's Success in the Valley—Fields' and Other Divisions Moved North of the James—Springing of the Mine at Petersburg—Slaughter at the Crater—Grant Attacks North of the James—Repulsed Handsomely by Cavalry and Infantry.

After the disaster of Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge, and the Federal success, General Grant's fame became at full tide, and he rapidly took his position as the military genius of the North, so long and vainly sought. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and transferred his influence to the Army of the Potomac, conceiving that extended plan which eventually became successful in settling the problem of States' rights, which had, from the foundation of the government, agitated the minds of the most intellectual statesmen of the country

One column, under Sherman, was to march through the centre of the Confederacy, devastating and destroying all that came within its reach. Another was to clear of Confederate forces and lay waste the beautiful valley of Virginia, cutting Lee's railroad communication for supplies for his army. General Butler was to operate from the Peninsula route, and General Grant himself to lead the Army of the Potomac. This vast scheme, where so much blood and treasure was to be expended, like a huge anaconda sought by starvation and the steel bands of greater numbers, to crush the hopes of a people unconquerable upon the battle-field.

He wanted a cavalry leader to give powerful assistance to his operations. He seemed to find all the requirements in General Sheridan, who had become famous in the West as a trooper, and whose exploits he had watched in his Western campaign. Placing him in command of the cavalry, he determined to undertake another "On to Richmond," and, if repulsed, then to move around and reach the James river below Richmond, connecting

with Butler's army and moving up to the south side of the James.

General Lee allowed him to cross the Rapidan unmolested, and he thought he was surprising Lee, and had turned his flank. Grant's object was to pass through the Wilderness to the roads between Lee and Richmond. Lee resolved to fight him in those pathless woods, "where his artillery would be least available, and where his massive columns would be most embarrassed, and where Southern individuality and self-reliance would be specially effective."

We left the Texas brigade in camp near Gordonsville, after Longstreet's return to Lee's army

In the following extracts from a private note book of Major C. M. Winkler, who was with the 4th Texas regiment, we are able to present the record made at the time, of an incident of the battle of the Wilderness which has been the subject of much discussion and some dispute. The events recorded are authentic, and we are happy to give what was jotted down in his own handwriting:

"May 4th. Marched towards the enemy; passed Orange Court House; camped at 11 p. m.

"May 5th. Started before day, marched hard till late in p. m., passing ground of cavalry skirmishing; met Federal prisoners; camped. Learned that Grant had crossed the Rapidan at Ely's and Germana fords with three corps under Sedgwick, Warner and Hancock.

"May 6th. Marched before day in the direction of plank road, where it enters the Wilderness. At dawn firing ahead; turned forward along the plank road; deployed left, north of the road; advanced through the pines to a battery and some rail breastworks. General Lee, raising his hat, expressed his confidence in our ability to retake the ground from which Wilcox's and Heth's divisions were rapidly retreating, pressed by the enemy. General Gregg said: 'Texans! the eye of your general is upon you.' It is said that General Lee shed tears as we passed and went in with a yell, made a half wheel to the left, swept through the pines, and across the plank road, through heavy timber and dense undergrowth; Longstreet's corps going in left and right, without order; heavy flank fire from our left down the road; heavy loss for our men. 10 a. m. Reformed and again advanced along our end of the line to the breastworks. Longstreet's corps saved the day—a great victory; Longstreet wounded, General Jenkins, of South Carolina, killed, General Gregg's horse killed."

Hon. John Thompson Mason writes thus in *Our Living and Our Dead*, a magazine published in North Carolina in 1875:

"We received a letter from a captain in a gallant North Carolina cavalry regiment who says, after quoting the language of the man who seized General Lee's bridle rein: 'If you lead the charge, we won't follow you, but if you'll go back, we'll drive them to h—l,' the identical words as told me before I ever saw any written account of it, were used by the adjutant of a Texas regiment, or by the adjutant of General Hood's Texas Brigade. My informant was a wounded Texan who belonged to that command, and was evidently a man of intelligence. He told me he was wounded within a few feet of the spot, and was an eye-witness of the occurrence. It was certainly the impression of my command and throughout the Army of Northern Virginia, so far as I know, that it was Hood's Texas Brigade that made the celebrated charge, and a gallant Texan who prevented the brave old general from leading them."

From "Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee," by Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., we find, on pages 316–318, this statement:

"On the morning of May 6th, 1864, in the Wilderness, as Heth's and Wilcox's divisions of A. P. Hill's corps were preparing to withdraw from the line of their gallant fight of the day before, to give place to Longstreet's corps, which was rapidly approaching, the enemy suddenly made upon them a furious attack with overwhelming numbers. These brave men were borne back by the advancing wave; General Lindsey Walker, with his artillery (superbly served under the immediate eye of Hill and Lee), was gallantly beating back the enemy, but they were gathering for a new attack, and it was a crisis in the battle, when the head of Longstreet's corps dashed upon the field. General Lee rode to meet them, and found the old Texas Brigade, led by the gallant Gregg, in front. The men had not seen him since their return from Tennessee, and as he rode up he said: 'Ah! there are my brave Texans! I know you, and know that you can, and will drive those people back.' They greeted him with even more than their accustomed enthusiasm, as they hurried to the front. But they were soon horrified to find that their beloved chief was going with them into the thickest of the fight. The men began to shout: 'Go back, General Lee! Do go back! General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!' A ragged veteran stepped from the ranks and seized his reins, and at last the whole brigade halted and exclaimed, with one voice: 'We will not advance unless General Lee goes back; but if he will not expose himself, we pledge ourselves to drive the enemy back.'

"General Lee saw Longstreet, rode off to give him some order,

the gallant Texans rushed eagerly forward, and redeemed their pledge. The rest of Longstreet's corps hurried to the front, Hill's troops rallied, the enemy was driven in confusion, and only the wounding of Longstreet at this unfortunate juncture, prevented the utter rout, if not the crushing of that wing of Grant's army."

With regard to the claims of others to this incident, Dr. Jones says: "Three incidents of this kind are noted by the writer. The first, on the morning of May 6th, 1864, the second, on the 10th, and the third, on the 12th of the same month; hence, the confusion in the minds of many. On the 6th, the first of these incidents occurred, and Gregg's Texas brigade composed the troops General Lee offered to lead; on the 10th, a Virginia regiment, and on the 12th, a Mississippi regiment, furnished the material for the second and third of the incidents."

A member of company G, 4th Texas, W E. Barry, now liviug, a prominent citizen of Navasota, Texas, furnished the following as a correct statement of the scene as witnessed by himself:

"Grant had crossed the Rappahannock with an immense host. We knew it. To conceal such au event from the rank and file was impossible. Eveu the number of the enemy had been approximated. 'We have more to fight than ever before,' was a common expression; but I think the courage of our brave boys rose correspondingly

"All day we had listened to the sullen roar of artillery, which told us that warm work was in front.

"Heth and Wilcox had met Warner's corps as it defiled through the Wilderness, and stayed their march.

"We bivouacked but a few miles away. Just about 3 o'clock on the morning of May 6th, Hood's brigade, then commanded by General John Gregg, was aroused from much-needed slumber, and long before the morning twilight glimmered, the march for the battle-field began. We were ignorant of our destination. Ignorant, did I say? Not entirely. There is a sublime inter-communication between officers even of the highest grade and the private soldiers of an army. It may not be expressed in words, but can be felt.

"The stern command, 'Close up! close up!' made everyone realize that something of momentous importance was at hand. I need not describe the feeling that comes over one 'just before the battle,' for all old soldiers remember it. Through brush, over ditches, in water and out of it we went at a double-quick.

"Ever increasing in volume came the sound of musketry at the front. Our brigade was in advance. Onward, still onward we went, until bullets began to fly among us, and wounded men and

fugitives began to pass us in great numbers. Most unfortunate for the Confederates had been the early morning conflict.

"Heth and Wilcox, of Hill's corps, had been surprised and beaten back at least a mile, and the victorious Federals were advancing, elated by their success. It required some minutes to form us in line—minutes upon which the fate of the army hinged.

"Just after sunrise we debouched into an open glade or field, long since abandoned. Here came upon us an increasing storm of bullets, but for a moment we hardly thought of them, for there, on his war horse, sat General Robert E. Lee.

"Our command had been sent to Tennessee the year before. It had been many months since we had seen our beloved chieftain, and when we did behold him such a shout of gladness and affection went up as I never before heard.

"Always so calm, placid and composed in demeanor, this day there was the fire of battle in his eye, and his form quivered with emotions. Like electricity spread through the ranks the idea that the issue was very critical, and that it depended upon us to redeem the day.

"To die in the sight of our grand commander did not seem a hard fate, for he was an idol and an inspiration. Into the affray we started, and he attempted to lead us. A cry of affectionate solicitude sprang to many throats: 'Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!'

"There was a rush toward him by several, I can not say how many. Among those who grasped his horse by the bridle I recognized Captain James Harding, of the 1st Texas regiment.

"I do not suppose that I would have remembered him but for the fact that a night or two before one of our company was telling some joke on Harding about his straggling, for which he was noted, but it was remarked then that he was always among the first to 'straggle into a fight.' Harding now lives at Jackson, Miss., and is as modest as brave.

" 'Lee to the rear!' We rushed forward, and struck full abreast the heavy Federal column. We stemmed and stayed them for a while, long enough for Longstreet to throw his entire corps into action and rout the enemy; long enough for one-half of our brigade to fall under the sombre shades of the 'Wilderness.'

"I was shot down in the unequal struggle, and remember little else of that bloody day except my own suffering, but the historic scene I have mentioned has been photographed upon my memory, almost burned into my brain."

From the pen of Captain R. J. Harding himself, we have the following:

"On the morning of May 6th, 1864, at sunrise, Hood's brigade was formed for the charge at the Wilderness. The left of the 1st Texas rested on the right of the 4th Texas. General Gregg was commanding and called out that General Lee would lead the charge. Three or four men, myself among the number, rushed out to General Lee and caught his horse. Several others followed, but were unable to get to the horse, and stood as a living wall around the general to prevent him from going into further danger. Every one who saw General Lee exposing himself, cried out: 'Go back, General Lee! Lee to the rear,' etc. While I may have been the first man to catch General Lee's horse, there were several others directing their steps in the same direction and for the same purpose.

"The little incident belongs to no one man, and I earnestly beg that it be given to the whole brigade. We all did it because we loved our General Lee. W E. Barry of Navasota, has a true recollection of the occurrence. I don't want to be made more conspicuous than any of my comrades. Was interviewed by a reporter of the Richmond *Examiner* during the war (after I was wounded) and refused to let him mention my name."

Colonel C. S. Venable, a member of General Lee's staff, professor of mathematics of the University of Virginia, in a recent letter to the writer, says:

"I send you a copy of an address delivered in 1873 before the Virginia Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the fourth page of which you will find a brief, but accurate, account of what occurred when the men of the Texas brigade, commanded by General Gregg, found that General Lee was riding forward with them in the splendid charge in the Wilderness on the morning of May 6, 1864. As I had the great honor of riding by his side on that occasion, my testimony is that of an eye-witness of all the circumstauces. General Longstreet, being farther to the right, knew nothing of it until General Lee had turned aside from the charge and had ridden to his (Longstreet's) position. It was then I told General Longstreet of General Lee's riding forward in the charge with the Texas brigade."

The odds were very heavy against these two divisions, (Heth's and Wilcox's) which were altogether about ten thousand strong. The battle first began with Getty's Federal division, which was soon re-enforced by the Second corps, under General Hancock. General Hancock had orders, with his corps and Getty's division of the Sixth corps, to drive Hill back to Parker's store. This he tried to accomplish, but his repeated and desperate assaults were repulsed. Before night Wadsworth's division and a brigade from Warren's corps were sent to help Hancock,

thus making a force of more than forty thousand men which was hurled against these devoted ten thousand, until 8 o'clock p. m., in unavailing efforts to drive them from their position. Ewell's corps, less than sixteen thousand strong, had repulsed Warren's corps in the Old Turnpike, inflicting a loss of three thousand or more and two pieces of artillery Rosser, on our right, with his cavalry brigade, had driven back largely superior numbers of Wilson's cavalry divison on the Catharpin road. These initial operations turned Grant's forces from the wide sweeping march which they had begun, to immediate and urgent business in the Wilderness. The army which he had set out to destroy, had come up in the most daring manner, and presented itself in his pathway. That General Lee's bold strategy was very unexpected to the enemy, is well illustrated by the fact recorded by Swinton, the Federal historian, that, when the advance of Warren's corps struck the head of Ewell's column, on the morning of the 5th, General Meade said to those around him, 'They have left a division to fool us here, while they concentrate and prepare a position on the North Anna, and what I want is, to prevent these fellows from getting back to Mine Run.' Mine Run was to that general doubtless a source of unpleasant reminiscences of the previous campaign. General Lee soon sent a message to Longstreet to make a night march and bring up his two divisions at daylight on the 6th. He himself slept on the field, making his headquarters a few hundred yards from the line of battle of the day. It was his intention to relieve Hill's two divisions with Longstreet's, and throw them farther to the left, to fill up a part of the great unoccupied interval between the plank road and Ewell's right, near the old turnpike, or use them on his right, as the occasion might demand. It was unfortunate that any of these troops should have become aware they were to be relieved by Longstreet. It is certain that owing to this impression Wilcox's division, on the right, was not in a condition to receive Hancock's attack at early dawn on the morning of the 6th, by which they were driven back in considerable confusion. In fact, some of the brigades of Wilcox's division came back in disorder, but sullenly and without panic, entirely across the plank road, where General Lee and the gallant Hill in person helped to rally them. The assertion, made by several writers, that Hill's troops were driven back a mile and a half, is a most serious mistake. The right of his line was thrown back several hundred yards, but a portion of the troops still maintained their position. The danger, however, was great, and General Lee sent his trusted Adjutant, Colonel W H. Taylor, back to Parker's store, to get the trains ready for a movement to the rear. He

sent an aid also to hasten the march of Longstreet's division. These came the last mile and a half at a double-quick, in parallel columns, along the plank road.

General Longstreet went forward with that imperturbable coolness which always characterized him in times of perilous action, and began to put them into position on the right and left of the road. His men came to the front of disordered battle with a steadiness unexampled even among veterans, and with an *eclat* which presaged restoration of our battle and certain victory. When they arrived the bullets of the enemy on our right flank had begun to sweep the field in the rear of our artillery pits on the left of the road, where General Lee was giving directions and assisting General Hill in rallying and reforming his troops.

"It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns, and swept across an artillery pit and adjacent breastwork. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge; when they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry: 'Go back, General Lee! Go back!' Some historians like to put this in less homely words; but the brave Texans did not pick their phrases: 'We won't go on unless you go back!' A soldier seized his bridle rein. The gallant General Gregg (who laid down his life on the 9th of October, almost in General Lee's presence, in a desperate charge of his brigade on the enemy's lines in the rear of Fort Harrison) turning his horse towards General Lee, remonstrated with him. Just then I called the general's attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, directing the attack of his divisions. He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men, and rode up to Longstreet's position.

"With the first opportunity I informed General Longstreet of what had just happened, and he, with affectionate bluntness, urged General Lee to go further back. I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong, and lost half of their number, killed and wounded, on that bloody day. The battle was soon restored, and the enemy driven back to their position of the night before. Wilcox's and Heth's divisions were placed in line a short distance to the left of the plank road. General Lee's immediate

presence had done much to restore confidence to these brave men and to inspire the troops who came up with the determination to win at all hazards. A short time afterwards General Anderson's division arrived from Orange Court House. The well-known flank attack was then planned and put into execution, by which Longstreet put in, from his own and Anderson's divisions, three brigades on the right flank of the enemy, rolled it up in the usual manner, uncovering his own front, thus completely defeating Hancock's force and sending it reeling back on the Brock road. The story of this, and of Longstreet's unfortunate wounding is familiar to all. His glorious success and splendid action on the field had challenged the admiration of all. As an evidence of the spirit of the men on this occasion, the Mississippi brigade of Heth's division, commanded by the gallant Colonel Stone, though the division was placed farther to the left, out of the heat of the battle, preferred to remain on the right, under heavy fire, and fought gallantly throughout the day under Longstreet."

Extracts from officer's note-book: "May 7th.—Lay behind breast-works; enemy attacked line several times on the left, and were easily repulsed. 8th.—Marched to Spottsylvania Court House, advanced under shell and grape on the enemy; no casualties. Moved to the left, advanced in line and entered the breastworks. 9th.—Strengthened breastworks, skirmishing and sharpshooting. 10th.—Enemy attacked our line. Batteries in front, and enfilading fire on our left played on us famously; attack repulsed after about an hour's fighting, in the afternoon, on our left, across a creek, the enemy handsomely mown down by our men. They again engaged in line to attract attention, and turned forward under cover of the cedars. A storming column struck the line of the 4th regiment. Soon crossed the works, and others charged to a gap in the breastworks. Those who entered, with very few exceptions, were either killed, wounded or captured. Attack along the line repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy. Had a fine view of Hill's corps attacking and routing the enemy on our left across the creek.

"11th.—Lay in the trenches sharp-shooting and skirmishing.

"12th.—Battle of Spottsylvania Court House. A tremendous day's work, both of artillery and small arms all day. Enemy attacking us in breast-works. Their loss heavy, ours comparatively light. Moved to the right at night and erected new works."

Extract from letters: "On the 12th, was fought, I think, the most stubborn battle that has ever occurred on the continent. Our forces were attacked along a line several miles in extent, be-

hind temporary breastworks, on account of which our losses are small, while that of the enemy is immense. A few more such days, and Grant will be without an army. Learned to-day the mails are not being distributed at Richmond—postoffice closed and employes in the trenches—no letters since the 4th."

"Ah See," Company A, 5th Texas, gives the following:

"The soldier, in active service, very soon becomes accustomed and hardened to the most painful and excruciating scenes of suffering and death. Under other conditions the same experience would strain every nerve to the utmost tension and excite the holiest horror. Even in war, however, there is occasionally an incident that causes him to shudder and revives the sensibilities of happier days. Such a one occurred at the bloody battle of Spottsylvania, in 1864.

"The line of battle of Hood's brigade occupying feeble and extemporized breastworks, was charged for three days, in gallant but futile attempts to break through our lines. Between the attacks, the Federal artillery kept up an incessent roar, their balls frequently doing much damage. During one of these attacks, and while the enemy's big guns were sending hot shot and shell at our puny defenses the incident, to which this article referrs, took place.

"In Company A, 5th Texas, was a gallant and already scarred young fellow, Sam Bailey. While standing at his post of duty plying his Enfield rifle, fast and furious, the smoke of battle drifting in weird and fantastic shapes around his young, devoted head, an oblong ball from one of the enemy's rifle guns, pierced the frail work immediately in his front, passed through, severed the brave fellow's head from his shoulders, scattered his brains upon his nearest comrades, drove his rifle through his body, and bent it in shape of a hoop or ring.

"The hearts of those who stood nearest him, and who knew his devotion and gallantry, could not but feel the shade of a mighty grief; eyes unused to weep at scenes like this, could not restrain a falling tear, a grief and tear that constitutes the only monument that ever reared itself above the prostrate bleeding body of the noble and chivalrous Bailey."

Extract from letters: "North Anna River, May 23rd.—We have had to undergo all in the way of watching, marching and fighting our natures are capable of, since we left Gordonsville. Have not seen our wagon train since, and during that time have had no change of a single garment. We reached here last night after a continuous march of over thirty hours, and I have seen my horse for the first time since the fight commenced. Have stood it remarkably well, and am thankful I have survived the

bloody days of the 6th and 12th. Will not now discuss what the army is doing, but will say, however, General Lee has not taken his new position on account of any defeat, nor because of any want of spirit among the troops, and I feel confident the sequal will prove this conclusion."

While General Grant had been engaged on the Rapidan, General Sheridan had, with a large force of cavalry, moved round to the rear of General Lee's army, doing damage at Beaver Dam to army stores, and destroying the railroad at Ashland.

On May 10th, he encountered at "Yellow Tavern," on the road to Richmond, a force of Confederate cavalry, under the dashing leader, General J. E. B. Stuart. In a severe fight, where the odds were estimated to be eight hundred against eight thousand, he was persistently and stubbornly resisted, and effectually repulsed, Sheridan making his way across the country to Turkey Island where he joined Butler.

General Stuart sent couriers to Richmond, so the defenses might be manned. The fire alarm was again sounded, and soon everything was in a state of excitement and alarm, while the home defenders took their places in the fortifications.

The news of the repulse, and the wounding of the brilliant cavalry commander who had braved so much, was received with mingled emotion. General Stuart had continued to lead the charge after receiving his mortal wound, invoking his men to continue the fight. "Long accustomed to connect him with daring exploits and brilliant successes, there was much surprise and deeper sorrow when the news spread through the city. Admired as a soldier, loved as a man, honored as a Christian patriot to whom duty to God and his country was a supreme law, the intense anxiety for his safety made all shrink from realizing his imminent danger."

Amid the grief of the people he was buried on President's Hill, at Hollywood Cemetery,—wept over by all who appreciated brave chivalry, another grand martyr upon his country's altar.

On June 1st, under cover of the darkness, General Grant withdrew to the north side of North Anna river, and moved eastwardly down the Pamunkey river. At Hanover Junction, General Lee was joined by Pickett's division, which had been on detached service at Newbern, North Carolina, and a small force under Breckinridge, and a brigade on duty at the Junction.

"On the 2d, Grant's army was across the Pamunkey, while General Lee's army was in line of battle with his left at Atlee's Station, on the Central railroad, in Hanover county, nine miles below Richmond. By another movement eastward, the two armies found themselves face to face at Cold Harbor, Grant try-

ing to force his passage across the Chickahominy, which, if successful, would enable him to lay siege to Richmond, having reached the scene of General McClellan's base in his famous campaign two years before. He had reached a point of convergence of all roads in the vicinity,—a strategic point where he was almost sure of a decisive victory.

The engagement on the morning of June 3d showed how fruitless were his efforts to drive back the forces of General Lee. On every part of the line, the enemy was repulsed with quick and decisive blows. Hancock's corps was hurled back in a storm of fire, the 6th corps did not get nearer than one hundred yards of the works, while Warren and Burnside were staggered on the line of the rifle-pits. The day's work was effected in about ten minutes by signal strokes. Fourteen assaults were repulsed, and the loss of the Federals was terrible.

When the order was given to renew the attack, Swinton says, in his "Army of the Potomac": "The order was issued through the wonted channels, but no man stirred, and the immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent, yet emphatic, against further slaughter. The loss on the Union side in this sanguinary action was over thirteen thousand, while on the part of the Confederates, it is doubtful whether it reached as many hundreds."

With matters in this existing state, General Grant asked a truce to bury his dead. He soon after moved his army to secure a crossing to the south side of the James.

Taylor, in "Four Years with General Lee," says: "The struggle from the Wilderness to this point, covered a period of over one month, during which time there had been an almost daily encounter of arms, and the Army of Northern Virginia had placed hors-de-combat, of the army under General Grant, a number exceeding the entire numerical strength at the commencement of the campaign of Lee's army, which notwithstanding its own heavy losses, and the re-enforcements received by the enemy, still presented an impregnable front to its opponent."

The Secretary of War, United States, reported that General Grant had, when he crossed the Rapidan, 141,160.

To meet this force, Lee had less than 50,000. The same authority discloses that Grant had a reserve of 137,672. Lee had practically no reserve, as he had to send detachments to West Virginia equal to all the re-enforcements he received.

In Southern Historical Papers, under authority of the editor, there appears the following statement:

"Grant says he lost, in the campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, 39,000; but Swinton puts his loss at over 60,000, and a careful examination of the figures will show that his real

loss was near 100,000. In other words, he lost about twice as many men as Lee had, in order to take a position which he could have taken without firing a gun or losing a man."

The cause of General Lee losing so few men against such large forces, was the fact that he did all his fighting behind temporary breastworks, a thing unknown until Fredericksburg, the Confederates, in all their great battles, having acted on the offensive.

General Grant, at the time, was severely censured for his reckless disregard of human life, and won the sobriquet, "The Butcher," from the Southern press. It was said, by prisoners, that during the fight at the Wilderness, in front of Hood's Texas Brigade, where his dead lay four and five deep, a courier told him several times how hot and fatal the fire was. He was lying under the trees, smoking, and his reply was, "Put in another regiment at once."

The sacrifice of life was so great, and not being able to bury his dead, the country became so foul from stench that the people, unable to undertake so huge an attempt, were forced to move away from the vicinity of the battle-field. The dead were buried a year later, when a detail was made from Sherman's army, when they passed through Richmond after hostilities had ceased, to go to the Wilderness and perform that duty.

"Ah See," Company A, 5th Texas Regiment, makes this tribute to his friend, Lieutenant Sykes:

"No man more fearless; no heart braver or more faithful to every duty. Known among friends and comrades by the title given above, he was yet such merely by courtesy, being a voluntary aid upon the staff of his relative, General John Gregg, the last brigadier of our old brigade.

"In the first blush of manhood, with heart aflame with love and fealty to his native section, he left his happy and luxurious home at Aberdeen, Mississippi, where his family is an old and influential one, and took service with General Gregg, as explained.

"Being attached to the same staff, I learned to know and love the young man to whose memory I offer this poor but sincere tribute. His character was one of the most perfect I ever knew. He was as gentle as a woman; none but kind and courteous words framed his responses to friends; generous to a fault, he knew no other way than to be kind, charitable and forgiving. Simple in dress, open in conduct, always ready to render aid and kindness where the chance occurred, he soon commanded the esteem of all who crossed his path. Before the world, as well as in private, his head was bowed at proper moments in adoration

and duty to God, and many times, in that long ago, I remember seeing him seated 'neath a tree or bent reading with rapt interest the Word of God.

"In action, he rode along the front line of battle, intent upon duty, though without recklessness or foolish exposure.

"The battle of June, 1864, was the last action in which he was engaged. The victory had been won, and only the occasional firing of the Federal artillery to cover the retreat of its forces, remained to tell of the bloody wave that had swept over us that day.

"Near the original line of battle was a deserted cabin. Around that humble abode, within an hour after the close of the action, was assembled some half dozen distinguished Confederates, Generals Lee, Longstreet, Field (our new division commander), Gregg, and perhaps one or two other brigade commanders.

"In the course of an hour these eminent leaders departed, leaving General Gregg and staff remaining, all of whom were munching on hard-tack, or whatever else possible to procure, no one having tasted food since early morning.

"The cannonading continued, though at intervals of one or two minutes; and though an occasional shell found us out and made a fearful racket at the moment of explosion, yet we paid little attention thereto. Little did we think that one of those shells was the bearer of sad and fatal tidings to our party; little dreamed we that the shadow of a mighty grief was even then encircling our small group with its black pall; that the soul of young Sykes, as he rested there from the fatigue and dangers of that day's bloody work, was ready and waiting to wing its way to the shadow-land beyond.

"Yet such was the truth, for as the deafening sound of an exploding shell, near our midst, died away into distance, we gathered the prostrate and bleeding body of our brave comrade and gently bore him to a field ambulance, which speedily carried him into a home of mercy, presided over by the loving hearts of loving women.

"There, with every care and attention that love and skill could suggest, with the brave Gregg bending over the form of the dying boy, catching the last messages of cheer and hope that his dying breath sent forth to the loved ones of his far off Southern home, he passed away and beyond, his name and deeds embalmed in the memory of those who knew and loved him tenderly and truly."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

"COLD HARBOR, June 9th.

"The impression is general that Grant can not get much more

fighting out of his hirelings. Some think he will attempt to cross the James and try the south side, while others say he will retire in the direction of the 'White House,' and either wait for 'something to turn up,' or withdraw entirely. Everything is quiet. Eight covers the number of casualties in the 4th since it has been down here. General Field is wounded, and General Gregg in temporary command of division."

On June 12th, Grant crossed the river on pontoon bridges, near Wilcox's Wharf. General Lee's artillery shelled his troops as they passed over, and by June 15th his army was upon the south side of the James.

During the first week in May General Butler had landed, at Bermuda Hundred, below Richmond on the James, a force to move up, cut the railroad communication between Richmond and Petersburg to the south, and capture the latter city, which was but meagerly defended. He was confident he could reduce the defenses at Drury's Bluff, on the river, and thus open Richmond "by the back door," as he proudly boasted.

Penetrating his design, General Beauregard was ordered from Charleston to take command at Drury's, and was in time to put a quietus to his aspirations by driving him back from his advanced positions on May 16th, with a loss of several thousand men in killed, wounded and captured.

An expedition from Butler's lines, in June, against Petersburg, was the cause of concentrating there by General Lee, in conjunction with Grant's crossing the James to the south side of the river. In a series of engagements in front of Petersburg, including a severe assault, on June 17th, he lost at least ten thousand men, and gained no advantage.

Being unable to dislodge the Confederates from their intrenchments by any amount of numbers and munitions of war sent against them, he conceived the plan of undermining their works by a subterranean passage. For six weeks he was busy with shovel and pick, preparing a mine to be filled with eight thousand pounds of gun-powder, and exploded, to enable them to make a breach in the works. Simultaneously, an advancing column was to make an assault, all the artillery was to be turned in the direction of the mine, and in the confusion and surprise of the Confederates, a victorious army would take possession of the city and claim a decisive triumph.

To further cripple Lee's chances of recovery, Grant sent a force across to the north side of the James, compelling his opponent to recross a portion of his command to protect the approaches to Richmond.

On June 13th, Major-General Early, with the 2d army corps

of Lee's army, was sent to strike Hunter's force in the rear (operating under Sigel's advance in the Shenandoah valley), and, if possible, destroy it, and then move down the valley across the Potomac and threaten Washington.

The account of experiences of the Texas brigade during all these operations is better told by extracts from our private letters:

"NEAR MALVERN HILL, June 15, 1864.

"On the morning of the 13th, it being ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn from our front near Cold Harbor, the army was put in motion. The division, or rather the corps, to which we belong, moved at 11 a. m. Taking the direction towards the Chickahominy. we passed in sight of the memorable battle-field of Gaines' Farm, where the Texas brigade first distinguished itself June 27, 1862. Here the mind was unavoidably filled with conflicting emotions, dwelling with pride upon the historical fact that here, after our troops had been hotly engaged nearly the whole day, in a vain attempt to force the enemy's position, until 5 p. m., that the Texas brigade, having previously and up to that hour been held in reserve, was, as it were, electrified by the voice of their almost idolized leader, the gallant Hood, as he uttered, in his own peculiar voice, the solitary word of command, 'forward!' it was reserved for the gallant 4th, as General Whiting was pleased to style us, first to penetrate the line held by the foe, causing their whole line to break in confusion and flee from the field. These pleasurable thoughts were intruded upon by the painful recollection that here we lost Colonel Marshall, a brave and zealous officer; Lieutenant-Colonel Warwick, as gallant as any of the many sacrifices of the Old Dominion; Major Key, struck down wounded by a piece of shell. Here also fell the following company officers, who, like myself, brought companions from Texas to Virginia early in the struggle: Captain Hutchison, Captain Porter and Captain Ryan, together with a host of others, lieutenants, non-commissioned officers and brave privates. A diminutive scar on the writer's little finger reminds him, as he occasionally looks at it, that he too participated in the glories and dangers of that day.

"We crossed the Chickahominy on one of the bridges erected by the 'Young Napoleon,' while he invested Richmond; passed by what, two years ago, were his headquarters, crossed the York River railroad near Savage Station, marched over the battle-field of Seven Pines, and bivouacked for the night a short distance north of Frazier's Farm, and west of Malvern Hill, the enemy having passed down the Chickahominy, and crossed a portion of his forces at Long Bridge, on the Charles City road. Here we

lay in the pines all day yesterday. The enemy are said to be crossing the James, above and below the Chickahominy. Some cannonading going on down the river—all quiet near us. Think it not improbable we will cross the James. Grant's new move seems not to be fully developed to us, as yet. General Lee, doubtless, understands him, however, and will be ready for him. I feel that Grant is whipped, and Richmond is safe."

"TRENCHES NEAR PETERSBURG, June 20.

"On the 16th we took up line of march, passed near Chaffin's Farm, crossed the James on pontoon bridges just below Drury's Bluff, took the south end of road from Manchester to Petersburg. Passing the extension of our works from Drury's where it crossed the road, we came to the ground over which a Federal reconnoitering party had just been driven by Pickett's division. For three or four miles we had the usual indications of a running fight, the loss not serious on either side. We found Pickett in line along the road near the Appomattox, took position on his right, threw forward skirmishers, and drove through the woods towards the river some mile or so, and came upon a line of Beauregard's works, but were disappointed in not finding them occupied by the enemy. When the Federals advanced south of Appomattox, General Beauregard, in moving to meet them, abandoned most of his line between the two rivers. Here we rested, and sent out our scouts. Finding another line unoccupied, we moved forward to it, just before daylight.

"The morning showed us Beauregard's advanced line, the one he occupied when he pressed Butler back at Bermuda Hundred, occupied by the enemy Sharp-shooting commenced, and continued all day. This was the 17th. Late in the evening we charged their position, and found only a line of skirmishers in possession, who mostly fled at our rapid advance. Some were taken prisoners, and a small number put hors-de-combat. Here we were on the western edge of a plateau and looking eastward; at a distance of about a thousand yards, the enemy's defensive line was in full view. Here we were subjected to a furious shelling.

"In the affair, Adjutant Brown and one private were wounded. No other casualties in the 4th, and but few anywhere. I want to mention an incident of the battle-field of June 17th. While the fire from the redoubt was at its hottest, subjecting us to one of the fiercest shellings it was ever my lot to endure, just in front of our line, and within thirty feet of where I sat, stood an old chestnut tree, and in a hole in the trunk of this tree, about thirty feet from the ground, was a nest of young blue birds, and, notwithstanding the atmosphere was literally alive with the scream-

ing, hissing missiles of destruction, many of them striking the tree, and stripping it of nearly every limb, during all the time the father and mother bird did not cease to bring in supplies of food for their young, seemingly all unconscious of the danger in which they were constantly exposed. I was gratified, after the shell-storm had passed, that nest and birds, both young and old, had endured the fiery ordeal unscathed.

"On the 18th, we passed through Petersburg, halting barely long enough to take a draught of coffee from large hogsheads, hauled on wagons to our line of march, and entered the fortifications surrounding the city, our line being rapidly extended to the right by the arrival of troops. At this time, an engagement was hourly expected, and eagerly desired, by all the army, so far as I could see or hear.

"At night Field's division moved to the left, nearer the Appomattox, east of the city, and relieved other troops occupying the trenches near the point where the enemy gained his temporary advantage on Friday, the 17th. Here we have strictly burrowed in the ground ever since.

"Yesterday a brilliant little affair came off, to our right. Three brigades of Wilcox's division, being threatened with an attack, flanked the attacking party, and besides killing and wounding a great many, captured some twenty-five hundred or three thousand prisoners, eight stands of colors, and several pieces of cannon. This is a most monotonous kind of existence; the enemy strongly fortified some six hundred yards in our front, further to the right their works recede from ours, forming a semicircle, both ends resting on the James, Grant's base being, at last accounts, at City Point.

"The two lines are so close together that sharp-shooters, on both sides, are so constantly popping away that it is not at all safe for one to raise his head above the works. This is occasionally varied by shelling which, in the main, is altogether harmless. We lie in our works, and the missiles hiss and burst all over and around us, seldom inflicting any injury In our present position, we have lost in our regiment four killed, three wounded. When a shot takes effect, it is generally fatal. It is not considered ungallant for a man to take care of his upper story when lying in the trenches.

"July 3.—Some changes have taken place in the regiment. Adjutant W H. Brown, who was wounded on the 17th of June, was removed to St. Francis hospital in Richmond, where he lingered only a few days, when death came to his relief. This is the second of our mess-mates who were with us on the morning of May 6th, who will meet around our board no more. Colonel

Bane, Captain Hunter and myself remain, but the kind of duty we have been on for two months has scattered us, and we eat what we can get hold of, and prepared as it may be, every fellow for himself. Our bread is mostly of corn meal, is baked by a cooking detail, who stay in the rear for that purpose, for two days at a time. Bacon, also issued two days at a time, we get raw, and this we are at liberty to eat without cooking, or broil or fry, as we please. Occasionally we have an issue of coffee and sugar, sometimes both at once. The coffee we parch in a frying pan, beat in a cloth, and boil in a tin cup, each one for himself, so we have a fine opportunity to suit our tastes as to whether it shall be strong or weak, as well as the time we drink it—having reference to the firing of cannon and sharp-shooters, as to when we go after water, etc. Once in a while we have an issue of rice and cow peas.

"Our works are substantial, the embankments of earth are sufficiently high to allow a man to stand erect without being exposed, if he is careful, and of sufficient thickness to resist the effect of their artillery, having a place to stand upon to fire over the works if necessary. There are obstructions of different kinds beyond, calculated to tangle the enemy's legs and retard progress, should he have the temerity to attempt an assault. These works are filled with muskets and bayonets—the sameness relieved at proper intervals by menacing batteries. The Federals have as many chances in favor of getting to heaven as to Petersburg. While this is our condition, Grant has his army so hemmed in by the James and Appomattox, by iron-clads and monitors, it is impossible to get at him, so, while we have no fear of his being able to accomplish the design of his expedition, I do not see how we are to destroy his army. It is safe in its present position, or rather we can not spare the men it would cost to attack it, protected as it is, while the James is open as a line of communication by which supplies and re-enforcements can reach it, or by which, aided by his transports, General Grant can retire whenever interest or inclination prompts him to do so. Considering the character of the struggle, and that the two armies are within a few hundred yards of each other, everything is remarkably quiet. The darkest feature of the situation is that, without notifying such an intention, and in utter disregard to the rights of non-combatants, helpless women and children, who could do them no harm, they are, every day, throwing shells into the city. Some damage must necessarily be done, though, so far as I can learn, little has been sustained by the citizens.

"It is unfortunate the enemy was allowed to fortify so near the city, but the fact is Longstreet's corps barely reached here in

time to save the place from falling into his hands. One hour more, and Petersburg would have been occupied by the Federals. The army knows this, and the citizens have felt it, alas! too keenly for it ever to be effaced.

"I have never seen such intense feeling as that manifested the day of our arrival. Everybody was either on the streets or at the doors and windows. Ladies, old and young, were out in the sun and dust, bare-headed, in many iustances, uumbers of them drawing and carrying water to the troops, and distributing it as they walked along. At two places were fouud large hogsheads of coffee. Occasionally the ladies would attempt to express their gratitude at our arrival, but the sentence was cut short, as the eyes overflowed and the face was buried in the handkerchief. One venerable-looking old gentleman stood on the sidewalk, surrounded by a group of ladies. 'Oh!' said he, as the pearly drops chased each other down his cheeks, 'this is like sunshine after the storm!' The soldiers are contented mortals, and much pity is wasted upon us. We enjoy ourselves in our way, and have few long faces.

"July 7.—The only change in the past few days is that the enemy has planted mortars at different points, where their works approach very near ours, from which they expect to throw shells into our works. The operation of this gun is to use a small charge of powder, and by a great elevation allow the ball or shell to pass over and drop immediately in rear of our works. This is a beautiful theory, but judging from what I have seen of the practical working of the thing, can not regard it as dangerous. There is too much calculation for decided effect; if the charge of powder should be only a little too large or too small, the fuse too short or too long, or the elevation too high or too low, the shell can not explode where it is intended. I imagine by the time these experiments are made, the exposed points will have been rendered bomb-proof. As to their digging up to our position, General Hoke, of the tar-heel State, has made the discovery, that in the event of their doing so, they will be no nearer to us than we are to them.

"July 14.—At a late hour last night the Texas brigade was relieved from a six days' tour of duty in the trenches, where, day and night, it has been under an almost incessant fire from the enemy's batteries and sharp-shooters; casualties in 4th Texas, one killed; 3rd Arkansas, one killed; 5th Texas, three wounded, thanks to good fortifications and covered passways leading in every direction the men have to go.

"This thing of duty in the treuches is anything but pleasant. During the day the heat is oppressive, and not unfrequently the

Texan sighs for the refreshing breezes of his own prairie home. At night one-third of the officers and men are on the alert, at a time, each usually taking one-third of the night, and at the first indication of the approach of morning, all hands are up and in readiness to meet any attempt at a surprise—everybody literally living beneath the surface of the ground, and constantly on the *qui vive.* Here we eat, drink and sleep as best we can, yet, notwithstanding the arduous character of these duties, the health and spirits of the men continue to be good, and they tantalize the enemy in every conceivable way.

"The monotony is frequently relieved by a group of a dozen or more engaged in singing religious songs, while others, in pairs, are quietly absorbed in an intricate game of chess, which, amongst us, is fast superseding cards, which I think a decided improvement. Gambling, so far as my observation extends, is, I am glad to say, becoming unfashionable.

"To be relieved for two days at a time, with an opportunity of changing clothing, writing letters, hearing the news, and living on the outside of the earth, is, indeed, like an oasis in the desert. The situation is unchanged. A scout from the 4th, who was captured several days since, taken to City Point, and escaped, says the enemy, especially the hundred days' men, is suffering from sickness, and Grant is sending off a portion of his command.

"He contiuues to shell Petersburg, without much damage. The inhabitants, as a general thing, have left the shelled district. Many families are living in tents furnished by the quartermasters, out of reach of the enemy's cannon.

"While everything here remains in *statu quo*, we have, through Federal sources, glorious news from beyond the Potomac. The latest is from Stanton, Secretary of War, dated July 10th, in which he says: 'Official report received from Major-General Wallace, states that a battle took place between his forces and the rebels, at Monocacy, to-day, in which our forces were at length overpowered by superior numbers of the enemy, and we were obliged to retire in disorder. His troops behaved well, but suffered severe loss, and Wallace is retreating in the direction of Baltimore.' The Washington *Chronicle* says: 'The enemy is again in force on the soil of Maryland. They have ventured to turn the tide of war from the desolate fields of Virginia to the homes and fertile valleys of Maryland. The first serious collision has redounded to their advantage. They have driven our troops in disorder from the banks of the Monocacy. Heaven send the daring leadership that will, this time, enable us to do our duty.'

"One report represents Early within nine miles of Baltimore, but there is room to doubt about that. There can be no mistake

that we have a considerable force north of the Potomac, and they have nearly frightened the 'universal Yankee nation' out of their wits. The general impression is that the result will be the withdrawal of Grant's army, and removal of the theatre of operations to some point in Northern Virginia. An order was published yesterday promoting Bane to colonel and myself lieutenant-colonel, to rank as such from April 27th last.

"At the Wilderness my tent was taken to shelter the wounded, and since, my covering has been the 'cloud-capped canopy,' but that is of little consequence. If I had a tent could not have used it. We have been performing duty that does not require, or even admit of the ordinary comforts of camp life. The weather has been oppressively hot and dry, but recently we had rain, and since then, the rays of 'old Sol' have not pelted us so severely.

"July 30.—We left our position in front of Petersburg on the night of the 28th, marched through the city at the quiet hour of midnight, crossed the Appomattox to the north side, just as the moon rose, and halted at the depot three miles from Petersburg, on the Richmond railroad, where we remained until daylight.

"One regiment of our brigade, 3d Arkansas, having taken the cars with Benning's Georgia brigade, yesterday morning we took the cars, and landed at Rice's turnout, opposite Drury's Bluff, and again took up the line of March, crossed to the north side of the James on pontoon bridge at same place we passed over going to the south side on June 17th. We marched through Chaffin's Farm north of the bluff of that name, in sight of the fortifications, there took down the river, passing Deep Bottom at sunset, and bivouacked for the night. This morning we were again on the move at daylight. We are now not far from Malvern Hill. I know but little of the situation; our column still heads down the river. Artillery is passing ahead; can learn little reliable about the enemy. It has been reported that Grant threw across to this side of the river some three corps about the night of the 27th, and since then the impression prevails that he will attempt a move on Richmond, this time between the James and Chickahominy. I feel certain there is, however, a general movement of some sort, but as to its nature, we must wait. General Lee doubtless understands what is going on.

"When we left Petersburg, and as long as we were in hearing, everything was unusually quiet, not a cannon to be heard, and much less sharp-shooting than usual.

"A considerable portion of our forces are now north of the James. Field's and Kershaw's, formerly McLaw's division, are here, and Wilcox's and Heth's divisions of Hill's corps, be-

sides cavalry, artillery and perhaps other infantry. If Grant intends moving on Richmond, by this route, Lee is ready for him. You will notice by papers the loss by us of four Napoleon guns. These were out near the river, to be used against the enemy's gun-boats, and were lost from want of proper infantry support.

"Last night, we had some little skirmishing, and some artillery firing between our camp and the river; no results reported. Also heard an occasional shell from the gun-boats. Have just seen a staff officer, who says he has been riding round everywhere, and has succeeded in discovering nothing.

"We are generally rejoiced to get out of the trenches, and soldier-like, glad of a move of any kind. It may be that Grant may take after Early, and Lee after Grant; in that event, we will be in Northern Virginia again—this is mere speculation. All is mist before my eyes; cannot see an hour ahead."

"NEAR DEEP BOTTOM, August 1st.

"It has transpired that the moving of the Federal troops to the north side of the James, was a feint, intended to induce General Lee to weaken his forces in front of Petersburg, and thus enable General Grant, by a bold dash, to reach the city. How well he succeeded the Richmond papers of to-day relate. For some time the whole North has been awaiting anxiously some brilliant movement on the part of their favorite commander, and we on our side patiently waiting the *denouement.* On Saturday the grand climax was reached, and another grand failure.

"True, the mine was sprung, our line was broken, and one opening made for the enemy to enter, and he did enter, only to be driven back, engulfed in the disaster he had planned for others, to die fearful, ghastly deaths. Field's division being on the north side did not participate. I suppose we barely escaped by the skin of our teeth, as the mine was sprung near the position we vacated the night before. Prisoners say we gave them so much trouble they hoped to extinguish the Texas brigade in the grand upheaval and collapse. This affair was but another proof of the cool daring and superior bravery of our men. Anderson's Alabama, Wright's Georgia, and Mahone's Virginia brigades did the principal fighting, and closed the breach. Anderson's brigade is said to have made a dashing charge.

"The mine was exploded early in the morning. An opening one hundred and fifty feet long, sixty feet wide, and thirty feet deep, suddenly appeared in the earth-works, and the division of the enemy selected for the charge rushed forward to pierce the opening."

A Southern writer thus describes what followed: "The whole

division charged, reached the crater, stumbled over the *debris*, were suddenly met by a merciless fire of artillery, enfilading them right and left, and of infantry fusillading them in front; faltered, hesitated, were badly led, lost heart, gave up the plan of seizing the crest in the rear, huddled into the crater, man on top of man, company mingled with company; and upon this disordered, unstrung, quivering mass of human beings, white and black—for the black troops had followed—was poured a hurricane of shot, shell, cannister and musketry, which made the hideous crater a slaughter-pen, horrible and frightful beyond the power of words. All order was lost; all idea of charging the crest abandoned. Lee's infantry were seen concentrating for the carnival of death; his artillery was massing to destroy the remnants of the charging division; those who deserted the crater, to scramble over the *debris*, and run back, were shot down; then all that was left of a shuddering mass of blacks and whites in the pit, was to shrink lower, to evade the horrible *mitraille*, and wait for a charge of their friends to rescue them, or surrender."

Grant lost four thousand prisoners, while General Lee's casualties were small, and he soon re-established his line. The report of the Committee of Investigation by the United States Congress, contained these strange words: "The first and great cause of the disaster, was the employment of white, instead of black troops to make the charge."

"ON THE LINE, August 15, 1864.

"Military operations seem again to be changing to the north side of the James. Grant is said to have a considerable force on this side. Yesterday morning, as the sun was rising, skirmishing commenced on our front, and all hands were 'pressed on deck.'

"On the left of Field's division, now temporarily under command of General Gregg, the enemy made a regular attack on our line, and were handsomely repulsed by a portion of General Gary's South Carolina cavalry, and two regiments of Anderson's Georgia brigade. Some artillery firing, etc. This, I am satisfied, is to cover some other movement on the part of General Grant. What that is remains to be seen. There are no indications of any intention on part of that officer, to abandon the Petersburg line. Troops are moving, but we can only conjecture their destination. While in the trenches at Petersburg, some scamp stole my horse; now that I have procured another, I mention the fact."

## CHAPTER XIX.

Texas Brigade at Phillips House—Visit to Camp of Brigade—Impressions of a Soldier's Life—Chaperones a gay Company from Richmond—General Grant Crosses Troops to North Side—Fight at Phillips House—Hasty Retreat from our Pleasant Quarters—Fall of Fort Harrison—Fight on Darbytown and Newmarket Roads - General Gregg Killed—Rescue of His Body—Imposing Funeral at Richmond—Fight on Williamsburg Turnpike—Reverse of Confidence in the Valley—Sheridan Defeats Early with Heavy Loss—Fearful Devastation of the Country—"Leaving Nothing a Crow Could Subsist Upon"—Grant's and Lee's Armies go Into Winter Quarters—Unsuccessful in the Field, Grant Tries Reduction of Confederates by Starvation—Life Near Camp Again Resumed.

General Lee's line of breastworks on the north side of the James extended from Chaffin's, on the river, across to the Newmarket road, on both sides of Four Mile Run creek. The Texas brigade occupied the extreme left of the infantry, with General Gary's South Carolina cavalry supporting them to the left. The Texans were camped, early in September, at a point known as the Phillips House, a large, commodious, white painted residence, which stood directly on the line of fortifications. The family to whom it belonged still made their home within its walls, but kindly placed two rooms on the lower floor at the service of the regimental officers, and here the business of receiving and sending off orders was regularly attended to every day.

Half a mile distant was the farm house residence of some relatives of my mother. As soon as they found my husband was camped near by, through an old family servant, Pat (who attended him on his rambles in the army after our marriage), provided his camp table with fresh vegetables, fruits, chickens, butter and milk, besides showing many acts of kindness to the brigade, all of which was very much appreciated. Finally, they insisted I should pay them a visit and remain near the brigade as their guest as long as they were camped in the vicinity. This was very fortunate. Ladies were in the habit of visiting their husbands and remaining near camp, but except at first, when one or two had gone from Texas to Richmond, it had been impossible for the Texans to have the society of their female relatives, and nearly two years had passed without the presence of a woman connected in any way with the brigade. After our marriage had been consummated, nearly a year previous, the troops had been so constantly on the move as to render it impossible

for me to leave Richmond and follow my inclination to share, in some degree, the trials of a soldier's life.

With this cordial invitation came a letter disclosing the exact position of affairs along the line, the liability of an attack, and all the disagreeables to be contended with, but if I chose to accept, must encumber myself with little baggage, and promise to "obey orders" unquestioned about leaving when the military situation demanded activity with the troops; I might find the variety quite pleasant. It is needless to relate, that being a woman, I decided to go at once.

The arrangements all being made, a brigade ambulance placed at our disposal, with a Confederate soldier as a driver, the eight miles of road which lay between Richmond and the camp at Phillips House was quickly passed. As we went out beyond the inner lines of fortifications surrounding the city I was instructed where I could find the road in case of a surprise on the line toward which we were traveling, and I was compelled, unexpectedly, to return; the necessity of being always on the alert, and during my stay the very imperative duty of allowing brigade and regimental officers to do my thinking and planning for my safety.

As mile after mile was traversed, the woods fragrant with the breath of approaching autumn, shady and cool with evening's repose of nature, where eternal quiet seemed to reign supreme, it was hard to realize a great struggle was going on near by, and two hostile armies were lying so close together.

Our relatives, two spinster cousins, and their bachelor brother, too old for military duty, greeted us with a hearty welcome, placing the house at our disposal, and apologizing that so many articles had been stored away in a safe place, out of the reach of an invading army. Going into the garden, my eldest cousin said: "Do you see that cabbage patch? All my silver, glassware and china, money and other valuables were deposited in a pit underneath it last spring. We secreted the articles at night, after the pit was dug, covered it with plank, put on a layer of soil, and planted it as you see, so if Mr. Yankee comes we can, at least, save a little, as he will never think of disturbing a cabbage row to hunt for rebel treasure, and I have no fear of being betrayed by any of our negroes."

We laughed at her ingenuity, but as hiding valuables had become quite an art with the so-called rebels, we rather enjoyed the absence of the dainty ware, familiar on her table hitherto, and admired her precautions, but could hardly feel there was any existing necessity for so much care.

During raiding parties, or when the rebel lines were contracted,

it was quite the fashion with Federal troops to break, destroy and capture anything that came in their reach, so bitter experience had taught our people to provide against such recklessness by removing such things as were possible beyond temptation.

Never will I forget that first evening spent near the Texas brigade. After such a supper as only a comfortable Virginia farm-house could supply, we adjourned to the long porch, where we sat conversing. Suddenly the booming of cannon was heard, with a peculiar reverberation across the water three miles distant, which I was assured was merely the batteries at Chaffin's, and from our gun-boats on the river, shelling General Butler's men at work on Dutch Gap canal, a bend in the river he was intending to cut through, calculated to facilitate the passage of his gunboats and transports.

How very strong were my sensations. Month after month I had been familiar with the sound of cannon, while during the "Seven Days'" fights in 1862, the sharp crack of musketry had resounded through the streets of Richmond, but this was different, and a feeling of awe pervaded my heart altogether indescribable. I was told this was a common experience when first so near active operations, to which I would soon grow accustomed. Presently we saw figures arrange themselves near the fence some twenty feet in front, several soldiers opened the gate and advanced, were introduced, and bade me welcome in behalf of the Texas brigade, while the band of the 4th regiment complimented us with some of its most inspiring music.

Memory recalls the scene, through all the dusty years that have stresched between, as I stood, proudly leaning upon my husband's arm, while he acknowledged their kindness, the manly, graceful forms of our visitors, who had left their record upon their country's history, the cheering, hopeful words as they expressed their pleasure in having a lady connected with their command in their midst, the swelling music, the booming of the distant cannon and the moonlight, lying upon hill-top and plain in bands of silvery beauty, softening all the surroundings.

Next morning we strolled along the line, saw the soldiers in tent and on duty, who, everywhere, greeted us with respectful salutations, and was given a seat of honor in the regimental office at Phillips House, and watched the signing of papers and all the red tape performances of military life.

My curiosity was gratified with explanations of the fortifications, which were earth-works about five feet high, the ten foot ditch beyond, the intricate abattis some fifty feet in front, the tangled obstructions of brush and fallen trees to impede the progress of an attacking party, and after surveying it all I felt

quite safe in remaining near the army where there were so many willing hands to defend these works. Little did I dream that this would be the scene of a hotly-contested conflict.

Once, when officer of the day, Colonel Winkler invited me to go with him and visit the picket line. When we started, our servant was very much horrified, and the men evidently thought it quite risky, but no evil consequences followed. The sentinels were very much surprised to see a woman on the picket line, but showed us where we could get a glimpse of the blue coats, who were somewhat in the habit of popping away at the rebels when in sight. As they were as liable to miss as to hit, there was no special feeling of alarm experienced by myself during that morning, and no shot was exchanged while we were in hearing.

Often, when in the office at the Phillips House, General Gregg would be present, and I learned to value his noble qualities of mind and heart. He had been a personal friend of Colonel Winkler in Texas—a lawyer and judge of the district in which he lived—hence a warm feeling of esteem existed between them. Mrs. Gregg had been with him during his soldier life in Bragg's army, but when transferred to Longstreet's corps, while in East Tennessee, and placed in command of Hood's old Texas Brigade, she had gone to visit her father in North Alabama, and was now in Federal lines, much to his sorrow, but would join him in Virginia as soon as he could bring her through with safety. He was very fond of talking about his wife, and told us of a little incident of which he seemed quite proud.

When the Federals went to her father's house, they were quite incensed to find the wife of a rebel general, and insisted upon entering the house. She met them at the door and told them it would not be agreeable for them to intrude. They became very angry, and ordered the negroes to burn the rebel nest. With all the majesty of womanhood she quietly told the negroes to go about their ordinary business, and not to heed such orders. The Federals urged their obedience. Without any manifestation of fear she said: "This is my father's home; these are his own servants, and you shall not compel them to disobey me. I shall report you at once to your officers, ask their protection, and have you punished."

Seeing her determination, they looked at her in surprise, wheeled their horses' heads, cursing at every breath, exclaiming: "Let's be off; it's no fun trying to scare such a secesh woman as that." General Gregg expressed his pleasure at my presence near camp, thought my stay would have a good influence on the soldiers so long separated from relatives and loved ones, and hoped I would be with them whenever possible.

After dress parade, in the evening, he would lead his horse by the bridle, walk home with us on his way to his quarters, some half mile nearer the river, always the same dignified, elegant gentleman, a fit type of the chivalry of the South.

Two weeks passed pleasantly with daily visits to the line, witnessing dress parade, and entertaining friends at home every evening, a courier on hand, at camp, to bring orders any hour in case of change of position.

One evening Major Burns, commissary of the brigade, called with a request that I should act as chaperone for a dozen young ladies who were coming down to visit the camp of the Texas brigade. They would spend the day, have a dance, with music by the bands, and take dinner. As they were all strangers, mostly refugees from Washington, Maryland, and invaded districts of Virginia, I hesitated about accepting, but being assured they would not come unless some married lady was present, and knowing how few were the soldiers' chances for sociability, I consented to attend.

The 28th of September was one of those charming days in early autumn, when all nature seems in unison—warm enough to be pleasant, yet not oppressed by the heat of summer.

About 9 o'clock an ambulance was waiting to convey us to headquarters. Everything was "swept and garnished" for the occasion; a large fly-tent was stretched over a sanded floor made of plank laid down loosely; the table was set under another, while another was specially prepared to accommodate the ladies. The soldiers invited to be present were on hand, dressed in their best, looking as cheerful and bright as possible at this variation to the monotonous life of camp.

At 10 o'clock the boat reached the landing on the river, in sight, bringing the gay crowd of girls, accompanied by two escorts sent up to Richmond to attend them. When introduced to their chaperone, they were much amused to find I was not old enough to wear mob caps and spectacles, but were not averse at finding the lady as young as themselves who was to give propriety to the occasion, and promised to be very obedient to every suggestion I might make. Thus mutually pleased, began a day they all seemed to enjoy very much, dancing under the large tent, with music by string and brass band, conversing, resting on seats made quite comfortable, and partaking of the dinner where I sat, at the head of the table, and played hostess. The whole country had been scoured to provide the edibles of vegetables and chicken menu, without any kind of dessert, as sweets had long before been relegated to things of the past on the best tables in the land.

At 5 o'clock the boat arrived, and they returned to the city, expressing their pleasure and enjoyment of the occasion. General Gregg did not attend, although his quarters were only a stone's throw distant. He expressed thanks for his invitation, but the gravity of the military situation oppressed him, and the absence of his wife in Federal lines, all conspired to give him little taste for pleasure. Whether he thought it was tempting fate, we had no means of learning, but he spent the entire day alone, with the sound of merriment within hearing—perhaps with that premonition often felt when "coming events cast their shadows before."

I was sensible, all day, of an influence of this kind to a certain degree. A soldier's camp, in close proximity to the enemy, seemed an odd place for gayety, and when the guests departed, returned to our temporary home with a genuine feeling of relief.

At 3 o'clock next morning—so quickly do events shift themselves—we were awakened by a courier with a message from General Gregg, who was in command of all the troops at that point, that the enemy had been crossing the river all night in force, he was expecting an attack at daybreak, and an ambulance would be on hand early to take Mrs. Winkler to his headquarters, as safer than my present location.

Hastily bidding me good-bye, sharp-shooting beginning to be heard, with instructions to leave, if the ambulance did not arrive very soon, just at daylight Colonel Winkler left me, and was soon with his men, directing the fight which was known afterwards as that of the Phillips House.

Pollard says of this affair: "The enemy, in very heavy force, had reached the abattis thirty or forty yards in front, but were met by a most terrific and galling fire which mowed them down with terrible slaughter. The white troops fled in great confusion, but the entangled brush greatly impeding their speed, many of them fell under the fire of the well-aimed rifles of the Texans. The negroes, who were driven up at the point of the bayonet, lay flat upon the ground, just in rear of the abattis, hoping thereby to shield themselves from the sad havoc in their ranks, but the Texans, mounting the works, shot them like sheep led to the shambles."

"The *New York Herald* said one hundred and ninety-four negroes were buried upon that spot. Counting the wounded at five times as great, which is a low estimate, at least twelve hundred killed and wounded cumbered the ground in front of that little brigade."

The Texans lost not one single man, said it was no fun to fight negroes, and that day's experience clearly demonstrated

COL. HUGH McLEOD,
First Texas Regiment.

the fact they would never make effective soldiers. They said their instinct of obedience and fear, going in at the point of the bayonet, compelled them to go where they were ordered, but, although many climbed the ditch and scrambled up the breast-works, not one had the courage to fire a single time, and died grasping their loaded pieces.

Beaten back here, the enemy hurled another column of troops against General Gary's cavalry, farther to the left, but were met with a repulse.

Failing in these attempts, another column was sent up the road nearer the river.

Fort Harrison, occupying a commanding position below Drury's Bluff, constituting the main defense at that point, near Chaffin's Bluff, was their objective point. This fort was feebly defended by some home reserves stationed there, and before reenforcements could be brought up from Phillips House, after that attack was withdrawn, was abandoned to the enemy.

They then hurled another force against Fort Gilmer, nearer the city, but this was well defended, and resisted successfully the assault.

General Field, who had now reached the scene of conflict, was in favor of attempting to retake Fort Harrison that evening, but his superior officers deemed it unadvisable until the next day. By that time, the enemy had strengthened his position, and although the assault was made by the Confederates, it failed of its purpose, and the men were withdrawn.

To return to my position. I was left standing in the middle of the room, somewhat dazed by the sudden change in my surroundings. Yesterday all gayety and mirth, to-day distraction and deadly conflict. The fight progressed from sharp-shooting to volleys of musketry, until the minie-balls whistled around the house, and shells screamed and exploded in the woods beyond.

With trembling fingers I gathered my effects in my traveling bags, appreciating the necessity for immediate action, outwardly calm and collected, but inwardly quaking with fear.

The ambulance failed to make its appearance, and knowing I must abide by instructions and get away, decided to call my servant and walk out of danger, if nothing better presented. Going to the door, just as the sun was rising, I found the family at the front gate, watching the explosion of the shells, and surprised to see me prepared for flight. They all insisted I should not hurry away without breakfast, as a fight was nothing unusual, and would soon be over. I persisted I must go, according to my agreement when I first came.

"Well, child," said my eldest cousin, "may be you are right.

I never had to obey any man, and think it too bad you should leave us so unexpectedly, but do as you think best."

Our servant just then galloped in sight, leading another horse, looking as frightened and ashy as only a negro can look, exclaiming: "Marsa's down on de line fightin' niggers, and sent me word for you to ride dis horse and git inside de fortifications at once—dat means right now."

Mounting the horse as best I could, sitting sideways on a gentleman's saddle, I started. The animal having been captured from the enemy some time previous, and accustomed to going into the fight, with a characteristic of his species, made for the body of woods where the shells were tearing the timber right and left. How I felt, no words are adequate to describe.

A member of the 4th regiment, who belonged to the hospital corps, and was making his way to the rear to provide supplies and stretchers for the wounded, sprang to my horse's head, grasped the bridle, turned him in the proper direction, and kept by my side during that fearful ride through the field we were obliged to pass. An age seemed to elapse, as we made our way through that open space with the missiles of war flying all around, and the very practical realization of the battle where my husband was engaged in the thickest of the fight.

As the road led into the woods, the long-expected ambulance came in sight, the driver saying: "My instructions are to take Mrs. W to General Gregg's headquarters." My faithful escort, Mr. Davis, lifted me hastily from the saddle, with little ceremony, and told him to take me to Richmond. The terrified servant rode back with the horses, and I was soon safe with friends at Richmond, where the intense strain was removed, and I wept unrestrainedly

EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

"September 30.—We had a nice fight yesterday, and whipped our part of it handsomely, but the forces on our right gave way before we could re-enforce them, though we went at a double-quick, and the result was the abandonment of our whole outer line. The enemy suffered severely yesterday; our losses trifling. The sight I witnessed of dead negroes and white Federal officers was sickening in the extreme. A member of the 4th, and one of the 3d Arkansas, each captured a Federal flag Thursday. You came so near being captured I shudder to think of it. Learn your relatives fared badly, as the foe was upon them not fifteen minutes after you left. Mrs. Phillips succeeded in getting her children away. but was herself captured."

"October 3.—Everything remarkably quiet. We have strengthened our line, leaving Fort Harrison out in the cold. Our bri-

gade is in sight of the party at Major Littlefield's quarters on the 28th."

Early on the morning of October 7th, General Gary's cavalry and a force of Confederate infantry of Field's division, surprised the enemy by an attack between four and five miles below the city. They fled to their intrenchments, a short distance in the rear, where they were followed by our troops, and made a desperate resistance. Our men did not dislodge them, as they were re-enforced from Fort Harrison, but they were not allowed to regain their former position.

"Sunset, October 9.—Another hard day's work, and, thank God, I am still unhurt. We charged the enemy's works between the Darbytown and Newmarket roads, and suffered heavily. General Gregg among the killed."

This was the brief announcement of a catastrophe the Texas Brigade had never before been called upon to bear—the loss of a general upon the battle-field. It was to them a most dreadful experience, and the circumstances surrounding his death touched the stoutest hearts.

The Texans had driven the enemy into his breastworks, and were advancing steadily under murderous fire, when General Gregg was suddenly stricken down. The men recoiled under the fire, leaving his body about one hundred yards in front of their somewhat disordered line.

Captain Kerr, Adjutant General on General Gregg's staff, deserves special notice for his coolness. Coming down the line, close to Colonel Winkler, in command of the 4th Texas, he said in a low tone, "Gregg's killed." Walking back a moment later, without relaxing a muscle, he again spoke, "Bass is wounded; you must take command of brigade." Under the pitiless fire and confusion, Colonel Winkler ordered the color-bearer to a small depression on the ground, gave the order, "Dress on your colors," when every man was at his place, and the line reformed.

Lieutenant Shotwell, of General Gregg's staff, asked permission to take three men and a blanket and go out in front to secure General Gregg's body. This was given, and in that rain of shot and shell, where it seemed nothing could live, they ran out, rolled his body on the blanket, and safely bore it to the rear, when the brigade was withdrawn from the field, and hostilities ceased.

When Lieutedant Shotwell's bravery was reported to General Lee, by special order he complimented the gallant action, the brigade, and commander, for remaining at the post of duty until all possible was accomplished under the trying circumstances.

The men were deeply grieved at the death of their com-

mander, who had so successfully led them upon so many hard-fought battle-fields, but felt relieved that his body had been recovered, even in the face of the enemy.

His remains were placed in a casket and taken to Richmond, where he lay in state at the capitol in the hall of the House of Representatives, enveloped with the Confederate and Texas flags, and covered with floral offerings of a people always ready to honor the brave.

All day Saturday the people pressed in crowds to look upon the features of one dying in their defense, and the funeral was the saddest I ever witnessed; genuine sympathy for the brigade all delighted to honor, and also for the wife detained in Federal lines.

The brigade was permitted to go into the city and attend the funeral in a body—the only time during the four years' struggle they were able to pay the last tribute of respect to a dead comrade. Postmaster-General John H. Reagan, Colonel F. R. Lubbock, of President Davis' staff, both Texans, and members of the Texas delegation in Congress, acted as pall-bearers. President Davis and members of the cabinet attended in a body.

The hearse containing the remains was followed by a soldier leading the dead general's horse ready caparisoned, and the battle-scarred men who had never quailed before the enemy, now, with bowed heads and arms reversed, marched sadly behind the senseless body of him they had ever respected, honored and obeyed.

Out of the Capitol square the funeral cortege wound, through the streets, until beautiful Hollywood was reached, where the impressive burial service was read by Rev. Jas. A. Duncan, of the Methodist church, and the casket was deposited in a private vault to await the action of Mrs. Gregg, whose wishes it was impossible to consult.*

Sympathy for the absent wife mingled with the grief in each manly breast for one they considered a Chevalier Bayard among men. Never were sadder faces than those who turned away after the last rite was ended, and wearily made their way back to the city,—out to the fortifications beyond,—still prepared to endure all for the Southern cause.

"The brave General Gregg fell at the head of his troops."

GENERAL LEE'S DISPATCH.

"John Gregg was a native of Laurence, Ala. In 1851 he located in Texas, where he rapidly rose to eminence as a lawyer, and at the early age of twenty-seven was elected judge of a judi-

*She came and removed his body to Aberdeen, Miss.

cial district. He was one of the citizens of Texas who signed and published the call for the Sovereign Convention, which passed the ordinance of secession, and was elected by that body one of the delegates to the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, Ala.

"On the initiation of the war, he returned to Texas and recruited the 7th regiment of Texas infantry, of which he was elected colonel. He was in the capitulation at Fort Donaldson, on the 16th of February, 1862. After his exchange, he was made brigadier-general. He participated in the defense of Vicksburg, and also at Port Hudson. In March, 1863, he commanded in the battles of Raymond and Jackson, Miss.

"He was wounded at Chickamauga. He was soon after assigned to the command of the Texas brigade (once Hood's, afterwards Robertson's), in Longstreet's corps, then operating in East Tennessee. He participated with this corps in Field's division in most of the battles of the 'Army of Northern Virginia.' He fell in the battle of New Market road. The crowning glory of his military career was his defense of Richmond. John Gregg was a man of good literary and scientific attainments, of extensive reading, of large intellect, and a profound thinker."

"DARBYTOWN ROAD, OCT. 13th.

"The roar of musketry has died away, the cannon is being allowed to cool; the silver moon looks down in silence on the scene of a day again made hideous by the noise of battle. The victorious Confederates once more lay aside the weapons with which they have, 'from early morn till dewy eve,' sent destruction into the ranks of the enemy, and congregating round the camp-fire, recount in gleeful mood, the transactions of the past day, whilst I, thankful for my preservation, and well satisfied with our day's work, am seated on the ground endeavoring by the dim light of the fire, to relieve your anxiety.

"Oct. 20.—Yesterday was my birthday, and I had a treat of lemonade, the ingredients being furnished by a sutler who was captured by two scouts of the 4th, the preceding day. They went behind the Federal line near the Phillips House, and captured a lieutenant, a sutler, and two others, and brought safely to camp the four prisoners, three mules, two horses and as much of the sutler's stores as they could bring away.

"Our wounded are at St. Francis de Sales, at Richmond. Saw a letter from Sister Juliana to Captain McLauren, dated yesterday, in which she informs him of the arrival of our patients. [This was a hospital in charge of Sisters of Charity.] I have charge of the picket line of the division to-day, and must now go on my rounds."

"WILLIAMSBURG PIKE, October 28th.

"We had an engagement on yesterday at this place, and killed, wounded and captured a large number of the enemy, sustaining but very slight loss ourselves. Never before have I witnessed so large a disproportion; in fact it was a perfect frolic, so far as the Confederates were concerned. We may be moving back and forth for several days, until we get through with General Grant's electioneering maneuvers, though it is hoped we will soon be quiet again. While I am writing, troops are marching by, and it is altogether probable we may follow. Our scouting parties continue to bring in straggling Federals, and it is said a captured flag—the ninth or tenth—is in sight coming in.

"Field's division accomplished wonders yesterday, though the papers to-day say little about it. General Longstreet and staff have been out in our immediate front this morning, looking over our work of yesterday."

Pollard says: "Thus failed, almost shamefully, Grant's ambitious movement of October. It had been easily repulsed at all points. There is no doubt that Grant had designed, at this season an 'On to Richmond' which was to electrify the North, and carry for Lincoln the approaching presidential election—only a few days distant. In the series of engagements, on the Richmond lines, Field's division had borne a conspicuous part and deserves a distinct mention. For thirty days this division has stood at the gates of the capital against overwhelming odds; and almost unaided, has beaten back with sad havoc five of Grant's 'Ous to Richmond.' It has lost in killed, wounded and missing, about twelve hundred men; and yet, is stronger to-day than it was a month ago. It has killed more then one thousand of the enemy, wounded five times that number, captured 1200 prisoners, several hundred stands of arms, five guidons, and fifteen battle-flags."

In other quarters the Confederate armies were not so successful. General Sheridan had been placed in charge of General Hunter's command, which had become considerably demoralized and discouraged by many adverse influences.

General Grant sent Sheridan to Washington in August to have him appointed commander of the Middle Department. He then had the command placed upon a proper footing, made personally a visit to General Sheridan's forces, and said in his report: "I saw but two words of instruction were needed, 'Go in.'"

The New York *World* says: "Those two words were uttered, and Sheridan went in so fiercely that Early was defeated with terrible loss. Early had naturally a strong and well fortified position on Ocequan creek, covering Winchester, and to attack him

Sheridan's army had to advance through a narrow ravine, shut in by steep, thickly wooded hills, and even when the boys in blue had bravely forced their way through the ravine, they were still at a disadvantage, as the Confederates were sheltered by woods and rocks, protected by which they poured a deadly fire of shot and shell into Sheridan's army So desperate was the fight that one New York regiment had barely forty men grouped around its colors after the first assault, and an Iowa regiment retreated with twelve men, led by a sergeant. The men were under thorough discipline and rallied. The battle was won, although Sheridan lost 3,000 men. He, however, captured an equal number of prisoners, aud following Early up again, defeated him, two days later, even more decisively than in the first engagement, although only 1,100 prisoners were captured, owing to darkness iutervening."

Pollard says: "It was a shameful rout. Having exhausted their ammunitiou, the Confederates were compelled to retire. Our loss was fully 3,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, and the route of retreat was strewn with abandoned wagons, ambulances and small arms thrown away by the panic-stricken fugitives. Early had lost nearly all his artillery, and had, in fact, received a stunning defeat, from which his army never recovered.

"The most of his force was withdrawn to the Richmond lines, and the valley campaign ceased to engage much of public attention.

"Returning down the Sheuandoah valley, Sheridan obeyed Grant's orders, 'that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return.' Everything in the way of grain or forage that could be found was either confiscated or destroyed."

President Davis says: "A committee consisting of thirty-six citizens and the same number of magistrates, appointed by the County Court of Rockingham county, for the purpose of making an estimate of the losses that couuty alone sustained by the execution of General Sheridan's orders, made an investigation and reported, as follows:

"'Dwelling houses burned, 30; barns burned, 450; mills burned 31; fences destroyed, 1,100 miles; bushels of wheat destroyed, 100,000; bushels of corn destroyed, 50,000; tons of hay destroyed, 6,233; cattle carried off, 1,750; horses carried off, 1,750; sheep carried off, 4,200; hogs carried off, 3,350; factories burned 3; furnaces burned, 1. In addition, there was an immense amount of farming implements of every description destroyed, many of them of great value, such as reapers and threshing machines; also household and kitchen furniture, and money, bonds, plate, etc., pillaged.'"

The western army, under command of General Hood, who had succeeded Johnston, had been compelled to retire from Atlanta into Tennessee, to the disappointment of the people of Richmond, who saw in this, together with Early's disastrous campaign in the Virginia valley, a fatality crowding out former success, and entailing much care and anxiety. Among the troops, however, standing as a wall of defense between General Grant and Richmond, these reverses gave no damper to their ardor, and their spirits remained unbroken.

General Grant, well satisfied with General Sheridan's campaign in laying waste the beautiful valley of Virginia, "leaving nothing a crow flying over could subsist upon," and General Sherman's advance into Georgia, dealing destruction at every step, although himself unsuccessful in breaking through General Lee's lines, either at Petersburg or Richmond, now sat down to that resource for which he had planned so accurately, if unsuccessful in the field,—the reduction of the Confederate army to submission by starvation.

All chance being over for subsistence from the valley, the railroads to the South being open, although suffering privation, yet the soldiers cheerfully looked at the military situation unmoved, and as there seemed no possibility of any more advances to Richmond, set about making themselves as comfortable as possible in winter quarters.

"November 9th.—All quiet on the line. Have been delayed about sending for you by inspection this morning. Have procured a pleasant place to board and hope the ambulance may find you in readiness, as I shall be awaiting your arrival."

This was the summons that again brought me in the vicinity of the Texas brigade, where it was my pleasure to remain during the winter.

General Field's forces occupied a line of works some mile and a half beyond the Richmond fortifications, which were three miles from the city.

Between the two lines was the residence of John N Davis, Esq., a lawyer, doing business in the city. The dwelling was large, and the only one left unharmed by McClellan's army during his occupation of this portion of the country, in 1862, and would have been sacrificed but for the severe illness of a child, coupled with Mrs. Davis' earnest pleading to have her home spared from the torch.

The house stood in the midst of a fine grove of native oaks and was the picture of comfort. Miss Courtney Davis, the daughter, was quite an accomplished young lady, and when the Texans camped near by, soon found means of forming her

acquaintance and visited her socially, a pleasure of rare occurrence hitherto.

Here I found a very pleasant room and very scanty fare. Every evening the parlor was filled with soldier friends, and with music and conversation time passed pleasantly Provisions, however, became very scarce after a few weeks' stay, and the probability of the brigade remaining in its present location, and the desire to secure a permanent place, all prompted Mrs. Davis to offer to rent us some comfortable rooms in a house in the grove, with privilege of the parlor. We agreed to the proposition very readily, moved our servant Pat up from camp to take charge of our meagre housekeeping, brought from Richmond some necessary articles of furniture, and was soon feeling much more independent. Fortunately, we had plenty of Confederate money Pat drew his master's rations, carried the purse, bought whatever he could find in the surrounding country, and we got along quite nicely.

Just as we had all complete and working very well, there was a fall of snow, early in December, and a general rejoicing, as there would probably be no more fighting for the winter.

Alas! for human expectations. Next day the troops were ordered to be ready to move at daylight, with three day's rations in their haversacks. This was disappointing. I decided, however, to remain in my present quarters until General Longstreet's "reconnoissance out in front of the enemy," as the orders were worded, was developed.

Twenty-four hours elapsed, when the good tidings came that it was only a still hunt,—no attack was made on the enemy's position,—and the brigade was ordered back to its former position.

Many surmises were made as to the probability of a new brigadier-general, and some little anxiety expressed, resulting in petitions of each regiment to have their colonel commanding appointed, but none was ever made. Colonel Winkler continued in command, after General Gregg's death, until Colonel F. T Bass, of the 1st regiment, recovered from his wound, and when Colonel Powell, of the 5th regiment, returned from prison, he, as ranking officer of the brigade, assumed command, which he retained to the end. The only generals who commanded the Texas Brigade were Wigfall, Hood, Robertson, and Gregg.

## CHAPTER XX.

Life in Winter Quarters—Resources for Entertaining Visitors—Religious Services—Kindness of Soldiers—President Davis' Appreciation of Texas Brigade—General Gary's Stratagem to Deceive the Federals—Exchange of Prisoners Discussion—The Position of the South on Treatment of Prisoners—North Clamoring for Peace—Commissioners' Visit to Richmond—President Davis' Peace Commissioners are Stopped at Hampton Roads—General Lee's Efforts to Secure Peace.

Miss Davis and myself frequently attended dress parade on the line, often riding down on horseback, just one mile and a half distant.

Everything was quite pleasant, the novelty of life near camp anything but a disagreeable experience, except that edibles were very scarce.

Sometimes the ever-faithful Pat would scour the country for miles, hunting potatoes or onions, and frequently came back with empty hands, but he was generally successful in procuring something besides dried peas and corn bread, which were always standing dishes for dinner, and when people are hungry, satisfy the appetite.

We accepted the scarcity of food as a feature of the times, and spent few hours grieving over the matter. Everybody was undergoing the same hardship, and to dream of luxuries was altogether out of the fashion. Many discussions were had relative to the best substitute for coffee, whether parched meal, roasted sweet potatoes, or parched rye, was the best, but no patent was ever procured for these wonderful concoctions, so posterity is none the wiser for all these Confederate discoveries.

Just over the hill from Mr. Davis' place, was brigade headquarters, where the quartermaster and commissary, and their assistants, attended to the business of providing for the wants of the men.

Building winter quarters being the order of the day, Major Littlefield, quartermaster, was busily engaged in December getting ready a comfortable cabin, as his large tent was pitched against a chimney where a house had been burned.

He took great pains to build inside the garden, the entrance to the porch in the rear. When completed, he invited Colonel Winkler and myself to come over and inspect his quarters. We expressed our admiration of the arrangements, which seemed perfect for soldiers. There was one very large room, one small

room, and a camp kitchen made of logs half way, with a tent stretched above. The house was well daubed with mud, with a fly-tent stretched overhead. A carpet of bagging, a glass window, some chairs, a settee and tables, all of camp manufacture, with a cheerful fire in the chimney, built half of brick, the rest of sticks and mud, gave an air of comfort to the place. A row of shelves behind the door, in one room, suggested a thought of necessity being the mother of invention.

After showing it off, and expressing the pleasure he had taken in the arrangements, he kindly and unexpectedly offered it to us as possibly preferable to paying rent for poor accommodations.

Of course, we had no hesitation about accepting, and moved into our new quarters next day. We added a servant girl from Richmond to our little household, and Major Littlefield hunted up a rockaway he had procured in Pennsylvania, to bring away some wounded soldiers, and placed it at our disposal, so I could go to Richmond when I pleased. Every day we received milk and eggs from headquarters, while the old rooster waked us each day to a realization of the duties of the hour.

During the morning, unless lady visitors from Richmond or the Davises came in, I had no company except the girl Lizzie, a devoted slave, but after the day was ended, and Colonel Winkler "off duty," our cabin was the resort of friends in the brigade who liked to meet thus socially, discuss the news, and engage in chess playing.

Frequently the different bands would come up and give us a serenade, while a feeling of perfect security was ever present—a Texas sentinel being always on duty near our quarters.

Victor Hugo's works, "Les Miserables," were for sale in the Richmond book stores, "Macaria," by Augusta Evans, considered a fine argument of Southern rights, cheap editions of Dickens, the two weekly illustrated literary papers of the capital, born of the genius of Southern writers, the daily papers, all afforded some intellectual food, as they were passed from one to another and eagerly read. Religious literature was freely distributed among the troops, each denomination having a publishing house at Richmond where tracts, pocket editions of separate books of New Testament, Bibles, etc., were printed. Although the paper was often of inferior quality, yet it served as a medium for breaking the "Bread of Life" to many a hungry soul. No class was ever more devoted to the holy purpose of turning men from the error of their ways than the ministers who co-labored with the army chaplains, among the sick, wounded and dying.

President Davis' fast days were always observed, and in many of the city churches a weekly fast day service was held, always largely attended by the ladies.

Through all these exertions a great revival of religion spread throughout the "Army of Northern Virginia," and many date their eternal salvation from the meetings often attended by General Lee, who daily offered up his incense of prayer and praise.

A large chapel of logs was built on the line for the Texas brigade, and services were held there every Sabbath, prominent divines from Richmond and other places coming down to preach for the soldiers. The surroundings gave these occasions a weird interest, impossible to describe. The primitive building, rough seats, rude pulpit, the orderly crowd, attempted neatness of the faded grey jackets, the peculiar, careless grace of the manly forms, only acquired from daily contact with the world and its stirring events, and the deep silence where heart-beat answered to heart-beat, with a magnetic sympathy all their own—left an impression that the whispers of the eternal found here a response in every soul. Every head was bowed in prayer, every eye fastened upon the speaker, and every ear drank in eagerly the word of life uttered with an earnestness only possible from a man who knew his hearers carried their lives daily in their hands, and might be called any moment to meet the "Judge of all the earth."

The hymns sang were re-echoed through the vast apartment, the notes rising and swelling from the deep tones of rich voices, with a feeling rarely excelled. It seemed as though the singers were back again, amidst scenes of the past, in peaceful company with those they loved, and to whom they drew nearer by this act of worship, while many an eye was dim with tears. They seemed to realize the solemnity of the services, and to re-consecrate their talents afresh to the cause they had espoused, humbly pleading the blessing of the great, universal Father.

The Texas delegation in Congress, Postmaster-General John H. Reagan, Colonel F. R. Lubbock, on President Davis' staff, ex-Governor of Texas, and other distinguished friends, often came out, spent the evening, and sometimes spent the night, contributing their quota to the social life of camp. The most frequent of these visitors was General John R. Baylor, who had distinguished himself on the Texas frontier in fights with the Indians, and was afterwards made military governor of Arizona. His fund of anecdote was inexhaustible, and as he discussed congressional and military matters with the freedom of one familiar with all phases of life, was at all times a valuable acquisition to any company.

He not only made it pleasant at headquarters, but mingled with the troops on the line, and if any prospect for a fight presented itself (and there were many orders to be in readiness for

an attack), he always shouldered his musket and went to the front prepared to meet the foe. His amusing caricatures of assumed importance with cowardly people, was truly ludicrous in the extreme.

When visitors were on hand, Major L. and myself combined our resources to entertain them. The camp tableware was all put together, and the meal spread in our dining-room, while he provided for their sleeping at his tents, about fifty yards distant. Thus we managed to extend to friends all the hospitality possible. Ladies never remained long, as they were generally afraid to be too near the dreaded army of General Grant, and therefore only drove out for a short while.

At one time Dr. Jas. A. Duncan, for years a warm personal friend, signified his desire to preach for the Texans. We held a grave council of war, about the dinner, as two congressmen were also expected to be present. A few days before, the troops had received some canned beef, which had run the gauntlet of the blockade. We had one can of that, our cook had drawn with his master's rations, and saved for a special occasion, but racked our brains what else we could provide or invent. Major Littlefield came to the rescue, and offered to donate his rooster. Well, as that was the only chance for a respectable dinner, and Methodist preachers must have chicken, he was sacrificed, and Pat, famous for his culinary skill, concocted a most appetizing chicken pie, which the reverend gentleman and dignified legislators declared to be the very best they ever tasted, and to which they did ample justice.

Chickens at that time were selling at thirty and forty dollars apiece, and turkeys at fifty dollars, so even in the city boarding houses they were seldom seen.

We missed old Chanticleer's brave salute every morning, but consoled ourselves with the reflection that his sad end was a military necessity. After that, whenever any doubt existed as to the chance for an extra dish for company, one by one the six hens shared the same fate.

Later, many of the furloughed soldiers returned from trips to North and South Carolina, bringing dressed fowls, salt fish, hams, sausage, cakes and preserves made of sorghum molasses, and they contrived to have their friends remember their colonel and his wife; thus many little articles found their way to our table impossible for us to purchase anywhere.

The man-servant, Pat, so often mentioned in these pages, was a character whose type has faded from everything save the recollection of the times of slavery. He had been raised by my mother, was a copper-colored darkey of about thirty years, with bushy hair, which he kept tightly plaited during the week, but

brushed out in all its glory on Sunday. He was very neat about his person, honorable in his actions, and scorned what he called a low-down or free negro; an aristocrat, very proud of bragging that his parents and grandparents belonged to my mother and grandmother, and his owners never had believed in selling flesh and blood. He was devoted to my mother, respected my father as the grandest of men, and looked after the children of the family as jealously as if we belonged to him individually. While very young, his many excellencies were appreciated by my parents, who gave him many privileges, and trusted him with everything about the place. My mother had taught him to spell and read, he loved his Bible, and was very religious.

During my father's sickness and death, he had patiently watched over him; when my brother was wounded at Seven Pines, for seven weeks he was his faithful, constant nurse, and after my mother's death, and my marriage, he went with his new master to the camp of the Texas brigade, there was never any uneasiness about any emergency that might arise. After a fight he was always on hand with something to eat, then bearing me a message from the battle-field, would ride into Richmond after dark and return in time for breakfast. Everything he did, he did well, and after years of experience I have never seen a more faithful or conscientious servant. With the members of the brigade, he was quite popular, especially the 4th Texas, who loved to poke fun at him for dodging the bullets when he tried to follow the colonel's example and walk along the line of breastworks. He was with them, watchful and devoted, until the bitter end at Appomattox.

Two subjects now engrossed the attention of the brigade; one was the possibility discussed of getting a furlough of the whole command to visit their homes in Texas and return for the spring campaign; the other was the fear that in the general reorganization of the army, the brigade would be consolidated with troops from other States, the regiments having become so decimated as to make it seemingly necessary, and they would thereby lose their identity, there being no other Texans in the Army of Northern Virginia.

The following official correspondence, with regard to the furlough, is interesting.

Endorsement on application of non-commissioned officers and men of the Texas brigade for furlough:

"Referred to General R. E. Lee, for his advice as to whether the wishes of this gallant brigade can be granted without detriment to the public service.

"J. A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War."

"January 2, 1865.

"HEADQUARTERS, Jan. 15, 1865.

"Respectfully returned to the Secretary of War. At this time, and especially at the opening of the campaign now near at hand, we shall require every man in the Confederacy. It will be impossible for these brave men to return in time. No brigade has done nobler service, or gained more credit for its State, than this. Though I should be much gratified at every indulgence shown to this brigade, I cannot recommend this.

"R. E. LEE, General."

"In view of General Lee's endorsement, the application is reluctantly declined. The services of the gallant brigade are most highly appreciated, and I regret that the exigency is such as to forbid a compliance with their wishes.

"J. A. SEDDON,
"Secretary of War."

The brigade very cheerfully acquiesced in the inevitable, especially as General Lee was very generous in allowing them furloughs to other States nearer camp, and they enjoyed the pleasure of visiting other localities, if impossible to go so far as Texas.

Extracts from Major Littlefield's letters to his wife in Texas:

"CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, Dec. 18, 1864.

"Our boys have ample time to canvass the subject of going home, but we have official information that the boys will not go home this winter. We all fear consolidation; do not know what effect that will have. I am not despondent at the prospect. I have heard General Robertson wants me on his staff in Texas. I think it impracticable. I should like to go very much, but will do nothing unworthy of past life, my wife, and my boys, to get home. An honored grave would be a richer legacy to them than a few years in disgrace and remorse. Have no fears; all will be well to those who put their trust in Him. Think of our own comparative situation to the poor houseless and homeless wanderers in Georgia. This is a dark hour. All is gloom away from the 'lines around Richmond;' all is confidence here. We have plenty to eat, such as it is. To-morrow, molasses and sugar will be issued in lieu of meat. Feed us, and this army can never be conquered. I am fearful that consolidation will make many attempt to escape the army. It is a great military and financial necessity; to us it will be, seemingly hard, but other States pride themselves on their brigades as much as we do the 'Texas Brigade.' We have much company, but hope nobody goes away hungry, as I feel it is 'more blessed to give than to receive.' We have extended our church, making it 60x25 feet, and will have it finished in a few days. I have built a very nice

cabin, and have offered it to Lieutenant-Colonel Winkler, of the 4th Texas, for himself and lady, and if they accept it, we will have a more pleasant time. I am hauling forage from near Port Royal. Have all negro teamsters, and a few disabled men to go along.

"January 8.—We are getting along after the same old fashion, camped near Richmond. I go to the city very seldom. Our boys are all well. Attended service at brigade chapel this morning. Colonel Baylor is spending the night with us. Colonel Winkler and lady are quite comfortable in their cabin home, near our quarters. Have learned to play chess, and enjoy it very much.

"Senator Oldham and General Baylor will visit us on Saturday, and stay until Monday."

With regard to the consolidation of brigades, Captain W T Hill, of the 5th Texas, furnishes this item:

"During the winter of 1865, while in camp north of the James river, the following committee was appointed by General Lee to carry out his plans of consolidating the weaker brigades in his army:

"Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Winkler, commanding 4th Texas.

"Colonel R. C. Taylor, commanding 3d Arkansas.

"Captain W T. Hill, commanding 5th Texas.

"Said committee met as was directed, and proceeded to organize by electing Colonel C. M. Winkler chairmau, and Captain W T. Hill secretary. After organizing, Colonel Taylor was taken sick, and never had another meeting with the committee, who continued their work faithfully. By instructions sent the committee, the commissioned officers who were rejected were allowed thirty days to join other commands of their own selection. Colonel Winkler examined officers on Book 1, of Hardee's Tactics, Captain Hill on Book 2, which covers battalion drill."

Major W H. Martin, 4th Texas, gives a verbal statement in explanation of these orders not being executed. He says while examination of officers was progressing, according to instructions, the men became very uneasy about the matter, held a meeting, and after passing resolutions of continued fealty to the cause in which engaged, they sent for him, and asked that he should go in person to President Davis,* bearing their protest against consolidation. He went, laid the matter before the Pres-

*General Lee being present, said, "Mr. President, before you pass upon that request, I want to say I never ordered that brigade to hold a place, that they did not hold it."

Mr. Davis said: "Major Martin, as long as there is a man to carry that battle flag, you shall remain a brigade."

ident, who gave him the welcome assurance that he would confer with General Lee, and in memory of all they had endured and suffered they should be permitted to maintain the same organization as before.

Of course this was very gratifying, and gave general satisfaction, amid cheers for their war-chief, General Lee, and their President, Jefferson Davis.

On September 29th, when the Texas brigade was ordered from the Phillips House to the relief of Fort Harrison, the withdrawal of troops left one of the roads to Richmond entirely undefended. General Gary, of South Carolina, commanding the cavalry to the extreme left of General Lee's line, and also left of the Texas brigade, took in the situation at a glance, and hastily ordered that the large columbiads commanding the road at the inner line of the Richmond fortifications, should be turned loose, though manned by only a handful of soldiers. A most furious cannonading was the result. The Federals, deceived by the vigorous firing, supposing there was a large force in position, made no advance, but devoted their attention to the demonstration nearer the river.

Late in the evening the officer in charge of the artillery defenses around the city severely reprimanded the men at the redoubt, for needlessly wasting ammunition without orders. Being informed that it was by order of General Gary, and that officer riding up at that time, he asked by what authority he was interfering with the artillery on the Richmond defenses.

"By my own authority, sir!" exclaimed the brave cavalryman. "You were not watching your own defenses. The troops were withdrawn beyond, and if the Federals had only known the situation, they could have marched into Richmond without firing a gun. I had those guns fired to prevent a surprise, and will do it again under like circumstances."

The colonel became very angry, and complained he would not be spoken to so disrespectfully, if General Gary was not his superior in rank.

Jumping from his horse, the impulsive South Carolinian divested himself of coat and vest, exclaiming: "Now, sir! I have laid aside the insignia of my rank. If you have any grievance to settle, I am ready for you on your own footing." This was declined, an apology was made, and each went his separate way.

While speaking of the incident to members of the Texas brigade, who lay next his command all winter, he said it was one of the pleasures of his life to administer such a rebuke, and supposed the gentleman would never again try to bring him to task about military punctilios, when everything depended upon prompt action.

Colonel J. W Dancy, a Texas politician too old for military service, visited the Texans in Bragg's army, came on to Virginia and to the Richmond lines, on a tour of inspection of the Texas brigade.

They were all very glad to see a friend so recently from their State, welcomed him heartily, and gave him full liberty in camp to go and come as he pleased.

After remaining among the Texas boys, as he called them, he became very much at home, but being of an investigating turn of mind, one day ventured to ramble around, and fell into General Gary's cavalry camp.

No one there knew him, and being dressed in citizen's clothing, wearing a stove-pipe hat, he attracted much attention and excited curiosity. The men began the usual Confederate salutations: "Come out of that hat! Where did you get them store clothes?" (Such exclamations were common with the troops toward citizens.) The old gentleman became very much annoyed when the sentinel took him to General Gary as a suspicious character, perhaps a spy of the enemy

General Gary demanded his passport. He had none, and gave a very confused account of his business in camp, "to inspect the Confederate works," when he got impatient, and exclaimed: "Who are you, anyhow?"

"The Honorable J. W Dancy, of Texas."

"And who in the deal is that?" said the general.

Sending him under guard to the Texas brigade, with his compliments, and the request for them to keep stragglers in their own camp, he was soon safe back with his friends.

He was very much mortified at what he termed General Gary's rudeness; said he had visited dozens of soldiers' camps, but General Gary was undoubtedly the roughest man "he had ever come across."

The officers of the brigade sympathized with his offended dignity, but knew Confederate commanders were compelled to be too vigilant to accept anybody's verbal excuse against army regulations.

* * *

We have frequently had occasion, in this narrative of facts, to revert to one great subject of disagreement between the two contending belligerents—the exchange of prisoners.

The care and subsistence of so many useless dependents in the South, where destruction had followed the track of large armies, depriving all classes of even the necessaries of life, became a very serious matter to the Confederate authorities; besides the anxiety for the fate of those held in Northern prisons.

Commissioner Ould says: "About the last of March, 1864, I had several conferences with General B. F. Butler, then agent of exchange at Fortress Monroe, in relation to the difficulties attending the exchange of prisoners, and we reached what we thought a tolerably satisfactory basis. The day that I left there, General Grant arrived. General Butler says he communicated to him the state of the negotiations, and most emphatic verbal directions were received from the lieutenant-general not to take any step by which another able-bodied man should be exchanged until further orders from him; and that on April 30, 1864, he received a telegram from General Grant to 'receive all the sick and wounded the Confederate authorities may send you, but send no more in exchange.' Unless my recollection fails me, General Butler also, in an address to his constituents, substantially declared that he was directed, in his management of the question of exchange with the Confederate authorities, to put the matter offensively, for the purpose of preventing an exchange."

In October, General Lee addressed a letter to General Grant, saying:

"With a view of alleviating the sufferings of our soldiers, I have the honor to propose an exchange of the prisoners of war belonging to the armies operating in Virginia, man for man, or upon the basis established by the cartel."

General Grant replied: "I could not, of a right, accept your proposition further than to exchange those prisoners captured within the last three days, and who have not yet been delivered to the commanding-general of prisoners. Among those lost by the armies operating against Richmond, were a number of colored troops. Before further negotiations are had upon the subject, I would ask if you propose delivering these men the same as white soldiers."

Next day General Lee replied: "In my proposition of the 1st instant, to exchange prisoners of war belonging to the armies operating in Virginia, I intended to include all captured soldiers of the United States, of whatever nation and color, under my control. Deserters from our service, and negroes belonging to our citizens, are not considered subjects of exchange, and were not included in my proposition. If there are any such among those stated by you to have been captured around Richmond, they cannot be returned."

General Grant finally answered, Oct. 20: "I shall always regret the necessity of retaliating for wrong done our soldiers, but regard it my duty to protect all persons, received into the army of the United States, regardless of color or nationality; when acknowledged soldiers of the government are captured,

they must be treated as prisoners of war, or such treatment as they receive inflicted upon an equal number of prisoners held by us."

General Grant said in a dispatch to General Butler, in August, 1864: "On the subject of exchange, however, I differ from General Hitchcock. . It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons, not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole, or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange, which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all rebel prisoners in the North would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here."

During the summer, as no satisfactory exchange could be effected, the offer was made to the United States government to receive their sick and wounded, "with a statement of the mortality among the prisoners at Andersonville." The transportation was not furnished until November, when the special request was made to send the worst cases. Some of these were sent away, and on reaching Annapolis, their photographs were taken as specimen prisoners, and a burst of indignation followed at the North, at the treatment of Federal prisoners.

During the summer of 1864, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, offered to make purchase of medicines from the United States authorities, to be used exclusively for the relief of Union prisoners. He offered to pay gold, cotton or tobacco for them, and two prices, if required. At the same time, he gave assurance that the medicines would be used exclusively for the treatment of Northern prisoners; and, moreover, agreed, on behalf of the Confederate States, if it were insisted upon, that such medicines, might be brought into the Confederate lines by United States surgeons, and dispensed by them. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless, strictly true, that no reply was ever received to this offer.*

Afterwards a delegation of prisoners was sent by President Davis to plead their cause at Washington. President Lincoln refused to see them. "They were made to understand that the interests of the government required that they should return to prison and remain there. They carried back the sad tidings that their government held out no hope of their release."

General Butler, in his report before the Committee on Con-

* Davis' Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.

duct of the War, concludes his observations as follows: "It will be observed that the rebels had exchauged all the naval colored prisoners, so that the negro question no longer impeded the exchange of prisoners; in fact, if we had demanded the exchange of all,—man for man, officer for officer, they would have done it. I have felt it my duty to give an account with this particular carefulness of my participation in the business of exchange of prisoners,—the order under which I acted, and the negotiations, which comprises a faithful narration of all that was done,—so that all may become a matter of history. The great importance of the questions; the fearful responsibility for the many thousands of lives which, by the refusal to exchange, were sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death, from cold, starvation, and pestilence of the prison-pens of Raleigh and Andersonville, being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon; the anxiety of fathers, brothers, mothers, sisters, wives, to know the exigency which caused this terrible, and perhaps, as it may have seemed to them, useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them, by horrible deaths, each and all, have compelled me to this exposition, so that it may be seen that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the general-in-chief of the armies, to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will, doubtless, derive solace from this fact, and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan, and the success won at so great a cost."

The Southern soldiers held in Northern prisons, were suffering for want of clothing. President Davis made application "for permission to send cotton to Liverpool, and therewith purchase the supplies which were necessary." The request was granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York and the supplies bought there. This was done by our agent, General Beale. The suffering of our men in Northern prisons, caused the application.

When General Lee was charged by the Republican press with being responsible for alleged cruel treatment of prisoners, he quietly said: "I court the most searching investigation into this matter."

Before the Reconstruction Committee, after hostilities had ceased, he testified:

Questioned by Mr. Howard.—"I wish to inquire whether you had any knowledge of cruelties practiced towards the Union prisoners at Libby prison, and on Belle Isle?"

Answer.—"I never knew that any cruelty was practiced, and

I have no reason to believe it was practiced. I can believe, and have reason to believe, that privations may have been experienced by the prisoners, because I known that provision and shelter could not be provided for them."

"It has frequently been asserted that the Confederate soldiers feel more kindly toward the government of the United States than auy other people in the South. What is your obsevation on this point?"

Answer.—"From the Confederate soldiers I have heard uo other opinion. They looked upon the war as a necessary evil, and went through it. I have seen them relieve the wants of Federal soldiers on the field. The orders were that the whole field should be treated alike. Parties were sent out to take the Federal wounded as well as the Coufederate, and the surgeons were told to treat the one as they did the other. These orders given by me were respected on every field.

"I made several efforts to exchange prisoners, after the cartel was suspended. I do not know, to this day, which side took the initiative. I know there were constantly complaints on both sides. I merely know it from public rumors. I offered to General Grant, around Richmond, that we should ourselves exchange all the prisoners in our hands. There was a communication from the Christian Commission, I think, which reached me at Petersburg, and made application to me for a passport to visit all the prisoners in the South. My letter to them, I suppose they have. I told them I had not that authority, that it could only be obtained from the War Department at Richmond, but that neither they nor I could relieve the sufferings of the prisoners; that the only thing to be done for them was to exchange them; and, to show that I would do whatever was in my power, I offered to send to City Point all the prisoners in Virginia and North Carolina, over which my command extended, provided they returned an equal number of men, man for man. I reported this to the War Department, and received for answer, that they would place at my command all the prisoners at the South, if this proposition was accepted. I heard nothing more on the subject."

Extract of letter from General Lee to Dr. Charles Carter, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"Sufficient information has been officially published, I think, to show that whatever sufferings the Federal prisoners at the South underwent, were incident to their position as prisoners, and produced by the destitute condition of the country arising from the operations of war. The laws of the Confederate Congress, and the orders of the War Department, directed that the

rations furnished prisoners of war should be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy, and that the hospitals for prisoners should be placed on the same footing as other Confederate States hospitals in all respects. It was the desire of the Confederate authorities to effect a continuous and speedy exchange of prisoners of war, for it was their true policy to do so, as their retention was not only a calamity to them, but a heavy expenditure of their scanty means of subsistence, and a privation of the services of the veteran army. Mr. Fisher or Bishop Wilmer has confounded my offers for the exchange of prisoners, with those made by Mr. Ould, the Commissioner of the Confederate States. It was he that offered, when all hopes of effecting the exchange had ceased, to deliver all the Federal sick and wounded, to the amount of fifteen thousand, without any equivalent, provided transportation was furnished.

"Previously, I offered to General Grant to send into his lines all the prisoners within my department, which then embraced Virginia and North Carolina, provided he would return me man for man; and when I informed the Confederate authorities of my proposition, I was told that if it was accepted, they would place all the prisoners at the South at my disposal. I offered, subsequently, to the Committee of the United States Sanitary Commission, who visited Petersburg for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of their prisoners, to do the same. But my proposition was not accepted. R. E. LEE."

"The report of Secretary of War E. M. Stanton, made in July, 1866, shows that of all the prisoners in our hands during the war, 22,576 died; while of the prisoners in our opponent's hands, 26,246 died."

The report of Surgeon-General Barnes, an officer of the United States government, shows that the number of Confederate prisoners in their hands were 220,000, the number of United States prisoners in our hands, 270,000. More than twelve per cent. of their prisoners died, and less than nine per cent. of prisoners in our hands died.

President Davis says: "When it is remembered how much our resources were reduced, that our supply of medicines, required in summer diseases, was exhausted, and that Northern men, when first residing in the South, must undergo acclimation, the fact that greater mortality existed in Northern than in Southern prisons can only be accounted for by the kindly treatment received in the latter. We did the best we could."

Late in the year 1864, an arrangement was concluded between Generals Lee and Grant that, without releasing either govern-

ment from the obligation of providing due provisions for its captives, each should have the right of furnishing to its own prisoners, in the possession of the other, under the direction of officials among them, to be paroled for the purpose, such additional supplies as were deemed expedient to send.

General Grant, having been given the power of exchanging prisoners, immediately declared a general exchange. What pressure was brought to bear on him, to secure this end he had so long opposed, will perhaps never be known.

Sherman and Sheridan were both victorious, and it was now plainly visible to him that it was only a question of time, and the limit to the powers of endurance with General Lee's army, and to throw, at this late day, an army of returned prisoners into the South, would now only hasten the collapse of the Confederacy, whose men were now reduced to the verge of starvation. The returned prisoners came, therefore, only in time to witness the closing catastrophe of the spring of 1865.

* * *

After General Grant had failed to rout General Lee upon so many fields of battle, the people of the North, during the summer of 1864, raised on every side propositions of peace, and the newspapers, before clamorous for a vigorous prosecution of the war, were now earnestly in favor of taking definite steps to secure peace.

From the New York *Tribune:* "We feel certain that two-thirds of the American people, on either side of the dividing line, anxiously, absorbingly desire peace, and are ready to make all needful sacrifices to insure it. Then why shall it be long withheld? Let us know, as soon as may be, the most that the rebel chiefs will do to secure peace; let us know what is the ultimatum on our side. We have no sympathy with the shuddering dread that our government may, by listening to propositions from the rebels, virtually acknowledge their independence. Etiquette is the disease of little minds; great souls are never troubled with it."

Washington *Constitutional Union:* "The cry for peace is rung into our ears from every section of the country, from all divisions and parties. Even the fanatics have cooled down, in measure, from their fury for blood, have lost the vampire instincts; and horrified at the tales of slaughter they read, and shocked at the sights of hospital suffering and of the maimed and crippled crawling about our streets, they even wish the termination of strife, which unprocreative of benefit to either party, even to the *medius terminus*, the negro, is crushing the vital and social existence of both. Physical calamity constantly displayed before their

vision, and high prices crushing out the means of comfortable subsistence, has at length softened the heart of the hardened abolitionist into a lurking yearning for the cessation of arms."

From Chicago *Times:* "The necessity for peace upon honorable terms is too imperative to permit its sacrifice to a blind, unselfish, or corrupt partnership. The alternatives now presented to the nation, are peace with honor, and war with dishonor; peace with preservation of life, and war with its extended and murderous conflicts; peace with national and individual solvency, and war with national and individual bankruptcy."

From the *World:* "The new President to be nominated in Chicago, and elected in November, must be a man ready and willing to meet any and every overture for peace, a man who shall represent truly the dignity and power of the nation, and who will not be unwilling even to tender an armistice, suggesting a national convention of all the States."

From the New York *News:* "The peace Democracy are willing to trust to the good sense and patriotism of the people for the realization of a definite peace, as the sequel of an armistice and national convention."

These indications of popular sentiment were eagerly seized by the Southern people, as glimmers of hope, which were only an *ignus fatuus* to mislead.

As all formal attempts to negotiate with the government at Washington had been rejected, recourse was had to diplomacy.

A commission of three persons, prominent in position and intellectual capacity, was appointed to visit Canada to confer "with such persons in the North as might be relied upon to aid the attainment of peace." These commissioners, Messrs. Clay, of Alabama; Holcomb, of Virginia, and Thompson, of Mississippi, went to Niagara Falls and, on July 12th, opened a correspondence with Horace Greeley, of New York. Mr. Lincoln refused them an interview, and sent them the following announcement:

"To whom it may concern: Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with the authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms and other substantial and collateral points, and the bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"WASHINGTON, July 18, 1864."

Simultaneously with this effort was the appearance at Richmond of Colonel Jacques, of the 73d Illinois infantry, and Jas.

R. Gilmore, of Massachusetts, who were brought through the lines by Colonel Ould, Commissioner of Exchange, to whom General Grant had written a letter asking permission of the Confederate authorities for them to visit Richmond.

They were accorded an interview with Mr. Davis. They came under a pass from President Lincoln, and professed to be familiar with the views of the Washington authorities, although disclaiming to be authorized commissioners.

They submitted they had come under the impression that the Confederate government would accept peace on a basis of reconstruction of the Union, an amnesty to the people as repentant criminals, and the abolition of slavery by general vote of the people, North and South, with the ruling of the majority.

Mr. Davis courteously declined to discuss the matter, and they withdrew with Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, who had conducted them to the President.

A few weeks before the Jacques-Gilmore mission, the Confederate Congress had published a manifesto, stating the terms of peace that would be acceptable to the South, and explaining the demands of the Richmond government.

"In a few sentences, it was pointed out that all we asked was immunity from interference with our internal peace and prosperity, and to be left in the undisturbed enjoyment of those unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which our common ancestors declared to be the equal heritage of all parties to the social compact. Let them forbear aggressions upon us, and the war is at an end. If there be questions which require adjustment by negotiation, we have ever been willing, and are still willing to enter into communication with our adversaries, in a spirit of peace, of equity, and of manly frankness."

The democratic party of the North was almost a unit for peace, and the Chicago convention warmly advocated measures looking in that direction. There had, however, been a revulsion of feeling in the minds of the Northern people. Sheridan's success in the valley, and Sherman's campaign in Georgia, had inflamed the North with new hopes, and they now clamored for unconditional war, when a little while before they had thought it in the last stages of defeat.

The condition of the South was certainly critical. Many of the people, who had endured so much, were becoming tired of the incessent strain upon brain and nerve; an army of grumblers set themselves up as critics of the administration, arraigned members of the cabinet for all deficiencies, and looked upon the secret sessions of Congress as the cowardly machinations of men afraid of allowing the real status of affairs to be made public. They longed for the "flesh pots of Egypt," and were weary with

the hardships of their four years wandering in the desert of uncertainty.

Many of this class, a curse to any people, sought bomb-proof situations, got detailed on any pretext, and would have been willing to accept peace on any terms.

Amid all these difficulties, the question presented itself, how much more of physical and mental endurance could the people and army stand? Would the end of independence ever be reached, with so many barnacles clinging to the ship of State? Another appeal was to be made to their resolution.

In December, President Davis received a request from Mr. Francis P Blair, a distinguished citizen of Maryland, for permission to visit Richmond. As he came on President Lincoln's pass, much curiosity was expressed as to the result.

After an interview with the President, in which he expressed a desire that hostilities should cease and an amicable adjustment of difficulties be reached, and after discussing the best means for such a course, he returned to Washington with a letter, wherein President Davis stated that Mr. Blair was at liberty to say to Mr. Lincoln that Mr. Davis was willing to send commissioners to confer with the Northern President, with a view to the restoration of peace between the two countries, if he could be assured they would be received.

Mr. Blair suggested that Generals Grant and Lee enter into negotiations with a view to the cessation of hostilities. Mr. Davis responded, he "would willingly trust to General Lee such negotiations as was indicated."

On Mr. Blair's return from Washington, he reported that a military commission was not favorably entertained at the seat of government, so Mr. Davis decided to act upon a note from Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Blair, in which he stated that he "was willing to receive any agent Mr. Davis, or any other influential person now actually resisting the authority of the government, might send to confer informally with him, for the restoration of peace to our common country."

President Davis then decided to send commissioners to this informal conference, and appointed Messrs. Alex. H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell.

The wording of the commission to each was in this form: "In conformity with the letter of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are requested to proceed to Washington City for an informal conference with him, upon the issues involved in the existing war, and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries."

Armed with these documents, the commissioners proceeded down the James river, under a flag of truce, to go to Washing-

ton, but were met at Hampton Roads by President Lincoln and Mr. Seward, and after a lengthy discussion, they returned, making the following report:

"*To the President of the Confederate States:*

"SIR:—Under your letter of appointment of the 20th ult., we proceeded to seek an informal conference with Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, upon the subject mentioned in your letter.

"The conference took place on the 30th ult., on board a steamer anchored in Hampton Roads, where we met President Lincoln, and the Hon. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States.

"It continued for several hours, and was both full and explicit. We learned from them that the message of President Lincoln to the Congress of the United States, in December last, explains clearly and distinctly his sentiments as to terms, conditions and methods of proceeding by which peace may be secured to the people, and we were not informed that they would be modified or altered to obtain that end.

"We understood from him that no terms or proposals of any treaty, or agreement, looking to an ultimate settlement, would be entertained or made by him with the authorities of the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which under no circumstances would be done; and, for a like reason, that no such terms would be entertained for the States separately; that no extended truce or armistice (as at present advised) would be granted or allowed, without a satisfactory assurance, in advance, of the complete restoration of the authority of the constitution and laws of the United States over all places within the States of the Confederacy; that whatever consequences may follow from the re-establishment of that authority, must be accepted, but that individuals subject to pains and penalties under the laws of the United States, might rely upon a very liberal use of the power confided to him to remit those pains and penalties, if peace be restored.

"During our conference, the proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States, adopted by Congress on the 31st ultimo, was brought to our notice.

"This amendment provides that neither slavery shall exist within the United States, or any place within their jurisdiction, and that Congress should have power to enforce this amendment by appropriate legislation.

"Very respectfully, etc.,

"ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,
"R. M. T HUNTER,
"JOHN A. CAMPBELL."

Mr. Hunter, in an article referring to Mr. Blair's visit to Richmond, says: "He saw many old friends and party associates who had been in the habit of taking counsel with him on public affairs. He revealed dangers of such overwhelming disaster as to turn the thoughts of many Confederates more seriously to thoughts of peace."

Mr. Davis says: "That Mr. Blair saw and noticed this serious inclining of many to the thoughts of peace, scarcely admits of a doubt; and if he believed Congress to be affected by a cabal undermining the executive in his efforts, successfully, to prosecute the war, Mr. Lincoln may be naturally supposed thence to have reached the conclusion that he should accept nothing but an unconditional surrender, and that he would not allow a commission from the Confederacy to visit the United States capital."

After the result of the peace commission was made known, matters assumed a more serious aspect. A mass meeting was called, and held at the African church (the largest building in the city), where addresses were delivered and appeals to the patriotism were made. Mr. Davis exhorted the people to the resolution of endurance and continued devotion to the cause.

Many thought it too great a concession, allowing commissioners in such an unceremonious manner to come into the capital of the Confederacy, be permitted an interview with the President, receive old friends, talk over differences, and all the while be taking notes of the situation, to report on their return, when no agent of the Confederacy was ever allowed to enter Washington.

The proud Southern spirit chafed under this conservative course, but, to Mr. Davis' everlasting honor, it was an evidence that he was willing, as the head of the army and also the chief executive, to use all means offered to secure peace.

The grumblers were content to fold their hands and let matters drift, as they sat in abject inertia beholding the situation.

The army, poorly clothed and unfed, still stood brave and undaunted, under the terrible pressure, its faith in General Lee a sublime inspiration, its courage "without variableness or shadow of turning."

General Lee had favored the Hampdon Roads conference and was anxious for honorable terms of peace. After that had failed, he determined, himself, to address a personal letter to General Grant and see what could be done,—which we present before we leave this subject, that the idea may be clearly presented to our readers of his desire of a satisfactory settlement of the trouble, which has been denied by some:

"HEADQUARTERS, March 2, 1865.

"*To General Grant, Commanding United States Armies:*

GENERAL:—Lieutenant-General Longstreet has informed me that in a recent conversation between himself and Major-General Ord, as to the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention, General Ord stated that, if I desired to have an interview with you on the subject, you would not decline, provided I had the authority to act. Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of views it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned. In such an event I am authorized to do whatever the result of the proposed interview may render necessary or advisable. Should you accede to this proposition, I would suggest that, if agreeable to you, we meet at the place selected by Generals Ord and Longstreet for the interview, at 11 a. m., on Monday next.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

Dr. Jones says: "When these overtures failed, there was no man more determined to fight it out to the end than General Lee. He said to a Southern Senator: 'For myself, I intend to die, sword in hand, rather than to yield,' and went to work to make the best possible disposition of his little army."

## CHAPTER XXI.

President Davis Recommends to Congress the Employment of Slaves in the Southern Army—General Lee Declines Being Made Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Confederacy—Wrangling in Congress Over General Johnston's Removal—Gloom Hanging Over the Confederate Capital—Death of President Davis' Son—Administration Criticised—Humorous Remarks of General Lee—Dress of the Period—Woman's Fancy Work and Amusements—Women Ever True—Colonel Powell's Romantic Marriage—Subsistence of the Army—Love and Confidence for General Lee—His Peculiarities—Declines the Offer of City Council of Richmond to Purchase for Him a Home.

When the Confederate Congress assembled in December, 1864, the President advocated in his message the repeal of all laws granting exemption from military service. He said:

"No position or pursuit should relieve any one who is able to do active duty, from the enrollment in the army. The military authorities should have the power to exempt individuals only whose services may be more valuable out of than in the army."

He also recommended "the employment of slaves in the army; that "the number of 40,000 be acquired by the general government, who should be employed, not merely as cooks, laborers and teamsters, but as engineer and pioneer laborers." He recommended "that these slaves should be liberated on their discharge, after faithful service, rather than that they should be manumitted at once. He was opposed to arming the slaves; but the subject must be viewed solely in the light of policy and our social economy. Should the alternative ever be presented of subjugation, or of the employment of the slave as a soldier, there seems to be no reason to doubt what then should be our decision."

Congress proceeded to set themselves to rectify some of the serious aspects of the situation, by passing a law creating General Lee commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederate States, instead of President Davis. This responsibility that distinguished soldier declined practically to undertake.

There had always been a warm friendship between himself and the President; they had acted in unison, and now he did not wish to sever those ties by any act of personal aggrandizement.

He made known to Congress his views of placing the negro in the army on the basis of a general emancipation; that the institution of slavery had been so broken up, by the invasions of the enemy, as to make its practical value of small consideration.

A committee of members of the House of Representatives took occasion to administer a rebuke to Mr. Davis, with regard to the incapacity of members of the cabinet, blaming them for some of the evils of the situation.

They also demanded the restoration of General Joseph E. Johnston, and held lengthy debates with regard to the Johnston-Davis imbroglio, accusing the latter openly of persecuting General Johnston. This discussion was principally led by Senator Wigfall, of Texas, a man of brain, who was considered the best orator in the South. He dealt sledge-hammer blows against Mr. Davis, and hurled such phillipics as were dreadful in their sarcastic abuse.

This culminated in General Hood's request to be relieved from the command of the Tennessee army. January 13, he says: "As the opposition of our people, excited by the Johnston-Wigfall party, seemingly increased in bitterness, I felt my services could no longer be of benefit to that army; having no other aspiration than to promote the interests of my country, I again telegraphed the authorities at Richmond, stating that the campaigns to the Alabama line and into Tennessee were my own conception; that I alone was responsible; that I had striven hard to execute them in such manner as to bring victory to our arms, and, at the same time, repeated my desire to be relieved.

"The President finally complied with my request, and I bid farewell to the Army of Tennessee on the 23d of January, 1865, after having served with it somewhat in excess of eleven months, and having performed my duties to my utmost ability."

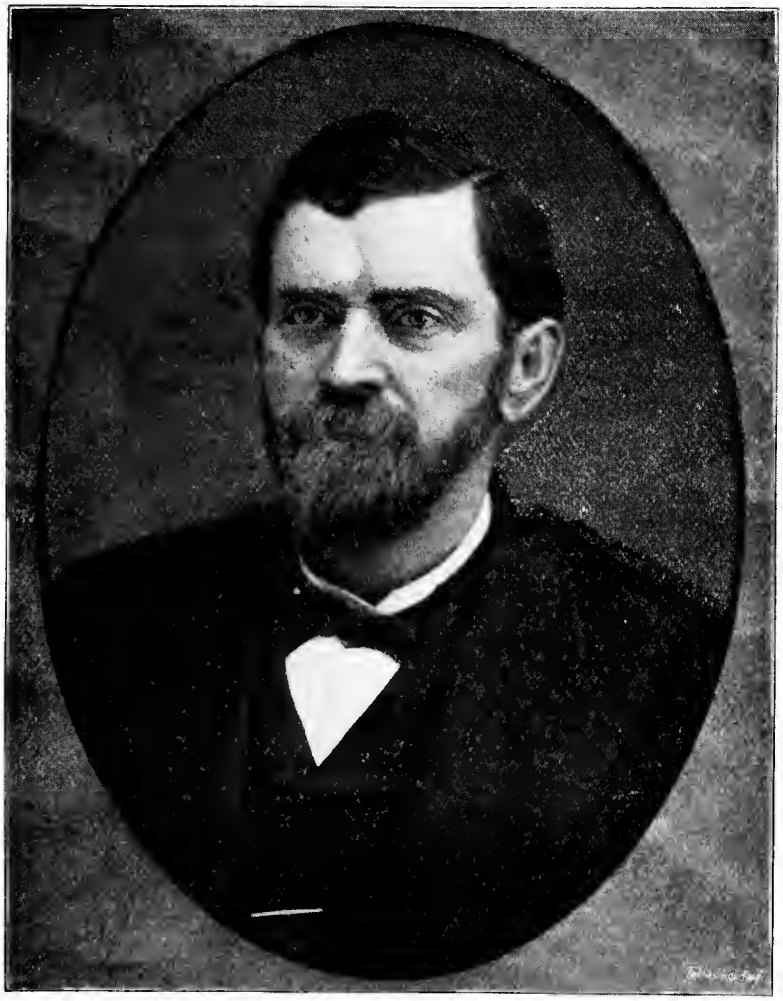
The question of arming the slaves divided public opinion, and was freely discussed, many of the slave-holders in Congress, and the newspapers, openly proclaiming the use of negro soldiers but the entering wedge of abolition.

Many doubted the capacity and fidelity of the negro as a soldier, but the Confederate generals were known to advocate their enlistment.

General Ewell, who commanded in the "Department of Henrico," declared that the employment of negroes in the trenches around Richmond would relieve fifteen thousand white soldiers who could be used on the enemy's front, and thus make an important accession to our force actually in the field.

Pollard says: "The majority of the Confederate army were probably in favor of the experiment of negro soldiers; and many who doubted their efficiency at the front, were persuaded they might be made useful in other parts of the military field."

The subject was discussed so much, so timidly, and worn so thread-bare, that nothing practical was evolved until March,



COL. A. T RAINEY,
First Texas Regiment.

when the President was authorized "to ask and accept from the owners of slaves as many able-bodied negroes as he might deem expedient, to perform military service in any capacity he might direct, and providing that nothing in the act should be construed to alter the relations existing between master and slave."

This only resulted in raising two pet companies in Richmond, which was then too late for military service. They only paraded in the capitol square to "induce other sable recruits."

As late as April 2nd, General Lee wrote to the President: "I have been willing to detach officers to recruit negro troops, and sent in the names of many who are desirous of recruiting companies, battalions, or regiments, to the War Department. After receiving the general orders on that subject, establishing recruiting depots in the several States, I supposed that this mode of raising the troops was preferred. I will continue to submit the names of those who offer for the service, and whom I deem competent, to the War Department; but among the numerous applications which are presented, it is difficult for me to decide who are suitable for the duty. I am glad your Excellency has made an appeal to the governors of the States, and hope it will have a good effect. R. E. LEE."

The belief now became firmly fixed in the minds of all, after the failure of the "peace commission," that if the South was subjugated, not only the negroes would be freed, but the lands of Southern men would be confiscated. The idea now was a desperate resistance, not only against the armed invader, but for the possession of home and all most sacred to all classes.

At the capital there was much gloom and despondency. The doors of the executive mansion were not opened for receptions, at stated periods, as before—where soldiers from the field, citizens and ladies all lent their presence to the social life, and Mrs. Davis dispensed the hospitality of the Southern "White House" with grace and dignity.

Not only public calamity had followed the events of the war, but affliction had invaded the home-circle of President Davis, and he mourned the death of his son who had been suddenly killed by a painful accident, which drew forth the sympathy of the people. In the midst of young life and boyish play, his foot had slipped, precipitating him down a flight of stone steps, producing concussion of the brain, and unexpectedly closing a life, in the opening of existence, so dear to the hearts of parents and friends.

Bowed with anguish, smitten with grief, the President, with noble self-abnegation, stifled the cries of his own agony, and bravely went forth amongst his people, a model for all to copy—

his hand still steady, holding the helm of State, still striving to steer their bark amid the troubled waters which threatened to engulf all.

The grandeur of his character seems to need no other witness than the fact that his public duties were not neglected at this critical hour. He never took time to indulge the luxury of sorrow for his lost boy. In his sad, pale face could be read the tale of his gnawing misery, coupled with the sublime uplifting of his nature above earthly things, and a fixed reliance upon the God he so humbly worshiped.

The newspapers were, some of them, filled with bitter denunciations of the acts of the administration, and criticisms on the military situation. They were ever ready to denounce a measure or a campaign after it had failed of its object, and frequently, by their gratuitous advice about undefended postions, revealed much of our weakness to the enemy, giving information on points they could not otherwise have obtained.

The President chafed under this, but treated it with lofty contempt. General Lee expressed himself in this manner in conversation with a Southern senator:

"We made a great mistake in the beginning of our struggle, and I fear, in spite of all we can do, it will prove a fatal mistake."

"What mistake is that, general?"

"Why, sir! at the beginning, we appointed our worst generals to command the armies, and all our best generals to edit the newspapers. As you know, I have planned some compaigns and quite a number of battles. I have given the work all the care and thought I could, and sometimes, when my plans were completed, so far as I could see, they seemed to be perfect. But when I have fought them through, I have discovered defects, and occasionally wondered I did not see some of the defects in advance. When it was all over, I found by reading a newspaper, that these best editor generals saw all the defects plainly from the start. Unfortunately, they did not communicate their knowledge to me, until it was too late. I have no ambition but to serve the Confederacy, and do all I can to win our independence. I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, and have not succeeded as I wish. I am willing to yield my place to these best generals, and will do my best for the cause editing a newspaper.

"Even as poor a soldier as I am, I can generally discover mistakes after it is all over But if I could only induce these wise gentlemen, who see so clearly beforehand, to communicate with

me in advance, instead of waiting until the evil has come upon us, it would be far better for my reputation, and (what is of more consequence), far better for the cause."

* * *

Perhaps our readers have had some curiosity with regard to the subject of dress at this time, as feminines have always had the reputation for a partiality to indulge themselves in this particular. Silks, satins or velvets were not procurable at all, but a few merchants at the capital, with an eye to business, ran risks of blockade runners, and kept themselves supplied, to a limited extent, with a nice quality of woolen goods. The prices were, however, fearful to contemplate, fifty dollars per yard for a good article of merino (the cashmere of the present day), forty for alpaca, thirty for calico and bleached domestic, seventy-five for white Irish linen, and twenty for unbleached domestic, and a cotton dress goods manufactured at the Alamance mills in North Carolina, which bore the trade-mark, "Alamance Plaid." This was quite the style, made up with a cape of the same, and afforded quite a respectable street dress. Embroideries, laces, trimming of any kind could not be purchased at any price, nor was much time consumed in making it by hand, as more important work was pressing.

The mills at Manchester, just across the river from Richmond, manufactured a good article of woolen cloth, both grey and black, which became quite fashionable for cloaks made in the style of a long, loose sacque falling to the bottom of the skirt, with straps crossing at the back of the waist, confined with buttons, shaping it to the figure. With a cape, this cloak served the two-fold purpose of wrap and dress, as it effectually concealed the costume beneath, and made double-breasted, closing with two rows of buttons, was quite a stylish outfit.

Old dresses that had been relegated to the attic, were hunted up, old clothes bags, trunks and chests gave up their long hidden treasures, every scrap of lace or trimming was carefully removed, washed and pressed to do duty elsewhere. It is wonderful how much ingenuity was exhibited. It became common for friends to purchase articles of clothing from each other, especially when those who laid aside colors for mourning, had no use for things unsuitable, and so many were now wearing sombre hues as badges of grief for dear ones slain in battle, or wasted by disease.

There was a regular establishment,—an old clothes bureau—where ladies took articles of wearing apparel they did not need, and exchanged for others, purchasing often two skirts of different colors, and if the material was wool or silk, when cleaned and dyed one color, and made up, lo! a new suit was the result.

Ofter a zouave jacket and skirt was the preference, when the old shirt bosoms of the gentlemen afforded the white vests, linen collars and cuffs of the period.

Women exchanged their ideas and inventions with each other, as all were interested in having the best results from the most limited means, rivalling even the French women in their devices and expedients.

Plaiting wheat straw for making hats, became the fancy-work everywhere, and the different methods and patterns were subjects of absorbing interest.

After the straw was soaked in water all night and plaited (one soon grew expert in manipulating it nimbly), it was then sewed into shape, taken to a milliner and pressed, and if desired black, the dyer again came into requisition. Chicken, goose and bird feathers were used as decorations, and feather flowers were made by a tasteful grouping of colors under practiced hands.

There was quite a trade in the stripped palmetto from South Carolina. This light substance was easily converted into bunches of artificial flowers—the fibre susceptible of being shred into trailing pendants—the hats looking like the light chip substance sometimes so much liked.

With one of these chapeaus poised daintily above a fresh young face, dressed in a costume perhaps manufactured from one worn by her grandmother, with rare old lace, an heir-loom in her family. shading throat and wrists, the Confederate beauty was an entrancing picture to all beholders—queen regnant over all the disadvantages of her situation.

Cloth shoes were worn at this time, and here again woman's skill found a solution for the problem of being nicely shod. A pattern was obtained from an old pair of shoes, the upper part cut from the discarded broadcloth unmentionables of male relatives, neatly stitched together and then soled by the shoemaker for ten or twenty dollars. It is wonderful how many pairs one garment would supply, and how long they would last with constant wearing.

I have heard of wooden sabots being made and worn in the Confederacy, similar to those in use by the European peasantry, but never knew of any made at Richmond.

The hosiery of males and females was knit at home by hand, every spare moment the females of all classes devoting themselves to knitting socks for the soldiers.

The cotton was raised in the South, carded and spun by hand, and then knit. Both young and old took great pleasure in this work for the soldiers, the common suffering bringing forth that divine smypathy inherent in every breast, and finding expression in every act, possible, for the benefit of others.

Often when sending off a box of clothing to some particular command (it went impartially where most needed), girls would amuse themselves slipping in tiny notes, with their names and addresses, and some kind wish for the soldier who happened to get the articles. What fun was anticipated as they pictured the expression on the face of the unknown recipient, when a message was found snugly tucked into the toe of a pair of socks, and read far away in camp!

Occasionally letters of thanks would be returned, a correspondence would ensue, and acquaintances were formed thus unceremoniously which were often a pleasure to recall. Thus interwoven with the dark skein of sadness and grief were golden threads that brightened the whole by contrast, and lent a radiance to the surroundings, while over all events both of a public or personal nature, hung the mystic halo of romance, that indescribable charm so pleasing, yet so difficult to analyze.

It suited woman's fancy to sit day by day preparing some article for the unknown soldier, and dreaming, as she wrought, of the hero for whom she was devoting all her time, who wore the Confederate gray, upon tented field and bloody battle plain, fighting the battles of their common country.

The reflection of this care upon the soldier, when such additions to his tattered, worn clothing were replaced by fresh garments daintily wrought, speaking in unmistakable tones that while they suffered, there were those to sympathize, and while they marched in heat or cold, or met in deadly conflict, there were those to bind up every wound, and to pray God's eternal blessing to rest upon and give strength for the occasion, must have been powerful in its mighty stimulus to fresh exertion.

Woman's encouragement and support never faltered; she never grew weary. Her zeal was unremitting, her industry indefatigable. She met the demands of the hour with a bravery unsurpassed, and acted her part so nobly as to forever refute the old allegation of the weak dependence of Southern woman. She, literally, forgot herself, and all the inconveniences and hardships of her lot, and became the stay and comfort to others in this darkest hour of her beloved country's existence. During the devastation in the valley of Virginia, one of the Federal generals was asked why he waged war against the women.

"Because, madam, but for you women the South would have been subjugated long ago."

Among the wounded of the Texas brigade left upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, was Colonel R. M. Powell, of the 5th regiment. When General Lee's army was withdrawn, he was taken prisoner. His wound was in the arm, and after receiving

a little attention from the field surgeon, he was able to walk around and survey the havoc of the terrible harvest of death.

Wandering about listlessly, with the crushing reflection that he was a prisoner for an indefinite length of time, anxious for the army that had dared so much in storming the grim heights by which he was surrounded, and shocked at the dumb misery and suffering of a battle-field, he saw upon a plateau, where a lot of wounded confederates were gathered, a group of ladies at work, relieving their wants and ministering to their necessities. He stood at a respectful distance, and watched them intently. One, in particular, attracted most of his attention, and as she passed and gave a kind word and some trifling service to the dusty soldiers who wore the gray, she seemed an angel of mercy. Others were there, but none seemed quite so womanly tender, none so sympathetic of human suffering, as this fair-haired young lady, who seemed to forget she was doing something unusual, and was wholly absorbed in the duties before her, without regard to anybody's opinion.

The question arose, who were these ladies, so refined and modest, caring for the Confederates with such a homelike air of proprietorship? Was it possible the despised rebels had friends within the lines of the enemy, friends who were working in an organized manner, seemingly bound together for the purpose?

Upon inquiry, he learned that they were members of the Confederate Relief Association of Baltimore, and had come down to the Gettysburg battle-field, with a car load of supplies, in charge of a committee, to relieve the sufferings of the wounded Confederates, and do whatever was required for their comfort. Committees from other female relief corps were on the ground, attending to the Federal wounded, but no others devoted themselves exclusively to the gray jackets.

With nothing to do, and time hanging heavily upon his hands, he almost wished he had been more severely hurt, so he, too, could be the recipient of such care from true woman. With his arm only in a sling, however, and able to walk about, there was slim chance for him to be noticed, when there were so many pitiful wrecks of humanity suffering extreme torture that even a cup of cold water could alleviate.

The long, hot, July day passed, and from his position under a tree he took in all the surroundings.

Perhaps there is nothing to a man quite so fascinating as to watch a woman's movements around the helpless and suffering. There is something in her nature then shining forth most resplendent, something unexpectedly independent and helpful, an intuitive grasping of the requirements of the occasion, and a tact

proclaiming her mistress of the occasion, that is incomprehensible to the sterner sex.

He can proclaim and demand his rights, dare to defend them with his heart's blood; can march up boldly to the cannon's mouth amid showers of shot and shell, and plant his colors upon contested battlements, quivering with victory and inspired by shouts of the conqueror. When the hapless victims of strife faint and fall smitten with disease or the missiles of destruction, then he stops in despair,—he does not understand how to deal with this. He is willing to render assistance, God knows he is willing to do all he can, and would dive down into his pocket and draw forth his last dime to pay somebody to soothe their agony. 'Tis then, most of all, he values the deft hand of woman, and is amazed to see the power she exerts by even a touch upon the fevered brow, the simple act of bathing the dusty face or holding a cooling draught to the parched lips.

One of his fellow prisoners rallied the Texan on his absorbing interest, when he exclaimed: "Laugh at me, if you will, but I intend to marry that fair-haired girl over yonder, if I ever get a chance. I've been noticing her all day, and that kind of a woman has always been my ideal of a wife."

"Well," said the other, "that would be a genuine romance, to find your wife upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, amongst the wounded."

"Stranger things have happened, and that may also become true."

Colonel Powell finally concluded to approach the ladies, and became engaged in conversation with some of them, who seemed friendly. He learned there were two sisters in the party, the Misses Grace, of Baltimore, Spanish residents of the city, who owned large estates in Cuba, were slave owners, and amongst the most prominent of that class known as Southern sympathizers. They had spent large sums of money in relieving the wants of Southern soldiers in prison, had excited some hostility with the extremists of the opposite side, but claiming protection under the Spanish flag, were accorded respect and deference by reason of their social position and influence.

The elder sister gave him her address, and requested him to write her when he reached his prison.

He told her about his friends, and the circumstances of his capture. Being a whole-souled woman, alive to every good work, she promised to look after him while an exile, and to render him any service in her power.

He was, of course, delighted, but too wise to request an introduction to her sister, who was busy with other matters, and in-

different to those slightly wounded. With her he got no opportunity to exchange a single word.

By that mysterious magnetism which attracts persons to one another, she, too, had noticed the gallant Texan, and by an intuitive knowledge, read in his eyes, even at a short distance, the intense interest she had awakened, though seemingly too careless, or shy from the revelation, to break the spell by gliding into an acquaintance through the conventional medium of conversation.

Towards evening, the arrangements being complete, the guards gathered the prisoners together (they had been on parole all day) and prepared to take them on the train to their distant prison.

Remembering her promise, with the address safely stowed away for future reference, the only solace for his lonely lot, it is not to be wondered he cherished her kindness. With no friend north of Mason and Dixon's line, he determined to open a correspondence, which would at least be a relief to the monotonous routine of prison life.

His place of destination proved to be Johnson's Island, and as soon as he became settled in his new quarters, with no hope of an early exchange, he wrote Miss Grace, at Baltimore, and requested the pleasure of a regular correspondence, as one of the greatest benefits she could bestow.

When the letter came, the lady, being much engaged with her numerous committees and works of philanthropy, requested her sister to reply. The correspondence grew to be quite interesting, and was the one gleam of brightness to his forlorn existence.

Many delicacies and donations of money came from this source, which somewhat chafed the pride of the haughty Southron, but which he was compelled to accept or endure privation, so making a virtue of necessity, took it in the manner intended, and was grateful that Providence had given him a friend in a land of alien strangers.

After several months had passed, and letters always eagerly read, he ventured to enquire about her sister, when lo! he made the discovery she it was who had so graciously replied to all his epistles.

The Gordian knot was already untied in such a singular manner as to be amusing. Writing to one woman for the sake of another, and then to know it was she who was taking an interest in him, seemed marvelously fortunate. It is needless to relate that he followed up his advantage, which perhaps through no other means would have been so successful.

Letters are white-winged messengers of peace. Soul speaks to soul through this medium as nowhere else possible, and the best

impulses of our being there find expression which are frequently checked in personal contact by that unexplained sense of the presence of another, always a check upon the most glowing thought. When writing letters, we turn as it were, from the world and its busy care; its rude jars and jostles do not there intrude, but fancy rambles, with that other spirit with whom we are communing, in a realm set apart from the rest of the world. Our best expressions convey the ideas we cherish; we sit down together in our holiest of holies, that sacred precinct of our imperial being where so few are allowed to enter, and there reveal long-treasured secrets and grandly soaring aspirations, otherwise masked by policy or bound hand and foot by the trammels of pride.

The best we have at our earthly disposal is served with a relishing variety of humor and repartee, and given without stint to our friend, and a spiritual kinship is revealed and recognized, which becomes the charm and perfume of existence, with its subtle essence lingering around our pathway ever afterwards amid the most checkered scenes of life.

After months of an interchange of thought like this, to grow more tender seemed a natural result. Did they not know one another better than if meeting casually in the usual way? Was not theirs a true bond of feeling?

Plighting mutual vows of constancy, they promised to devote themselves to one another through life.

Miss Grace now made every attempt possible to effect Colonel Powell's exchange, but failed, after many disappointing trials. She never despaired, as her acquaintance with influential officials was very extensive.

Finally, when General Grant decided upon the exchange of prisoners, his case was one of the first brought to notice.

Friends who had learned to sympathize with this war romance, gave her every assistance, and the glad news was telegraphed to Johnson's Island that he would soon be free again.

When he reached Baltimore she met him at the provost marshal's office, and there, in the presence of military officials and her own friends, they were married,—married to a man with whom she had never spoken until plighting their vows together.

After tearfully bidding adieu to her mother and sisters, and supplied with an abundance of gold, she stepped on board the flag of truce boat and was soon on her way to Fortress Monroe, going with her stranger husband to throw her fortunes with the Confederacy.

They reached Richmond, and leaving her at the hotel, he came out to the camp of the Texas brigade and reported for duty.

There, of course, he was gladly welcomed. He was invited to our quarters, and relating his experience in prison, his marriage under such strange circumstances, he exacted a promise I should meet his wife very soon.

Next day I called while in the city, and found her a lovely lady, both in person and character.

Everything to her seemed strange at the seat of war, but the strangest of all was not being able to purchase articles she thought necessary when she had plenty of money. We had so gradually reached the present state of affairs as hardly to realize what we had undergone, but to be suddenly thrown into the Confederacy, when want was staring everybody in the face, must have been a dreadful transition to one who had seen only the most luxurious side of existence.

She, however, bravely accepted the situation with its inconveniences, and made herself at home as much as possible, frequently coming down to our camp cabin and envying us our position. Separation from Colonel Powell seemed to oppress her with fear.

As there was no better place, he found her a quiet location to board on the Lynchburg road. She went off, in company of an orderly detailed for the purpose, with the understanding when I vacated my place in the spring, she would return and take possession. Unexpected events, however, were to occur that dissipated all those plans, which will hereafter be related.

* * *

The subsistence of the armies, as before stated, was almost in a state of exhaustion. The assistant commissary-general testified before a secret committee of Congress: "On the 5th of December I brought the condition of affairs to the attention of the Secretary of War, coupling it with a statement of subsistence on hand, which showed nine days rations on hand for General Lee's army, and quoting his letters that day received, stating that his men were deserting on account of short rations. I urged prompt action, but none was taken." On December 14th, nine days afterwards, General Lee telegraphed Mr. Davis that his army was without meat.

In January, in secret session of Congress, the following report was made:

"*First.* There was not meat enough in the Southern Confederacy for the armies in the field.

"*Second.* There was not in Virginia either meat or bread enough for the armies within her limits.

"*Third.* That the bread from other places depended absolutely upon keeping open railroad connections of the South.

"*Fourth.* That the meat must be obtained from abroad, through a sea-port, and by a different system from that which had hitherto prevailed.

"*Fifth.* That the bread could not be had by impressment, but must be paid for at market rates.

"*Sixth.* That the payment must be made in cash, which, so far, had not been furnished; and, if possible, in a better medium than treasury scrip.

"*Seventh.* That the transportation was not adequate, from whatever cause, to meet the necessary demands of the service.

"*Eighth.* That the supply of fresh meat to General Lee's army was precarious; and if the army fell back from Richmond and Petersburg, there was every possibility that it would cease altogether."

The true state of affairs was not generally known outside of official circles; the army, it was true, lived on greatly reduced rations, but the brave spirits, who had borne so much, treated the matter rather as a joke, and laughed at their own discomfiture, consoling themselves that "Marse Bob," their hero, was sharing their privations, and were all devoted to a sublime cause —that of justice, and the right to govern themselves.

Congress was totally unable to grasp the vastness of the subject, and provide anything tangible, although they enacted, during the last days of the session, a scheme for raising several millions in specie to purchase supplies from "those persons in the Confederacy who were no longer willing to take scrip for their commodities." This, however, was never put into execution.

The love for General Lee was one of the most touching peculiarities of the soldiers of the army under his care. They knew he had their personal welfare always near his heart. It is related that one night some soldiers were overheard discussing the tenets of atheism around their camp fire, when a rough, honest fellow cut short the discussion by saying: "Well, boys, the rest of us may be developed from monkeys; but I tell you none less than a God could have made such a man as 'Marse Robert.'"

One day he met a gallant Georgian coming to the rear during a fight, whose right arm was badly shattered. "I grieve for you, my poor fellow," said the great chief; "can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, sir!" replied the brave boy with a proud smile, "you can shake hands with me, general, if you will consent to take my left hand."

General Lee cordially grasped the hand of the ragged hero, spoke a few kind words, which he would never forget, and sent him on his way rejoicing that he had the privilege of suffering under such a leader.

While reconnoitering the countless hosts opposed to them, one of his subordinates exclaimed: "I wish those people were all dead."

General Lee, with that illimitable grace of manner peculiar to him, promptly rejoined: "How can you say that, general? Now I wish they were all at home, attending to their own business, and leaving us to do the same."

"He rarely ever slept in a house—never outside his lines. He never allowed his mess to draw from the commissary more than they were entitled to, and not unfrequently he sat down to dinner meagre in quality and scant in quantity. He was exceedingly abstemious in his own habits. He never used tobacco, and rarely took even a glass of wine. Whisky or brandy he did not drink, and did all in his power to discourage their use in others."

More than once he refused to promote an officer who drank too freely, saying: "I can not consent to place in the control of others one who can not control himself."

A good deal has been written about the famous dinner of sweet potatoes to which Marion, the American partisan, invited the British officer. General Lee considered himself fortunate when he had a good supply of sweet potatoes or a jug of buttermilk.

General Ewell said, "that being at General Lee's headquarters, before the evacuation of Petersburg, the general insisted upon his sharing his lunch, which he found to be two sweet potatoes, of which he was very fond."

Upon another occasion, General Lee proposed to treat some of his officers, remarking, "I have just received a demijohn, which I know is of the best." The demijohn, tightly corked, was produced, drinking vessels were brought out, and all gathered round in eager expectancy, when the general filled the glasses and cups to the brim—not with old cognac or bourbon, but with fresh butter-milk, which a kind lady, knowing his taste, had sent him. He seemed greatly to enjoy the evident disappointment of some of the company. when they ascertained the true character of their treat. Luxuries, which friends sent for his mess-table, went regularly to the sick and wounded in the hospital, and he was accustomed to say: "I am content to share the rations of my men."

Being invited to dine, upon one occasion, where an elegant dinner was served, he declined the rich viands offered him, dined on bread and beef, and quietly said, in explanation, to the lady of the house: "I can not consent to be feasting while my poor soldiers are nearly starving."

In November, 1863, the city council of the city of Rich-

mond passed a resolution to purchase for him an elegant mansion, as a small token of the esteem in which he was held by the city he had so long defended. His home, Arlington, near Washington, was in the hands of the United States government. The White House, on York river, the home of Washington's early wedded life, which had descended to Mrs. Lee as great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, had been ruthlessly burned by Federal officers, his splendid estates had passed from under his control, and his salary, in Confederate scrip, was inadequate to support his invalid wife and daughters. These facts were known to the city authorities, hence their action.

When General Lee heard of it, he wrote to the president of the council: "I assure you, sir, no want of appreciation of the honor conferred upon me by this resolution, or insensibility to the kind feelings which prompted it, induces me to ask, as I respectfully do, that no further proceedings be taken with reference to the subject. The house is not necessary to the use of my family, and my own duties will prevent my residence in Richmond.

"I should therefore be compelled to decline the generous offer, and I trust that whatever means the city council may have to spare for this purpose, may be devoted to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field, who are more in want of assistance and more deserving than I myself."

Once, while going from Petersburg to Richmond, he was quietly occupying a seat on the train. The car was full, and a rollicking set of young officers were laughing and making sport at somebody's expense. An old lady, on a visit to her wounded son in a hospital, walked down the car, but none of the gallants offered her a seat, but poked fun at her when she modestly asked for a place. When she reached General Lee he courteously rose—"Madam, take this seat."

Instantly several vacated their places, offering them to him, as they recognized their great leader, and sought to undo the stupid blunder they had committed in such a presence.

"Thank you," he replied, "I prefer to stand. I am glad to be able to vacate my place for this lady." Their chagrin was a severe lesson, which doubtless they never forgot, while the old lady was overpowered by his attention.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Desertions in the Ranks—General Hood Still the Idol of the Texans—Extracts from Letters—Presentation of Golden Stars from a Lady of Texas to the Bravest Privates of the Brigade—Review of the Troops by President Davis, Generals Lee, Longstreet and others—Health of the Soldiers—Eulogy to a Private Soldier—Fight at Hatcher's Run—Disasters in the Valley—Sheridan's Raid—General Lee Confers with Regard to Evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg—Decides to Attack Fort Stedman—Friends Advise Leaving Virginia—General Grant Attacks General Lee—Leaving Winter Quarters—Confederates Repulsed at Five Forks—Death of General A. P. Hill—General Lee's Message to the President that Richmond Must be Evacuated—Texas Brigade the last to Leave the Lines North of the James River—Retreat from Petersburg—Richmond at Evacuation—Consternation of the People—Departure of the Government Officials—Burning of Confederate Stores and Private Property—Plundering of the Rabble—Federal Troops Enter Richmond—Proclamation to the People—Wild Frenzy of Delight at the North.

The Texas brigade still retained its spirit and courage, although the officers were a good deal worried to find that some of their men were coolly taking "French leave," becoming discouraged from hunger, privation, poor supply of clothing, and deciding to give up the fight, and return to their necessitous families.

President Davis says: "This absence, without leave, could not be called desertion, as the men did not go over to the enemy."

In spite of the harsh criticism of their own senator, Wigfall, the Texans still had confidence in the military genius of General Hood, and freely discussed his disasters in the West, affirming positively, if he had commanded the same material as his own brigade, he would not have been so unsuccessful. He was still their idol, and they reverently gathered up his faded laurels and crowned him anew their hero, and the greatest of Confederate leaders, save Generals Lee and Jackson.

They had followed upon too many hard-fought battle-fields his low, thrilling "forward!" where victory had so signally followed their efforts, to learn now that he was incompetent as a military leader. They knew better, and only blamed his undisciplined army, which had never been united under any one commander, as the Army of Northern Virginia was under General Lee.

Everything remained very quiet along the lines below Richmond, until during the night of February 3d, an order came

from headquarters, for the brigade "to be ready for action at daylight."

During the "wee sma hours" Colonel Winkler ate his frugal breakfast, and was soon away, leaving me with the harrowing fear of another attack.

The morning, however, wore away. All was quiet in the direction of the camp. Towards noon a messenger was seen approaching by my servant, who had been on the alert, who bore the following note: "So far there is not the shadow of a prospect for a fight. Our own scouts, who are rarely ever deceived, say that at sunset last evening, the Federal lines were as heretofore, except that on one portion infantry were doing picket duty, where cavalrymen had hitherto stood. Having not learned the cause of last night's alarm, expect to have the pleasure of dining with you at the usual hour."

Thus ended this small excitement, and everything at camp and headquarters resumed its usual quiet routine.

Extract of letters to Mrs. Littlefield, by her husband:

"NEAR RICHMOND, February 17, 1865.

"Will send this by Colonel Dancy, who spent last night with us, and starts for Texas to-morrow We have been enjoying the visits of friends who come out to see us. General Jack Baylor is with us nearly every Saturday, and stays until Monday. He is fine company. Colonel Powell and lady dined with us a day or two ago. He married a Baltimore lady at the provost marshal's office as he passed through that city, an exchanged prisoner. She is quite a nice lady. Have little news of interest. We are dreading the coming campaign. It will be hotly contested. The consolidation bill has passed, but I do not believe it will be put into practical effect this spring. Negroes will be put in the army. We must cheeerfully acquiesce in the laws of our land. I hope it will work well, but will be the death blow to slavery. Now, this is a war for life, liberty and happinesss for the whites. Our troops are in fine spirits and doing well. Many have deserted and returned to their homes; am glad to say none left from Company E. Will go to Richmond to-morrow for a Presbyterian minister to come out and stay a few days in camp.

"February 22d.—Again, I have the pleasure of saying all well at Richmond. Various propositions are being discussed by the troops, and the public; the most important is 'negro soldiers.' All are in favor of it, willing to 'cast the bread upon the waters,' hoping we will find it again. All is night with us. We cannot fathom the future, and shrink from speculating on our fate or future locality; all depends on events now transpiring. Sher-

man must be whipped, or he will run all over the Confederacy. General Hood is in Richmond, but has not yet called on his old brigade; his men have the same faith in him, and idolize him as much as ever. Colonel Sexton was out Saturday and stayed until Monday. We have a pleasant camp and much company, but how I long for home. What would I not give to see you once more—everything but honor. We have our trials but not above measure.

"The greatest campaign of the war will soon commence; how it will go, God only knows. We have our part to perform, do our duty faithfully, trusting to God. Must acknowledge I dread coming events, but we have no alternative."

Two events occurred during the time spent in winter quarters of interest.

One was the presentation of five golden stars, sent from Texas by a lady, who stated they were made of gold too precious for ordinary use—the gift of some lost loved one she considered sacred, and wished to bestow them as testimonials to the bravest privates of the Texas brigade.

A committtee was appointed to designate who should be entitled to wear these stars, and their presentation was an impressive scene, the committee declaring that amongst so many valiant men, it was the most difficult task of their lives. I was present at the ceremony and kept for years a newspaper clipping of the occasion, but at this time am unable to give the names of those favored, which is a matter of deep regret.

The other event of importance was a review of the troops on the north side of the James river, by President Davis, Generals Longstreet, Field and others, which was a most imposing military spectacle. Everything was in trim, the men with their polished muskets glistening in the sunshine, clothing as neat as possible under the circumstances, gallant officers riding along their front, handsomely accoutered, receiving the salutes of the men, and ever and anon pausing to acknowledge a demonstration of respect, while the bands played their most inspiring and exhilarating airs.

This was the only time I ever saw General Longstreet, whose whole bearing was soldierly and expressive of determined and persistent action.

The review was such a brilliant pageant, and excited so much admiration for the military, it was hard to realize all these men and officers were living upon the scantiest rations possible.

At this time the men were drawing one pound of bacon for a mess of eight men, and flour in proportion, yet, strange to say, they were athletic and strong. No dyspepsia troubled their

dreams, no liver complaint paralyzed their energies and befuddled their brains, and at no time during life, or the four years' struggle, was their physical health so perfect.

Rheumatism sometimes gave them twinges of pain from the exposure they had suffered, but a novel method of cure often overcame the malady. A huge fire would be made in the tent chimney, the patient's cot placed so his feet were directly in front, and soon the good effects of "baking the feet" before the fire was manifest, and he was able to resume his duties. If one man had two pairs of shoes, and his comrade was in need, one pair was always handed over to the other. In like manner, all articles of clothing were shared, drawing them together in the bonds of brotherly love and common suffering. There was no murmuring at their seeming destitution. They literally lived above the disagreeables of the present, "with a heart for every fate." Too much eulogy can never be given to the privates of the Confederate ranks.

A writer of the period beautifully expresses his sentiments thus:

"The hero of this war is the private soldier; the humble and honest patriot of the South, in his dirt-stained clothes, who toils through pain and hunger and peril; who has no reward but in the satisfaction of good deeds; who throws his poor, unknown life away at the cannon's mouth, and dies in that single flash of glory. How many of these heroes have been laid in unmarked ground, the nameless graves of self-devotion. But the ground where they rest is in the sight of heaven. Nothing kisses their graves but the sunlight; nothing mourns for them but the sobsing wind; nothing adorns their dust but the wild flowers that have grown on the bloody crust of the battle-field. But not a Southern soldier has fallen in this war without the account of heaven, and death makes its registry of the pure and brave on the silver page of immortal life."

When the troops on the north side of the James had been ordered to be in readiness for an attack on the morning of February 4th, it indicated some movement of the enemy, which became manifest on the south side of the river on February 6th, when Pegram's division of General Lee's army was attacked by cavalry and infantry in large numbers. "The battle raged fiercely for hours, over a space of ground not more than five hundred yards in width. Every effort of the Federals to break through the Confederate lines, was repulsed. Mahone's division came up and reported late in the afternoon, and was formed between the other two, when the three divisions made a spirited advance, and drove the enemy, in the greatest disorder, from the field to his

fortifications on Hatcher's Run. The pursuit was continued until after dark. General Pegram fell in the last charge, just before Mahone's division came up."

This was the only important military event for several weeks, and the quiet remained unbroken, but the situation was watched with eager anxiety.

Towards the latter part of February, General Sheridan had again began to "ride up" the valley of the Shenandoah, leaving Hancock in command at Winchester On reaching Waynesboro, a battle occurred between Early's and Custer's divisions, which resulted in the rout of the Confederates.

Sheridan captured about thirteen hundred prisoners, nearly all of Early's little command, which indeed fell an easy prey to the magnificent cavalry. Early himself escaped with difficulty. Some of his staff officers, and his personal baggage, were captured.

Charlottesville surrendered the next day, and from this point Sheridan moved, on March 6th, in two columns, southward, toward the James. One division, under General Devan, took a directly southern course to Scottsville, destroying all mills, merchandise and bridges on the line of march and along the Rivanna river to Columbia. The other division proceeded down the railroad to Lynchburg, destroying it as far as Amherst, a distance of forty miles.

From Scottsville, Devan's division proceeded westward along the bank of the James, destroying every lock on the canal as far as Dungaldsville, twenty miles from Lynchburg. Not being able to cross the James on account of high water, Sheridan moved round the north side of Richmond, and crossing at Deep Bottom, joined General Meade's army south of Petersburg.

The destruction accomplished by this raid was immense. A Federal correspondent, who accompanied the expedition, boasted that "two million dollars worth of provisions and war material were destroyed in a single day."

Pollard says: "The damage to the Kanawa and James River canal was irreparable; as to the railroads between Waynesboro and Charlottesville, Charlottesville and Amherst Court House, and Louisa Court House and the South Anna, and between Chesterfield Station and the Chickahominy river, every bridge, nearly every culvert, and scores of miles of the railroad itself, has been completely destroyed; and in thirteen counties traversed by this expedition, mills of various kinds, tobacco warehouses, manufactured and leaf tobacco, and various other kinds of private property, were pillaged or destroyed."

"About the the middle of February," says Jones, in his Life

of General Lee; "in the early part of March, as well as my memory can fix the date," says President Davis; "General Lee held a conference at Richmond with the President, with regard to his evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, and retiring towards Danville, where supplies could be collected and a junction made with General Joseph E. Johnston. The combined forces would then be hurled against Sherman, defeating him, before Grant could come to his relief, hoping that when that general was drawn from his base of supplies, at City Point, that he too might be defeated, and Virginia delivered from the invaders."

A communication from General Hood had been submitted to General Lee by President Davis some time before, advocating the retreat of the Army of Northern Virginia into Middle Tennessee, should Virginia have to be evacuated, but the idea was not at all entertained by General Lee.

Naturally averse to retreating at any time, and loath to abandon his native State to the Federals, should the emergency arise, he deemed it best to proceed towards that part of the country from which his supplies were drawn, and trusting to re-enforcements from the more Southern States and Trans-Mississippi Department, in case of signal success, after a junction was effected with Johnston's army in North Carolina.

General Lee realized how much he would lose, in the event of withdrawal from the Confederate capital, as here was located the principal workshops and foundries for the manufacture and repair of arms and preparation of ammunition, but as there were smaller establishments in the South elsewhere, this difficulty could, in a measure, be overcome.

He also disclosed the fact that it would not be possible to undertake the evacuation, in the quiet manner he desired, until the roads became firmer, and in their present condition his draught horses were too weak to undergo the fatigue.

Supplies were ordered to be collected at depots along the proposed route, and the quartermaster-general instructed to furnish, if possible, larger rations of corn, to improve the condition of the horses, to the quartermaster at Petersburg.

After this conference, he presented the President with the plan of a sortie against the enemy's works to the right of his line, near Fort Stedman, at Hare's Hill. This was designed, if successful, to capture and hold the works on Grant's right, as well as three forts on the commanding ridge in his rear, and would form a breach in his army, threaten his communication with his base at City Point, compel him to move his forces, and relieve the Confederate right, which was being constantly threatened by the extension of Grant's left.

The hazardous undertaking was intrusted to General Gordon, and at four o'clock, on the morning of March 25th, he cautiously advanced, his pioneers cutting with their axes the obstruction of fence rails wrapped with telegraph wire, their ends sharpened and driven in the ground.

The surprise was complete, and but little trouble was found in capturing the first line of works, many prisoners, and several hundred yards of breastworks. In the darkness, some of the men ran to the forts in the rear and gave the alarm, when soon the Federals were up and on the alert, quickly massing both artillery and infantry, but could not dislodge the Confederates.

"A detachment was now sent to seize the commanding ground and works in the rear, where the batteries would soon make an opening in Grant's line."

The guides to this detachment misled it, in the darkness of the foggy dawn, far from the point to which it was directed. This detached force was all either killed or captured, and never rejoined the main army, while General Gordon's position now was exceedingly critical.

The captured fort and works were subjected to a most terrible enfilading fire of shell, grape and canister, and, in the face of a brilliant success, their intrepid leader was compelled to withdraw.

General Gordon said of this attack afterwards: "This attack was regarded by General Lee and myself as most hazardous; but it seemed necessary to do more than sit quietly waiting for General Grant to move upon our right, while each day was diminishing our strength by disease and death. Let me add, that the movement made at Hare's Hill must have proved successful but for the unforeseen and unavoidable miscarriage of our plans."

The people of Richmond and the troops were all in utter ignorance of any conference with regard to the evacuation of Richmond; although some rumors were afloat to that effect, they were considered but the imagination of idle brains, so firm was the belief that the Confederate capital would be held at all hazards.

When Congress adjourned, Col. Stephen F. Darden, one of the Texas representatives, came out to our camp home to pay us a farewell visit. Colonel Winkler was absent on the line attending to his duties, but he said he had decided, as an act of sincere friendship, to give some advice as to future movements.

I will never forget that bright, sunny afternoon, and his grave face and serious manner as he cautiously desired his communications might be considered as confidential. He said he knew positively, but hadn't the liberty to give his authority, that not only Richmond, but Virginia would be evacuated; that in the

event of the army falling back, I would inevitably be left within the Federal lines. Said he: "I have thought the matter over very carefully, and have decided to come out this evening, give you all the facts, and offer, if you will accompany our delegation in Congress to Texas, to conduct you to a place of safety out of the threatened danger."

To me the idea seemed very absurd that Virginia would be abandoned, after so much blood and treasure had been expended in her defense.

I thought only one moment, then replied: "Colonel Darden, I thank you for the kindness, but could not be satisfied in any place of safety where I could get no news from the Texas brigade. I married during the war simply to have a better privilege of caring for Colonel Winkler, if sick or wounded, and now can not think of deserting in time of danger."

"But," he urged, "suppose you are left in Federal lines?"

"Then I must trust in Providence."

When Colonel Winkler arrived, he disclosed his mission, but he approved of my decision, and said he expected I would leave the lines in a few days for a safer retreat, during the coming campaign.

My purpose was to spend the summer at the country home of my sister, twenty-five miles above the city, where I would be in communication with the army.

We both expressed our appreciation of his friendship; but after we had bid him good-bye for the last time as Confederates, we discussed the matter and concluded he was needlessly alarmed—members of the army always considering Congressmen as inclined to look upon the dark side of the cause.

One effect of his visit was to hurry my departure from the lines, and the next day we discussed with Major Littlefield the plan of being my escort, as my husband could not be spared from the direction of his men, with the probability of active operations at any time.

On March 29th, General Grant, quick to retaliate General Lee's attempt to penetrate his lines, began a movement towards the South Side railroad, General Sheridan's cavalry force moving out on the Jerusalem plank road, and reaching Dinwiddie Court House at 4 o'clock in the evening. Simultaneously with this move two corps of infantry had been ordered to march out in a parallel line, while, very secretly, the bulk of Grant's forces on the north side of the James had been transferred to his lines around Petersburg.

The cannonading on that side of the river was distinctly heard during the night, and recognizing that as the opening of the

campaign, decided we should determine our course. We held a council of war and concluded I had better not defer my leaving, but next day go into Richmond, and on Saturday seek my destination for the summer.

It had been agreed that when I left, Mrs. Colonel Powell would occupy my quarters, so leaving for her use such articles of furniture as she might need, with my trunks and servant girl I bade farewell to the pleasant quarters I had occupied so quietly for five months in the immediate vicinity of the enemy No thought intruded that in spite of my reluctance to leave, a merciful Providence was leading me away from dire disaster.

The sun had just risen next morning in Richmond, when the ambulance arrived, attended by Major Littlefield on horseback, and as we made our way out beyond the fortifications to the main road, there was nothing on that peaceful spring morning of April 1st to indicate the fate soon to befall the devoted city so long defended by the flower of Southern chivalry.

I looked my last, that morning, upon my lovely childhood's home—the abode so long of comfort and plenty, where so many happy, blissful years had been passed. My parents had both closed their eyes upon earthly scenes during the early part of the war, and this change seemed now all the harder to endure.

We reached our destination late in the evening. Next morning our kind friend, his Confederate orderly and vehicle started back to the camp of the brigade, to find them on the march, thus unexpectedly changing their position.

On the morning of April 1st, Colonel Powell dispatched a messenger to bring his wife to headquarters, which he sincerely regretted before the day was ended.

That night it became known some movement was on foot, that the Federal troops had, many of them, been removed from the north side of the James, but no surmise had yet been entertained by the Texans of a change. They were occupying their same position to the extreme left of General Lee's infantry line, stretching for twenty miles on both sides of the river

That day they had received the news of the successful repulse, by Pickett's division, of the cavalry line contesting for the prize of the South Side railroad, near Petersburg, and supposed all was going well in that direction.

As soon, however, as this repulse was reported to General Grant, another army corps was rapidly marched to their relief. On April 1st, the combined forces of cavalry and infantry advanced against the Confederates, who were driven from their position at Five Forks in great confusion.

Matters now looked critical for General Lee, who was com-

pelled to retire to his inner line of defenses at Petersburg, and the siege of the city seemed inevitable.

The fighting on April 2nd began at daylight. General Lee's line was assaulted and pierced in three different places, the Federals capturing Fort Mahone, one of the largest forts in the Petersburg defenses.

Here the Confederates made a desperate struggle, but were unable to cope with overwhelming numbers. Here fell the gallant Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, "whose name had been so illustriously connected with the Army of Northern Virginia all during the war."

This severe loss of one whose life, at the beginning of the struggle, had been consecrated to the Southern cause, was a severe blow. but his comrades, afterwards, were consoled by the reflection that he died before our flag was furled in defeat.

The events of the day decided General Lee's course of action, which he disclosed in the following letter to President Davis:

"PETERSBURG, 3 A. M., April 2nd, 1865.

"*His Excellency, Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va.:*

"MR. PRESIDENT:—I have a great desire to confer with you upon our condition, and would have been to Richmond before this, but anticipating movements of the enemy, which have occurred, I feel unwilling to be absent. I have considered our position very critical; but have hoped the enemy might expose himself in some way that we might take advantage of and cripple him.

"Knowing, when Sheridan moved to our right, that our cavalry would be unable to resist successfully his advance upon our communications, I detached Pickett's division to support it. At first, Pickett succeeded in driving the enemy, who fought stubbornly; and, after being re enforced by the 5th corps, United States army, obliged Pickett to recede to the Five Forks on the Dinwiddie Court House and Five Forks road, where, unfortunately, he was defeated. To relieve him, I had to again draw out three brigades under General Anderson, which so weakened our front line, that the enemy last night and this morning, succeeded in penetrating it near the Cox road, separating our troops around the town from those on Hatcher's Run.

"I have directed the troops from the lines on Hatcher's Run to fall back towards Amelia Court House, and I do not see how I can possibly help withdrawing from the city, to the north side of the Appomattox to-night. There is no bridge over the Appomattox above this point, nearer than Goodies' and Bevils' over which the troops above mentioned could cross to the north side,

and be made available to us; otherwise, I might hold the position for a day or two longer, but would have to evacuate it eventually; and I think it better for us to abandon the whole line on the James river to-night, if practicable. I have sent preparatory orders to all the officers, and will be able to tell by night whether or not we can remain here another day; but I think every hour now adds to our difficulties. I regret to be obliged to write such a hurried letter to your Excellency, but I am in the presence of the enemy, endeavoring to resist his advance.

"I am most respectfully and truly yours,

"R. E. LEE, General."

Only a little while after this letter was sent off, the events as before narrated decided General Lee's course, and he sent a telegram to President Davis, and advocated that Richmond be evacuated simultaneously with the withdrawal of his troops.

Longstreet's forces, on the north side of the James, had beeu ordered to move, without any knowledge of their destination, and all day Sunday they were passing through the city to join General Lee at Petersburg.

Being on the extreme left of the line, the Texas brigade was among the last troops to cross the James at Richmond, on Sunday night.

By that time it was generally known that Richmond was to be abandoned. What must have been their feelings, as looking back upon the city they witnessed the splendid structures of the Petersburg and Danville railroad bridges wrapped in flames, the city they had so long defended at the mercy of a lawless element, and the people who had extended to them so much kindness, now helpless and unprotected. Still they went forth with true soldier spirit, prepared for the endurance which they knew must still be their fate, with no thought yet of giving up the struggle, which now assumed the aspect, not only of desperate resistance, but the throes of a fierce despair.

By the time Petersburg was reached, retreat seemed a duty, but to retreat with poor transportation and no supplies, seemed at least a forlorn hope, but the troops did not know the straits to which General Lee was reduced. They did not stop to consider the situation. To follow and obey their leader was their only desire and obligation.

"General Lee's losses were irreparable, though in killed and wounded only about two thousand, but he had lost his entire outer line of defense around Petersburg, and the South Side railroad, his important avenue of supply to Richmond."

The best he could do, therefore, was to evacuate as quietly as

possible during the night, and order supplies of food to meet him at Amelia Court House—his objective point being Danville, as proposed in his conference with the President.

What he had considered a strategic movement, was now assuming the proportions of a dire military necessity.

The morning of Sunday, April 3d, broke clear and cloudless upon the city of Richmond. The balmy zephyrs wafted the fragrance of returning life through the open windows, and gently stirred the foliage, green with the refreshing tints of early spring, sportive birds trilled their choicest melodies. The long streets where lay the glad sunshine, sifting through the branches of the trees, in patches of brightness, seemed restful and peaceful. The homes of refinement and culture assumed their most inviting aspect, and the benisons of Heaven seemed to brood over all the surroundings with that peculiar Sabbath calm which sinks deep into every human heart.

The privations, the trials and hardships of the war had been accepted and borne nobly by a self-sacrificing people, and as each new duty developed, had been taken up and performed with a beautiful consistency which challenged the world by comparison.

Everything in military circles had been so quiet that all suspicion of evil was disarmed. No news was now published, unless sanctioned by the War Department, and everybody rested in fancied security, nor dreamed that the terrors of evacuation were slowly but surely creeping up like a thief in the night, to envelop them in despair, totally obliterate the labor of years, and pour out upon their heads vials of wrath, difficult for the wildest brain to conceive.

Like that other Sunday, so long ago, when the war blast swept for the first time its baleful breath over the Southern land, and John Brown made his raid at Harper's Ferry, the citizens were gathering in the churches to worship their God who had been a refuge in every time of disaster.

President Davis occupied his pew in St. Paul's church, made the responses of the morning service, joined in the hymns of praise, his great soul bowed with the weight of the accumulated troubles of his people, realizing as none other, the extreme peril of the situation, after General Lee's letter, yet seeking at the altar of religion, to gain strength to battle with impending complications.

Into this sacred place, its membership numbering the *elite* of the Old Dominion, came General Lee's messenger with a telegram to the President—interrupting the service. While he read the dispatch, the realization that a reverse had come upon the

army, fell like a thunder-bolt in the midst of the worshipers. Eyes looked wild with misery, faces blanched with fear.

Mr. Davis, sublime in that powerful self-control which never deserted him, rose and quietly left the church, with the same measured tread as usual, to give orders for the withdrawal of the troops on the north side of the James, and to set on foot preparations for the evacuation of the city.

General Lee's message had contained the sad news that his lines were broken in three places, he was compelled to retreat that night, and without delay Richmond must be abandoned by eight o'clock.

An uneasy whisper ran through the congregation, though the contents of the fatal telegram were unknown. Something dreadful had happened, else no dust-stained messenger of defeat would have intruded here.

The minister hastily dismissed his flock. The news flew from lip to lip with lightning-like rapidity, and soon the population knew that the fall of Richmond was a foregone conclusion.

With the tramp of retiring troops so reluctantly passing through the city, and around which they had stood as guardians of safety, was mingled the din of wagons rumbling along the streets laden with boxes and trunks from the departments, and driven to the Danville depot.

Vehicles suddenly rose in value, and fabulous prices were paid for conveyances to haul the valuables of those designing flight with the government. President Davis' family had left the city some time before, and it was arranged that he, his staff and members of the cabinet should leave for Danville at seven o'clock.

The banks opened their doors, and depositors were allowed to withdraw their specie, while that belonging to the government* was hurriedly placed in boxes and taken to the trains, a number of which were expected to leave during the evening.

Confederate money, bonds, bank checks, whitened the sidewalks in every direction. Men tore through the streets wild with frenzy and excitement. Nobody could conjecture what would be their fate—all was lost, and "confusion became more confounded."

The city council held a meeting during the afternoon and agreed that in each ward a committee of citizens should destroy all the liquor in the place, hoping thereby to avert some of the danger from the reckless element.

The train bearing away the last vestige of the Confederacy rolled out of the city at the appointed time. About the hour of

*Afterwards distributed to members of Johnston's Army.

midnight the work of destroying the fiery fluid commenced. "Hundreds of barrels of liquor were rolled into the streets and the heads knocked in. The gutters ran with a liquor freshet, and the fumes filled and impregnated the air. But the evil was not wholly averted. A quantity was obtained by the lawless, and then order ceased to exist. Stores were pillaged and the wild cries of distress, mingled with the yells of druuken rioters. No sleep blessed the eyes of the inhabitants that night, but they were yet to press to their lips a more bitter cup of anguish still.

In conformity with a resolution of Congress long before, from General Ewell's headquarters had been issued the order on Sunday evening, to fire, next morning, the four principal warehouses, to prevent the tobacco from falling into the hands of the enemy.

When this became known to the council, a remonstrance was presented by a committee at thus placing in jeopardy the whole business portion of the city. It availed nothing.

At day-light the order was executed, as well as the one directing the destruction of the armory, powder magazine, the Confederate rams, and scuttling and firing of government vessels lying at the wharf.

The wholesale destruction was impossible to avert. There was nothing for the citizens to do but to submit to the sweeping away of their property with the dazed calmness of utter hopelessness.

An eye-witness says: "Morning broke upon a scene such as those who witnessed it, can never forget. The roar of the immense conflagration sounded in the ears; tongues of flame leaped from street to street, and in its baleful glare were to be seeu, as of demons, the figures of busy plunderers moving, pushing, rioting, through the black smoke, and into the open street, bearing away every conceivable sort of plunder.

"The scene at the commissary depot, at the head of the docks, beggars description. Hundreds of government wagons were loaded with bacon, flour and whisky and driven off in hot haste. Thronged about the depot were hundreds of men, women and children, black and white, provided with capacious bags, baskets, tubs, buckets, tin pans, and aprons, cursing, pushing and crowding, awaiting the throwiug open of the doors and the order to help themselves. About sunrise the doors were opened by the populace and a rush that seemed to carry the building off its foundation, was made, and hundreds of pounds of bacon, flour, etc., gathered there for the use of the army, were swept away by a clamorous crowd." The explosion of the powder magazine, where hundreds of kegs of powder were stored, in the northern suburbs of the city, resulted in the killing and wounding of between thirty and forty people. The shock was tremendous, jar-

ring every house in the city, extinguishing the gas lights and breaking a great quantity of glass in dwellings, and leveling in a shapeless mass some residences to the ground. All this, added to the continuous explosion of shells in the laboratories but seemed to increase the horrors of the situation.

Furniture, hastily removed from the burning buildings, was piled in the streets; upon the grassy slopes, under the trees, were groups of frightened children, homeless and houseless, shrinking in abject fear from the fierce conflict of the elements of destruction, while parents strove in vain to patch up some sort of protection for them from broken tables, dilapidated chairs and carpets torn hurriedly from the floors. Pandemonium reigned supreme.

The efforts of the fire brigade were paralyzed by the magnitude of the havoc of the flames, and made little headway.

The last of the Confederates were gone; the Federals had not yet occupied the place, and the interval of no government, no law, no order, was but the signal for brutality, theft and degrading displays of all unbridled passions turned loose upon a defenceless people that the most reckless imagination could conjure up.

An extract from the *Richmond Whig*, dated April, 1965, says: "After dark on Sunday the council held another conference, and this time, being assured by the Secretary of War that the Confederate pickets would be withdrawn from the Richmond front at three o'clock Monday morning, and that it was calculated the city would be evacnated about night on Sunday, it was determined that a committee of prominent citizens should attend the mayor, with a flag of truce, to the intermediate line of fortifications, and that there he might hand over the city to the general commanding the 'Army of the James.' Judge Lyons, Judge Meredith and several members of the council attended the mayor."

Pollard gives no account of the surrender of the city by the mayor. He says:

"When General Ord withdrew to the lines investing Petersburg, he carried with him exactly one-half of his army; on the north side he left Major-General Weitzel. His command had orders to make as great a show as possible. A silence, complete and absolute, brooded over the contending lines, when the enemy's camp was startled by explosions heard at Richmond.

To Weitzel's brain, the full meaning of the event came home at once, and he did not need the confirmatory lurid light he saw hanging over the Confederate capital to tell him that the hour had come. His orders were to push on whenever satisfied of his ability to enter the city. He dispatched Major A. H. Stevens,

of the 4th Massachusetts cavalry, and Major E. E. Gray, of his staff, with forty cavalrymen, to investigate the condition of affairs. The troops rode steadily into Richmond. On a trot, they proceeded to the capitol, and creeping to its summit, planted the Stars and Stripes,—the colors of the enemy fluttered over the capitol of the Confederacy. On the occupation of the city by General Weitzel, about ten o'clock, he established his headquarters in the capitol, and instituted measures to restore peace.

The citizens felt keenly the irony of fate which decreed that negro troops should be the first to enter the so long beleaguered city, but when General Weitzel at once ordered his soldiers to assist the fire brigade in extinguishing the flames, and by his firm restraint of reckless, insulting conduct on the part of his troops, he won the everlasting gratitude of a people who had suffered all that falls to the lot of mortals to suffer from the terrors of war. By evening, the progress of the flames was checked, but the wreck of fourteen blocks by fire, in width, through the very heart of the city, revealed an aspect of desolation impossible now to retrieve, while the burning and shattering of homes in other parts of the city, by the explosions, completed the loss to individuals of far more importance than the gain of tobacco, gunpowder, etc., would have availed to the United States.

With Confederate money worthless on their hands, little specie in their possession, and no medium of exchange to procure the necessities of existence, in the face of all their difficulties, the military issued rations to the people, who were obliged to accept this assistance, or starve for want of sustenance.

General Weitzel issued the following order, as soon as his headquarters were established:

"HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT ARMY OF THE JAMES,
"RICHMOND, VA., April 3, 1865.

"Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, commanding detachment of the Army of the James, announces the occupation of the city of Richmond by the armies of the United States, under command of Lieutenant-General Grant. The people of Richmond are assured that we come to restore peace, prosperity and freedom, under the flag of the Union.

"The citizens of Richmond are requested to remain, for the present, quietly within their homes, and to avoid all public assemblages or meetings in the public streets. An efficient provost-guard will immediately re-establish order and tranquility during the day. Martial law is, for the present, proclaimed.

"Brigadier-General George F. Shipley, United States Volunteers, is hereby appointed Military Governor of Richmond.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Fred L. Manning, Provost-Marshal-General, Army of the James, will act as Provost-Marshal of Richmond. Commanders of detachments doing guard duty in the city will report to him for instructions.

"By command of

"MAJOR-GENERAL WEITZEL.

"D. D. WHEELER, Asst. Adjt.-Genl."

Brigadier-General G. F. Shipley, having been announced as Military Governor of Richmond, issued the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY GOVERNOR OF RICHMOND,
"RICHMOND, VA., April 3, 1865.

"I. The armies of the rebellion, having abandoned their efforts to enslave the people of Virginia, have endeavored to destroy by fire the capital city, which they could no longer occupy with their arms, Lieutenant-Colonel Manning, Provost-Marshal-General of the Army of the James, and Provost-Marshal of Richmond, will immediately send a sufficient detachment of the provost-guard to arrest, if possible, the progress of the flames. The fire department of the city of Richmond, and all citizens interested in the preservation of the beautiful city, will immediately report to him for duty, and render every possible assistance in staying the progress of the conflagration. The first duties of the armies of the Union will be to save the city doomed to destruction by the armies of the rebellion.

"II. No person shall leave the city of Richmond without a pass from the office of the provost-marshal.

"III. Any citizen, soldier, or any person whatever, who shall hereafter plunder, destroy, or remove, any public or private property of any description whatever, will be arrested and summarily punished.

"IV. The soldiers of the command will abstain from any offensive or insulting words or gestures towards the citizens.

"V No treasonable or offensive expressions, insulting to the flag, the cause, or the armies of the Union, will hereafter be allowed.

"VI. For the exposition of their rights, duties and privileges, the citizens are respectfully referred to the proclamation of the President of the United States in relation to the existing rebellion.

"VII. All persons having in their possession, or under their control, any property whatever of the so-called Confederate States, or of any officer thereof, or the records or archives of any public office whatever, will immediately report the same to Colonel Manning, provost-marshal.

"In conclusion, the citizens of Richmond are assured that with the restoration of the flag of the Union they may expect the restoration of that peace, prosperity and happiness which they enjoyed under the Union, of which that flag is the glorious symbol.

"G. F. SHIPLEY, Brig.-Gen. U. S. A.,
"and Military Governor of Richmond."

Contrary to the expectations of the people, who had so often read the threats in Northern papers with regard to their city, the troops, officers and men, acted with so much quiet deliberation to secure the safety and well-being of the citizens as to awaken a great deal of wonder and appreciation of the leniency of a foe who had so long been thundering at their gates unsuccessfully.

So many "Ons to Richmond" had been hurled back with defeat, that when the prize was at last within their grasp, it seemed to calm every exultant demonstration of delight, and inspire them with those nobler traits of forbearance, forbidding the utter annihilation of crushed hearts.

The spectacle of a beautiful city wrapped in flames lighted by a retiring enemy, of a lawless populace depradating upon the helpless, was such a scene of stupendous misfortune that gross ribaldry was arrested, lips that might have uttered imprecations were silenced, and the schemes of revenge, so long conjured up, were forgotten.

Not a bell was rung, not a bonfire lighted, but quietly, with the deliberation of a conscious possession of an end which for four years had been persistently sought, the captors proceeded to afford peace and protection to the captives, and bring order out of chaos.

They knew a valiant people had fallen into their hands, not from lack of personal courage, unexampled bravery, dauntless pride and stern adherence to principle, but simply from the exhaustion of every available resource of resistance, and a feeling of admiration for the capacity to exercise such sublime self-sacrifice inevitably was the result.

At the North, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed, and the most extravagant displays of delight were exhibited. In New York and Washington, were the most extensive rejoicings. Flags gaily flaunted to the breeze from public, business and private dwellings, cannon were fired, bonfires were lighted, church bells and chimes rang continuously for hours, and transparencies were seen everywhere, with lines of triumph inscribed thereon, while the people congratulated each other on the streets, made public addresses, and otherwise expressed their intense satisfaction at the culmination of all their hopes. Richmond had fallen.

Songs of jubilant thankfulness were sung, and thousands of voices joined in the chorus to the tune of "Old Hundred," rendering the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." That strange commingling of Puritan religious sentiment and stern, unbending harshness and gloating over an opponent's downfall, must have presented to the outside world a pitiful paradox of the worst inconsistencies.

Passion held sway when in public assemblies severe denunciations against the rebels were uttered. The treason of Jefferson Davis was proclaimed, and the verdict uttered by a high government official that he should be "hung as high as Haman." The maddened crowd responded, in waves of anger, "Hang him! Hang him!"

They all forgot the so-called rebels had but sought to maintain the rights of the States, guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States for the liberty of self-government, a common ancestry had fought to secure from a common foe.

They did not realize that they were forging their own chains towards paternalism. Like Sampson of old, while destroying by brute force the rights of others, they might become victims in the wreck of a common downfall.

LIEUT.-COL. C. M. WINKLER.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Prophecy of Richmond Enquirer—General Lee on the Retreat—Corps Commanders Counsel Surrender—Generals Grant and Lee Correspond—General Lee Still Hopeful—Grief when All Hope Fled—Asks General Grant's Terms—The Two Generals Meet—Surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia — The Two Central Figures at Appomattox — Texas Brigade Throwing Up Fortifications when the News of Surrender Reaches Them—General Lee's Farewell Address to His Troops—Grief of His Men—His Sorrow at the Loss of the Cause—Eulogy of Jefferson Davis—Eulogy of General Lee—Close of the Record of Confederate Capital and Hood's Texas Brigade.

The Richmond *Enquirer* had, several weeks before, made the following prophecy, in event of such a catastrophe happening as the fall of Richmond: "The evacuation of Richmond would be the loss of all respect and authority towards the Confederate government, the disintegration of the army, and the abandonment of the scheme of an independent Southern confederation. Each contestant in the war has made Richmond the central object of all its plans, and all its exertions. It has become the symbol of the Confederacy Its loss would be material ruin to the cause, and, in a moral point of view, absolutely destructive, crushing the heart and extinguishing the last hope of the country. Our armies would lose the incentive inspired by a great and worthy object of defense; our military policy would be totally at sea; we should be without a hope or an object; without civil or military organization; without treasury or commissariat; without the means of keeping alive a wholesome and active sentiment; without any of the appliances for supporting a cause depending upon a popular faith and enthusiasm; without the emblems or the semblance of nationality "

These sad, but intelligent anticipations were now to be vividly realized.

General Lee commenced his retreat from his intrenchments around Petersburg on Sunday night, and got his army safely across the Appomattox, intending to fall back to Danville, as stated.

With his transportation in such a dilapidated condition, constantly menaced by the Federal cavalry, and retarded by the bad state of the roads, he yet had a greater cause of alarm. His army, which at that time scarcely numbered, from the most reliable sources, more than twenty thousand men, now began to

shrink away in anticipation of defeat, and many lost that spirit which had so long upheld them in hours of disaster as well as success.

The line of retreat was marked by abandoned caissons, strewn with knap-sacks, blankets, arms and accoutrements. Everything was thrown away that would hinder the speed of flight, and without food the brave remnant of a noble band pressed on to that fate so sadly awaiting them, still unconquerable, still intrepid, to resist the harassing of the cavalry tormenting continually their rear.

Field's division of Longstreet's corps, to which was attached the Texas brigade, covered, in the rear, the line of retreat, engaged in skirmishes innumerable, burned bridges over which they passed, and, with the old spirit of determination, followed the fading fortunes of their leader who, in the midst of all his perplexities, never meditated such a contingency as surrender.

The Texans were too far from their homes for the temptation of straggling from their ranks to be entertained, and foot-sore and weary, they marched on, believing the union would be effected with the Southern army, and the reverse yet changed into victory.

They had always fought against such odds that the abandonment of the cause was never allowed to find a lodgment in their most secret thoughts.

At Amelia Court House General Lee met with a cruel disappointment. The supplies he had ordered to meet him there for his army had, by some confusion, been sent elsewhere. The country was almost destitute of subsistence for man or beast, and what he was able to gather together furnished the hungry, battle-scarred heroes only about three ears of corn apiece.

General Sheridan had thrown a force between him and Danville, thus cutting off his hopes in that direction, so his course was deflected towards Lynchburg, by way of Farmville, where he hoped to gain supplies.

"The position into which the remnant of General Lee's army had now been forced was one from which it was impossible to extricate it without a battle, which it was no longer capable of fighting. His army lay massed a short distance west of Appomattox Court House; his last avenue of escape towards Danville, on the southwest, was gone; he was completely hemmed in.

"Meade was in his rear on the east and on his right flank north of Appomattox Court House; Sheridan had headed him off completely by getting between him and Lynchburg; General Ord was on the south of the court house, near the railroad; the Federal troops were in the most enthusiastic spirits, and

what remained of the Army of Northern Virginia was plainly doomed."*

The corps commanders saw that the days of that grand old army were numbered. Accordingly, on Thursday night (April 6th), they held a conference in which they commissioned General W N. Pendleton, chief of artillery, to inform General Lee that, in their judgment, the time had come when negotiations should be opened with General Grant.

General Lee received the communication with this reply: "Oh! no, I trust it has not come to that, general; we have too many bold men to think of laying down our arms. The enemy do not fight with spirit, while our men do. Besides, if I were to say a word to the Federal commander, he would regard it as such a confession of weakness as to make it the occasion of demanding an unconditional surrender—a proposal to which I will never listen. I have resolved to die first; and that, if it comes to that, we shall force through or all fall in our places."

General Lee did not think proper to comply at once with the suggestion of his corps commanders, but on the night of the next day (7th) he received from General Grant the following letter:

"April 7th.

"*General R. E. Lee, Commander C. S. A.:*

"SIR:—The result of the last week must convince you of the utter hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U S. GRANT,

"Lieut.-Gen. Comdg. Armies of the U. S."

To this General Lee replied:

"April 7th.

"GENERAL:—I have received your note of this day. Though not entirely of the opinion you express, of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

"R. E. LEE, General.

"*To Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Comdg. Armies of the U. S.*"

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*This record was furnished Dr. Jones by General Lee himself, and copied in Southern Historical Papers.

General Grant sent the following reply:

"April 8th.

"*To General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. Army:*

"GENERAL:—Your note of last evening, in reply of mine of same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northeru Virginia, is just received.

"In reply I would say that peace being my first desire, there is but one condition that I insist upon, viz.: That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virgiuia will be received.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT,

"Lieut.-Geu. Comdg. Armies of the U. S."

In the mean time General Lee was pressing on towards Lynchburg, and, on the evening of the 8th, his van-guard reached Appomattox Station, where rations for the army had been ordered to be sent from Lynchburg. Four loaded trains were in sight, and the famished army was about to be supplied, wlieu the head of Sheridan's column dashed upon the scene, captured the provisions, and drove the van-guard back to Appomattax Court House, four miles off. Sheridan's impetuous troopers met a sudden and bloody check in the streets of the village, the colonel commanding the advance being killed. That morning General Lee had divided the remnant of his army into two wings, under Gordon and Longstreet, Gordon having the advance and Longstreet the rear.

Upon the repulse of the cavalry, Gordon's corps advanced through the village and spent another night of sleepless vigilance and anxiety, while Longstreet, four miles in the rear, had to intrench against the Army of the Potomac under Meade. That night General Lee held a council of war with Longstreet, Gordon and Fitz Lee, at which it was determined that Gordon should advance early the next morning to "feel the enemy in his front;" that if there was nothing but cavalry, he should press on, followed by Longstreet; but that, if Grant's infantry had gotten up in too large force to be driven, he should halt and notify General Lee, that a flag of truce might be raised, and the useless sacrifice of life stopped.

Accordingly, on the morning of the memorable 9th of April, Gordon and Fitz Lee attacked Sheridan's splendid cavalry, out-

numbering them more than four to one, and flushed with the full confidence of victory, and the assurance that if they needed support, the "Army of the James" was close at hand, yet despite these odds, and the exhaustion of these famishing men, they went into that fight with the heroic courage which ever characterized that old corps, and proved themselves not unworthy of Stonewall Jackson and the other noble leaders whom they had been wont to follow to victory.

Utterly unable to withstand the onset, Sheridan hastened, in person, to hurry up the Army of the James, while Gordon drove his "invincible troopers," more than a mile, and captured and brought off too pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners. Had only Sheridan barred the way, the surrender had not occurred at Appomattox; but Gordon only drove back the cavalry, to find himself confronted by the Army of the James, and the road was blocked by ten times his number.

At this time an incident of the surrender occurred which Colonel C. S. Venable, a member of his staff, related afterwards in an address at the Lee memorial meeting in Richmond, November 3, 1870:

"At 3 o'clock on the morning of that fatal day, General Lee rode forward, still hoping that we might break through the countless hordes which hemmed us in. Halting a short distance in the rear of our vanguard, he sent me on to General Gordon to ask him if he could break through the enemy. I found General Gordon and General Fitz Lee on their front line in the dim light of the morning, arranging an attack. Gordon's reply to the message was this: 'Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear that I can do nothing, unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps.'

"(Field's and Mahone's divisions of Longstreet's corps, staunch in the midst of all our disasters, were holding Meade back in our rear, and could not be spared for the attack.)

"When I bore the message back to General Lee, he said: 'Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths.' Convulsed with passionate grief, many were the wild words we spoke, as we stood around him. Said one, 'O, general, what will history say to the surrender of the army in the field?' He replied, 'Yes, I know they will say hard things of us, they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility.'

"Though he alone was calm, in that hour of humiliation, the soul of our great captain underwent the throes of death for his

grand old army surrendered, and for his people so soon to lie at the mercy of the foe; and the sorrows of this first death, at Appomattox Court House, with the afflictions which fell upon the devoted South, weighed upon his mighty heart to its breaking, when the welcome messenger came from God to translate him to his home in Heaven."

On this morning General Grant received the following letter written the day before.

"April 8th.

"GENERAL:—I received, at a late hour, your note of to-day, in answer to mine of yesterday. I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender. But as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would tend to that end?

"I cannot therefore meet you with a view to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but so far as your proposition may effect the Confederate forces under my command, and lead to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 a. m. to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE,

"General Confederate States Armies.

"*To Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Commanding Armies of the U. S.*"

The following reply was received on the morning of the 9th:

"April 9th.

"*General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:*

"GENERAL:—Your note of yestesday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 a. m. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, general, that I am equally anxious for peace, with yourself; and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

"Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT,

"Lieutenant-General, U. S. A."

General Lee received this note directly after General Gordon had sent him the message recorded above. There were only seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-two jaded, half-famished Confederates, with arms in their hands, nearly surrounded by eighty thousand Federal troops in position, with heavy reenforcements hurrying forward. Gordon fell back through the village, and moved to meet an attack of Sheridan on the flank; the Federal infantry were pressing forward, and that heroic remnant of our grand old army seemed about to crown their illustrious deeds with a glorious death, when General Lee determined to "take all the responsibility"—of stopping, if he could, the further effusion of blood. Accordingly he had the white flag raised, and sent General Grant the following note:

"April 9, 1865.

"GENERAL:—I received your note this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday, with reference to the surrender of this army.

"I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that pursose.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, General.

"*Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Commanding Armies of the U. S.*"

General Grant at once sent the following answer:

"April 9th.

"*General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. Armies:*

"Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 a. m.) received.

"In consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road, to the Farmville and Lynchburg road, I am, at this writing, about four miles west of Walton's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you.

"Notice sent to me on this road, where you wish the interview to take place, will meet me,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U S. GRANT,

"Lieutenant-General, U. S. A."

General Early says that he (General Lee) had that morning only seven thousand nine hundred men, but when he went to meet General Grant, he left orders with Gordon and Longstreet to hold themselves in readiness, and that he had determined "to cut his way out, at all hazards, if such terms were not granted, as he thought his army was entitled to demand."

He met General Grant between the picket lines, in an open field about two hundred yards below Appomattox Court House.

We give General Lee's own account, in conversation with some gentlemen afterwards:

"You met under an apple-tree?" asked a friend present.

"No, sir," was the reply. "We did not meet under an apple-tree, and I saw no tree near. It was in an open field, not far from the main road." The apple-tree which was cut to pieces, and even the roots of which were dug up and carried off by relic-hunters, was fully a quarter of a mile from the place of meeting, and the only historical interest that could be attached to it was that General Lee rested under its shade a few minutes while waiting for the return of his flag of truce. The only tree near the place of meeting was a small locust thorn, which is still standing, about twenty yards from the spot.

General Lee said, when he met General Grant, they exchanged salutations, and he stated to him at once, he desired a conference in reference to the subject matter of their correspondence.

"General Grant returned you your sword, did he not?" one of the company asked.

"No, sir, he did not. He had no opportunity of doing so. I was determined that the side-arms of officers should be exempt by the terms of surrender, and, of course, I did not offer mine. All that was said about swords was that General Grant apologized for not wearing his own sword, saying it had gone off in his baggage, and he had not been able to get it in time."

General Lee stated that he was accompanied, when he met General Grant, only by Colonel Charles Marshall, of his personal staff, who went with one of General Grant's staff to find a suitable room in which to hold the conference; that they were first shown to a vacant house, and declining to use that, were conducted by Major McLean to his house and shown into his parlor. General Grant was accompanied by several of his staff officers, and several of his generals (among them Sheridan and Ord), entered the room and participated in the slight general conversation that occurred. The two generals went aside and sat at a table to confer together, when General Lee opened the conversation by saying: "General, I deem it due to proper candor and frankness to say, at the very beginning of this interview, that I am not willing even to discuss any terms of surrender inconsistent with the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain to the last."

General Grant replied: "I have no idea of proposing dishonorable terms, general, but would be glad if you would state what you consider honorable terms." General Lee then briefly stated

the terms upon which he would be willing to surrender. Grant expressed himself as satisfied with them, and Lee requested that he would formally reduce the proposition to writing.

With a common lead pencil General Grant then wrote and handed General Lee the following paper:

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 9, 1865.

"*General R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate States Army:*

"In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to-wit:

"Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

"The officers to give their individual parole not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company and regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

"The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them.

"This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

"This done, each officer and man will be returned to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority, so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

"Very respectfully,

"U. S. GRANT,
"Lieutenant-General.

General Lee read it carefully and, without comment, except to say that most of the horses were the private property of the men riding them. General Grant replied that such horses should be exempt from the surrender, and the paper was then handed to Colonel Badeau (Grant's secretary), and copies in ink made by him and Colonel Marshall.

While this was being done, there were inquiries after the health of mutual acquaintances, but nothing bearing on the surrender, except that General Lee said that he had on his hands some or three thousand prisoners for whom he had no rations. Sheridan at once said, "I have rations for twenty thousand men."

General Grant having signed his note, General Lee conferred with Colonel Marshall, who wrote this brief note of the terms of surrender offered:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"April 9, 1865.

"GENERAL:—I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia—as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE.

"This terminated the interview, and General Lee rode back to his headquarters, which were three-quarters of a mile northeast of the Court House.

"The above is the substance, and, for the most part, the exact language of General Lee's own account of the surrender."

General Horace Porter, of Grant's staff, thus describes the appearance of the two commanders:

"We entered the room and found General Grant sitting at a marble-topped table, in the center of the room, and General Lee sitting beside a small oval table, near the front window, in the corner opposite the door which we entered, and facing General Grant. Colonel Marshall, his military secretary, was standing at his left side.

"The contrast between the two commanders was very striking, as they sat ten feet apart facing each other.

"General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse made of dark blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waist-coat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had a pair of thread gloves of a dark yellow color, which he had taken off in entering the room. His felt, sugar-loaf, stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder straps was all there was to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

"General Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and was quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray and quite thick, except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword of exceedingly

fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia. His top boots were comparatively new. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean, and but little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs with large rowels. A felt hat which, in color, matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gauntlets lay beside him on the table.

"Colonel Marshall afterwards explained that when their headquarter wagon had been pressed by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found they would have to destroy all their baggage, except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one naturally selected the newest suit he had. This was why he and his chief wore such fine toggery, while with us our garb scarcely rose to the dignity of the 'shabby genteel.'

"At a little before 4 o'clock, General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and, with Colonel Marshall, left the room. While his horse was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond which his army lay. He smote his hands together in an absent sort of way; seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unconscious of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness which overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him in that supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie, and he at once mounted.

"General Grant now stepped down from the porch, and moving toward him, saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all of our officers present. Lee raised his hat respectfully in acknowledgment, and rode off to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded."

General Grant sent the following dispatch to Washington:

"*Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington.*

"General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon, on terms proposed by myself. The accompanyiug additional correspoudence will show the conditions fully.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

"While the interview with reference to the surreuder was taking place between the two commanders, a strange scene was transpiring between the lines of the two armies, and occupied the period of the armistice. An informal mingling of officers of both armies gave the streets of the village of Appomattox Court House a strange appearance.

"Between the skirmish lines of the two armies, there was a great suspense, for it was felt that great interests were at stake between them. Skirmish line confronted skirmish line, lines of battle confronted lines of battle, cannon confronted cannon.

"Eager hope hung on the interview between the opposing great commanders of the two armies. It might end in resumption of hostilities, in fiercest battle, in terrible carnage. Peace might follow this interview. The two armies were plainly visible to one another, the Confederates skirting a strip of woods in rear of the town. Through the vistas of the streets, might be seen their wagon trains. The minutes passed but slowly. The approach of every horseman attracted an eager look. Two o'clock was the time appointed by Grant for the resumption of hostilities. It arrived, and the Federal skirmish line commenced to advance. The Confederate pickets were in plain sight, and stationary. A moment more, and the crack of the rifle would indicate the resumption of carnage. But a clatter of hoofs was heard, and a flag of truce appeared upon the scene, with an order from General Grant that hostilities should cease until further orders."

"After the interview, General Lee returned to his own camp, where his leading officers were assembled awaiting his return. He announced the result, and the terms. They then approached him in order of rank, expressing satisfaction at his course, and their regret at parting, shedding tears on the occasion. The fact of surrender, and the terms, were then announced to the troops, and when General Lee appeared among them he was loudly cheered."

When the news reached the Texas brigade, in the rear of Longstreet's corps, details of the men were busy throwing up intrenchments. A messenger was dispatched to tell them to desist from their work.

"What for?" said one. "We had our orders to throw up this line."

"Yes, but now it is useless. General Lee has surrendered."

Leaning upon his pick, he coolly looked at his informant.

"I don't believe that yarn. You can't come any such stuff over me."

"Well, its true, nevertheless. General Lee had no other alternative. Grant's army is surrounding us, and he thought it better to surrender than to try and cut our way through."

The brave fellow threw himself back, dropped his hands despondently, and exclaimed:

"I'd rather have died than surrender, but if 'Marse Bob' thinks that is best, then all I've got to say is, that 'Marse Bob' is bound to be right, as usual."

Gradually the truth broke upon all the soldiers, and great was their chagrin when these "high mettled victors of the Army of Northern Virginia learned that they must 'yield to overpowering numbers,'—that after all their marches, battles, victories, hardships and sufferings, the cause they loved better than life itself must succumb to superior force."

The next day General Lee published to the troops the following order, the last that emanated from this peerless soldier, which will go down the ages as a touching memento of that sad day at Appomattox Court House:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"April 10, 1865.

"After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overpowering numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged.

"You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"(Signed) R. E. LEE, General."

The calm dignity of General Lee amid the trying scenes that followed when his men heard his noble farewell address and crowded around to shake his hand,—how they were thrilled by his simple words: "Men, we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more,"—the tender partings of comrades who had been bound together by common hardships, sufferings, dangers and victories, and now this sad blighting of cherished hopes, can only be appreciated by those who witnessed that scene, which is forever daguerreotyped upon the memories and hearts of that remnant of Lee's splendid army.

"General Gordon testifies that in the deep agony of spirit with which Lee witnessed the grief of his soldiers at the surrender, he

exclaimed: 'I could wish that I was numbered among the slain of the last battle,' but that he at once recalled the wish, and said: 'No; we must live for our afflicted country.'"

One of his officers relates, that during those hours of terrible suspense, when he was considering the question of surrender, he exclaimed from the depths of a full heart:

"How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the lines, and all will be over. But," he quickly added, "it is our duty to live, for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to support and protect them."

Language fails to describe that most painful scene at Appomattox Court House which was to follow the reading of General Lee's farewell , the parking and stacking of the arms these brave men had carried so long, and with which they had done such effective work.

Think of it a moment, you who have only known the blessings of peace. Imagine that fair April morning, when the outside world seemed so bright with new life, and nature assumed her most enchanting garb. See the long line of Federal soldiery in blue uniforms, with sabres gleaming, bayonets glistening in the sunshine, their step firm and buoyant, their evolutions perfect according to the rules of military tactics. Watch those regiments of tattered, worn Confederates, who wore the consecrated gray, marching up with weary step, sad brow, depositing their arms, their artillery, the flags under which they had so often moved to victory, and then, with bowed heads, failing limbs, wringing their hands in agony, going back in humiliation and distress, their faces bathed in tears they were not too proud to shed.

Then, when their paroles were signed, the tender, sad parting with comrades who had shared their lives, their hardships, their triumphs; the brotherly embrace, the mingling of sobs, and the pledging of eternal friendship for those united together by no common tie,—these all stir the profoundest depths of sympathy Their victors saw no cause for demonstrations of exultant joy, and "deported themselves with a consideration for the feelings of the vanquished, worthy of all praise."

The history of the ages does not chronicle such a scene of bitter grief, nor does it show a fairer record than these battle-scarred heroes made after returning to the ranks of private life, aiding in the development of their desolated Southern land, which now shines forth as the pure gold of an advanced civilization.

Women in their distant homes waited and watched for news from their loved ones. When there was no more wanderings

away from her side again, to camp or batte-field, then her nobility asserted itself. Gladly did she help bear the burdens of defeat, and rising above the disadvantages of the situation, sought to inspire the drooping spirits with hope in the darkest hour of her country's gloom. The necessity for exertion was the stimulant of every life, and brooding care and tender appreciation its reward.

* * *

The smoke and explosions at Richmond were plainly seen and heard at my retreat in the country. I knew I was within Federal lines. The came the news of General Lee's surrender. Where was the Texas brigade? A messenger arrived, bearing the tidings:

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 12, 1865.

"I am safe and well and will be with you as soon as paroled, which will be within a day or two."

I draw the veil over the meeting—when the strong man slowly rode up the long lane, sadly dismounted, and with great sobs racking his frame and tears streaming down his checks, exclaimed, "All is lost!" No tear dimmed my eye. They had all been expended during those horrible days of suspense. Life was spared, and strength would be given to assimilate ourselves to the changed condition of affairs.

After the disbandment of "Hoods Texas Brigade," its members dispersed to their homes; and many of them have occupied the most exalted positions of trust and honor in the gift of their appreciative States.

They united together, a few years after the surrender, as "Hood's Texas Brigade Association." Every year, on June 27th, the anniversary of the battle of Gaines' farm, where they first distinguished themselves by turning the tide of battle in favor of the Confederates, they meet in friendly reunion at some appointed place in the State. They enjoy the hospitality of the people, who vie with one another in thus honoring the brave; talk over their old battle and war experiences, and especially enjoy the companionship for a brief period of those to whom they vowed fraternal fellowship amid the shock of disaster and the baptism of sorrow at Appomattox. The sons of the defenders of the Alamo have proven themselves worthy descendants of their illustrious fathers, and maintained the reputation they so grandly made in their immolation upon the altar of their country so many years ago.

* * *

General Lee sent the following official announcement to Presi-

dent Davis, who was anxiously awaiting news from the army at Danville, which was the last made to the Confederate President:

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 12, 1865.

"*His Excellency, Jefferson Davis:*

"MR. PRESIDENT:—It is with much pain that I announce to your Excellency the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. The operations which preceded this result will be reported in full. I will, therefore, only now state, that, upon arriving at Amelia Court House, on the morning of the 4th, with the advance of the army on the retreat from the lines in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect, in the country, subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal, and could not be retrieved. The troops, wearied by continued fighting and marching for several days and nights, obtained neither rest nor refreshment, and on the morning of the 5th, on the Richmond and Danville railroad, I found, at Jetersville, the enemy's cavalry and learned of the approach of his infantry and the general advance of his army toward Burkville. This deprived us of the use of the railroad and rendered it impracticable to procure from Danville the supplies ordered from the adjacent country. Our route to the Roanoke was therefore changed, and the march directed to Farmville, where supplies were ordered from Lynchburg. The change of route threw the troops over the roads pursued by the artillery and wagon trains west of the railroad, which impeded our advance and embarrased our movements.

"On the morning of the 6th General Longstreet's corps reached Rice's Station, on the Lynchburg railroad. It was followed by the commands of R. H. Anderson, Ewell and Gordon, with orders to close upon it as fast as the progress of the trains would permit, or as they could be directed on roads farther west. General Anderson, commanding Pickett's and B. R. Johnson's divisions, became disconnected with Mahone's division, forming the rear of Longtreet. The enemy's cavalry penetrated the line of march through the interval thus left and attacked the wagon trains moving toward Farmville. This caused serious delay in the march of the centre and rear of the column, and enabled the enemy to mass upon their flank. After successive attacks Anderson's and Ewell's corps were captured or driven from their positions. The latter general, with both of his division commanders, Kershaw and Custis Lee, and his brigadiers, were taken prisoners.

"Gordon, who all the morning, aided by W F. Lee's caval-

HON. GEO. T JESTER.

ry, had checked the advance of the enemy on the road from Amelia Springs, and protected the trains, became exposed to his combined assaults, which he bravely resisted and twice repulsed, but the cavalry having been withdrawn to another part of the line of march, and the enemy massing heavily on his front and both flanks, renewed the attack about 6 a. m. and drove him from the field in much confusion. The army continued to march during the night, and every effort was made to reorganize the divisions which had been shattered by the day's operations, but the men being depressed by fatigue and hunger, many threw away their arms, while others followed the wagon trains and embarrassed their progress. On the morning of the 7th rations were issued to the troops as they passed Farmville, but the safety of the trains requiring their removal upon the approach of the enemy, all could not be supplied. The army, reduced to two corps, under Longstreet and Gordon, marched steadily on the road to Appomattox Court House, thence its march was ordered to Campbell Court House, through Pittsylvania toward Danville.

"The roads were wretched, and progress slow. By great efforts the head of the column reached Appomattox Court House on the evening of the 8th, and the troops were halted for rest. The march was ordered to be resumed again at 1 a. m., on the 9th.

"Fitz Lee with the cavalry, supported by Gordon, was ordered to drive the enemy from his front, wheel to the left, and cover the passage of the trains, while Longstreet, who from Rice's Station, had formed the rear guard, should close up and hold the position. Two battalions of artillery and the ammunition wagons were directed to accompany the army; the rest of the artillery and wagons to move towards Lynchburg. In the early part of the night the enemy attacked Walker's artillery train near Appomattox Station on the Lynchburg railroad and were repelled. Shortly afterwards their cavalry dashed towards the Court House till halted by our line. During the night there were indications of a large force massed on our left and front. Fitz Lee was directed to ascertain its strength and suspend his advance till daylight if necessary. About 5 a. m. on the 9th, with Gordon on his left, he moved forward and opened the way. A heavy force of the enemy was discovered opposite Gordon's right, which moving in the direction of Appomattox Court House, drove back the left of the cavalry, and threatened to cut off Gordon from Longstreet; his cavalry at the same time threatening to envelop the left flank. Gordon withdrew across the Appomattox river, and the cavalry advanced on the Lynchburg road and became separated from the army. Learning the condition of affairs on the lines, where I had gone under the expecta-

tion of meeting General Grant, to learn definitely the terms he proposed in a communication received from him on the 8th, in the event of the surrender of the army, I requested a suspension of hostilities until the terms could be arranged. In the interview with General Grant, in compliance with my request, terms having been agreed on, I surrendered that portiou of the Army of Northern Virginia which was on the field with its arms, artillery and wagon trains, the officers and men to be paroled, retaining their side arms and private effects. I deemed this course the best under all the circumstances by which we were surrounded. On the morning of the 9th, according to the reports of the orduance officers, there were 7,892 organized infantry with arms, with an average of 75 rounds of ammunition per man. The artillery, though reduced to 63 pieces, with 93 rounds of ammunition, was sufficient. These comprised all the supplies of ordnance that could be relied on in the State of Virginia. I have no accurate report of the cavalry, but believe it will uot exceed 2,100 effective men. The enemy was more than five times our number. If we could have forced our way one day longer, it would have been at a great sacrifice of life, and at its end, I did not see how a surrender could have been avoided. We had no subsistence for man or horse, and it could not be gathered in the country The supplies ordered to Pamlin's Station from Lynchburg could not reach us, and the men deprived of food and sleep for many days, were worn out and exhausted.

"With great respect, your obedient servaut,

(Signed) "R. E. LEE, General."

A few days after the surrender, General Lee, attended by five members of his staff, rode into Richmond over the pontoon bridge at the foot of 17th street, and thence to his residence on Franklin street. As he descended from his horse, a large number of persons pressed forward aud shook hauds with him. In a few moments the general made his way into his house, the crowd dispersed, and thus quietly passed from the theatre of action and public observation, the great and famous commander of the Army of Northern Virginia.

General Lee illustrated in his own noble bearing the remark he made to one of his officers at the surrender: "Human virtue should be equal to human calamity," and gave to the world a bright example of firmness under trials such as have rarely come upon one of his sensitive nature. He bore himself with Roman firmness until his very heartstrings burst asunder, and his pure spirit went to its rest.

Major John W Daniel, in an eulogy delivered in Richmond, January 30, 1890, in memorial of Jefferson Davis, President of

the Southern Confederacy, said: "I shall make no post-mortem examination of the Confederacy, in search of causes for its fall. When an officer during the war was figuring on prospects of success, General Lee said to him, 'Put up your pencil colonel; if we follow the calculations of figures we are whipped already.

'Twenty millions on the one side, seven millions (and more than half of them slaves) on the other; a great navy, arsenals, armies, factories, railroads, boundless wealth and science, and an open world to draw upon for resources and re-enforcement upon the one side, and little more than a thin line of poorly armed and half-fed soldiery upon the other, pitted one man against two—a glance tells the story of the unequal contest.'

"That President Davis made mistakes I do not doubt, but the percentage of his mistakes was so small in the sum of its administration, and its achievements so transcended all proportions of means and opportunities, that mankind will never cease to wonder at their magnitude and their splendor.

"Finances went wrong. Some say finances always go wrong in failures; but not worse in this case than in the revolution of 1776, when Washington was at the head. So far did they go wrong then, that not even success could rescue the worthless paper money of our fathers from repudiation and oblivion, and even to this day, the very worst fling that can be made at the Confederate note reaches a climax in the expression, 'It is not worth a continental.'

"Blame Jefferson Davis for this or that; discount all that critics say, and then behold the mighty feat which created, and for four years maintained, a nation; behold how armies without a nucleus were marshalled and armed; how a navy—small, indeed, but one that revolutionized the naval warfare of all nations, and became a terror of the seas—was fashioned out of old hulks, and picked up in foreign places; see how a world in arms was held at bay by a people and a soldiery whom he held together with an iron will, and hurled like a flaming thunderbolt at their foes.

"In his cabinet he gathered the foremost civilians of the land: Benjamin, Toombs, Hunter, Seddon, Reagan, Memminger, Mallory, Walker, Randolph and Breckenridge.

"To the leadership of his soldiers, whom did he delegate? If some Messonier could throw upon the canvas Jefferson Davis in the midst of those chiefs he created, what grander knighthood could history assemble? Lee and Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard and Albert Sidney Johnston, Early, Ewell, D. H. and A. P. Hill, Longstreet, Gordon, Anderson, Rhodes, Hoke, Ramseur, Hood, Pickett, etc.

"What cavalry leaders? Stuart, Hampton, Forrest, Ashby, Fitzhugh and Barney Lee and others.

"What artillerists? Pendleton, Long, Pegram, etc.

"What men of the sea? Semmes, Wood, Maury, etc.

"But who can count the stars? Men judge Napoleon by his marshals. Summon them to the field of Mars, and in such a galaxy as this, they would be proud of peerage. Troop behind them those armies of 'tattered uniforms and bright muskets'; but no, it is beyond the reach of either brush or chisel to redeem to the imagination such men, such scenes, as shine in their six hundred battles. Not until some new-born Homer shall touch the harp, can mankind be penetrated by a sense of their heroic deeds, and then alone in the grand majestic minstrelsy of epic song.

"And now that war is flagrant, far and wide in the land, and sea, and river, over the mountain and the plain rolls the red battle tide, and rises the lofty shout. The son falls, the old father steps in his place. The father falls, the stripling of the play ground rushes to the front; the boy becomes a man. Lead fails; old battle-fields are raked over; children gather up bullets as they would pluck berries; household ornaments and utensils are broken, and all are moulded into missiles of war. Cannon fail; the very church bells, whose mellow chimes have summoned to the altar, are melted and now resound with the grim detonations of artillery. Clothes fail; old garments are turned over, rags and exercise are raiment. The battle-horse is killed, the ship goes down; the unhorsed trooper and the unshipped tar trudge along with the infantry. The border States are swept away from the Confederacy, the remaining ones gird their loins the tighter.

"Virginia is divided, New Orleans is gone, Vicksburg fails, Gettysburg is lost, armies wither; exiles make their homes in battle; slender battalions do the duty of divisions; generals die in the thick fight; captains become generals; a private is a company; luxuries disappear; necessities become luxuries; fields are wasted, crops and barns are burned; flocks and herds are consumed, and naught is left but 'man and steel, the soldier and his sword.'

"The desolate winter lays white and bleak upon the land; its chill winds are resisted by warm and true affections.

"Atlanta, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah fall—the Confederacy is cut to pieces.

"Ports are sealed—the world and the South are parted. All the dearer seems the scant sky that hangs over her bleeding children.

"On and on come the thickening masses of the North—brave men, and ably commanded; and as those of the South grow thinner, theirs grow stronger. Hope sinks, despair stiffens courage.

"Everything fails but manhood and womanhood. The woman cooks and weaves and works, nurses the stricken, buries her dead, and cheers her living. The man stands behind his gun, behind Johnston, behind Lee. Petersburg and Richmond starve and bleed, and yet stand dauntless. Here stood Jefferson Davis unshaken, untrembling, toiling to give bread to his armies and their kindred, toiling to hold up the failing arms of his veterans, and unbelieving that heaven could decree the fall of such a people.

"At last the very fountains of nature fail. The exhausted South falls prone upon its shield. It is gone—all gone—forever gone. The Confederacy and its sons in gray have vanished; and now, at last, hoary with years, its chieftain rests, his body mingling with the ashes of the brave which once quickened with a country's holy passion.

"In the eyes of Him to whom a thousand years are as a watch in the night, the war and the century in which it came, are but as a tick of the second-hand of time; and when the myriads of this great land shall look back through unclouded skies to the old heroic days, the smoke and stain of the battle will have vanished from the hero's name. The tall chieftain of the men who wore the gray will stand before them 'with a countenance like the lightning, and in raiment white as snow.' "

At the unveiling of the statue of General R. E. Lee at Richmond, Va., May 29th, 1890, the orator of the occasion, Colonel Archer Anderson, closed his address in this language:

"The failure of the righteous cause for which General Lee fought, denied him that eminence of civil station in which his great qualities, in their happy mixture, might well have afforded a parallel to the strength and the moderation of Washington. But what failure could obscure that moral perfection which places him as easily by the side of the best men that have ever lived, as his heroic actions make him the peer of the greatest?

"There are men whose influence on mankind neither worldly success nor worldly failure can affect.

"This moral perfection, breathing the very spirit of his Christian faith, is no illusive legend of a succeeding generation exaggerating the worth of the past. Our belief in it rests in the unanimous testimony of the men who lived and acted with him, among whom nothing is more common than the declaration that Lee was the purest and best man of action whose career history has recorded. In his whole life, laid bare to the gaze of the world, the least friendly criticism has never discovered one single deviation from the narrow path of rectitude and honor. No man can consider his life without a feeling of renewed hope and

trust in mankind. There is about his exhibitions of moral excellence, the same quality of power in reserve that marks him as a soldier. He never failed to come up to the full requirements of any situation, and his conduct communicated the impression that nothing could arise to which he would be found unequal. His every action went straight to the mark without affectation or display. It cost him no visible effort to be good or great. He was not conscious that he was exceptional in either way, and he died in the belief that, as he had been sometimes unjustly blamed, so he had as often been too highly praised.

"Such is the holy simplicity of the noblest minds. Such was the pure and lofty man in whom we see the perfect union of Christian virtue and old Roman manhood. His goodness makes us love his greatness, and the fascination which this matchless combination exerts is itself a symptom and a source to us of moral health. As long as our people truly love and venerate him, there will remain in them a principle of good, for all the stupendous wealth and power which in the last thirty years have lifted these States to the foremost rank among all nations of the earth, are less a subject for pride than this one heroic man, this human product of our country and its institutions.

"Let this monument, then, teach to generations yet unborn these lessons of his life. Let it stand, not as a record of civil strife, but as a perpetual protest against whatever is low and sordid in our public and private objects.

"Let it stand as a memorial of personal honor that never brooked a stain, of knightly valor without thought of self, of far-reaching military genius unsoiled by ambition, of heroic constancy, from which no cloud of misfortune could ever hide the path of duty. Let it stand for reproof and censure if our people shall ever sink below the standard of their fathers. Let it stand for patriotic hope and cheer, if a day of national gloom and disaster shall ever dawn upon our country. Let it stand as the embodiment of a brave and virtuous people's ideal leader. Let it stand as a public act of thanksgiving and praise for that it pleased Almighty God to bestow upon these Southern States a man so formed to reflect His attributes of power, majesty and goodness."

* * *

The Confederate Capital and Hood's Texas Brigade is finished, —the record made of valor and sacrifice.

Only at times, now, do we dare approach the beautiful Confederate temple, in ruins; only at times do we pass with reverential tread over the crumbling door-step, matted with weeds and covered with moss, and stand within the edifice, overgrown with

honeysuckle and ivy. The mosaic pavement, wrought by the hands of sister States, is stained with the blood of heroes and damp with the tears of widowhood and orphanage.

We are privileged to brush the cobwebs and dust from the beautiful images of our great men, who have left their impress upon the century, and are forever set up in the sculptured niches there, for the admiration of coming years.

Only at times do we wreathe their brows with the green cedar of undying remembrance, and upon the graves of our dead martyrs, who there too repose, scatter fragrant flowers above their precious dust.

At such times, then, it becomes our right to recall again the past, amid the busy turmoil of the world, with its rushing business, its many cares; to contemplate the exalted deeds destined to live forever upon the pages of history as long as American archives shall be preserved, and its record read by those who will come after us in the cycling ages of the future. No more the Confederate temple re-echoes with the shout of jubilant thousands. Our voices beneath its dome sound awful and sepulchral, and closing the door, with bowed heads, we steal away in the gathering shadows.

"And all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm, to those who hear
A deeper voice across the storm."

# APPENDIX.

## PAROLES OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA SURRENDERED AT APPOMATTOX.

### HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

R. M. Powell, Col. Comdg. Texas Brigade.
Jno. W Kerr, Capt. and A. A. G.
J. H. Littlefield, Maj. and Q. M.
Robert Burns, Maj. and C. S.
Jas. A. Rust, Capt. and A. Q. M.

W T. Hill, Capt. Comdg. 5th Texas.
W P. McGowen, Adjt. 5th Texas.
J. J. Roberts, Surg. 5th Texas.
W D. Williams, Capt. Co. F, 5th Texas.
J. E. Anderson, Capt. Co. C, 5th Texas.
R. J. Franklin, Capt. Co. I, 5th Texas.
E. Williams, 1st Lieut. Co. G, 5th Texas.
Ben Baker, 1st Lieut. Co. B, 5th Texas.
D. R. Ponce, 1st Lieut. Co. I, 5th Texas.
J. M. Alexander, 2d Lieut. Co. K, 5th Texas.
B. Eldridge, 2d Lieut. Co. E, 5th Texas.
D. W McDowell, 2d Lieut. Co. H, 5th Texas.
W. H. Clark, 1st Ensign.

C. M. Winkler, Lieut.-Col. 4th Texas.
W H. Martin, Maj. 4th Texas.
L. C. Jones, Surg. 4th Texas.
J. T McLaurin, Capt. Co. B, 4th Texas.
Haywood Brahan, 1st Lieut. Co. F, 4th Texas.
N. J. Mills, 1st Lieut. Co. I, 4th Texas.
J. B. Boyd, 1st Lieut. Co. C, 4th Texas.
R. H. Frank, Capt. Co. D, 4th Texas.
J. T. Hunter, Capt. Co. H, 4th Texas.
J. S. Spivey, 1st Lieut. Co. H, 4th Texas.
J J. Atkinson, 1st Lieut. Co. G, 4th Texas.
Wm. F. Ford, 2d Lieut. Co. B, 4th Texas.

G. E. Lynch, 1st Lieut. Co. A, 4th Texas.
J. W Duran, 2d Lieut. Co. I, 4th Texas.
E. T. Kendred, Capt. Co. F, 4th Texas.

F. S. Bass, Col. 1st Texas.
Jno. H. Leete, Adjt. 1st Texas.
G. A. Merrett, Asst. Surg. 1st Texas.
D. K. Rice, Capt. Co. C, 1st Texas.
Wm. A. Bedell, Capt. Co. L, 1st Texas.
Jno. N. Wilson, Capt. Co. K, 1st Texas.
J J. Quarles, Capt. Co. G, 1st Texas.
A. W Buckner, 1st Lieut. Co. C, 1st Texas.
A. A. Aldrich, 1st Lieut. Co. I, 1st Texas.
H. H. Robinson, 1st Lieut. Co. A, 1st Texas.
T. A. Ardrey, 1st Lieut. Co. K, 1st Texas.
D. M. Mollynatt, 1st Lieut. Co. G, 1st Texas.
A. C. Oliver, 1st Lieut. Co. D, 1st Texas.
M. C. Noble, 2d Lieut. Co. F, 1st Texas.
Wm. M. Berryman, 2d Lieut. Co. I, 1st Texas.
Sam P. Torbett, 2d Lieut Co. H, 1st Texas.

Robert S. Taylor, Lieut.-Col. 3d Arkansas.
J. R. Brown, Surg. 3d Arkansas.
H. A. Kleinschmidt, Asst. Surg. 3d Arkansas.
G. E. Butler, Chaplain 3d Arkansas.
Josh Hightower, Capt. Co. C, 3d Arkansas.
A. C. Jones, Capt. Co. G, 3d Arkansas.
Frank Thach, Capt. Co. H, 3d Arkansas.
J. W Norris, Capt. Co. K, 3d Arkansas.
Wm. H. Harrison, Capt. Co. E, 3d Arkansas.
T. A. Anderson, Capt. Co. F, 3d Arkansas.
J. D. Pickens, 1st Lieut. Co. E, 3d Arkansas.
R. M. Stribling, 1st Lieut Co. F, 3d Arkansas.
J. I. Miles, 2d Lieut. Co. H, and Asst. Adjt. 3d Arkansas.
Thos. P. Brewen, 2d Lieut. Co. K, 3d Arkansas.
J. L. Meel, 2d Lieut. Co. G, 3d Arkansas. [64]

## THIRD ARKANSAS REGIMENT.

### COMPANY A.

2d Sergeaut—H. A. Ralph.

*Privates.*

J. C. Bull,
J. D. Geddie,
W. C. Hannah,
Jas. Day,
W E. Gregory,
H. N. Morris,

W. A. Moore,
J. S. Banks,
S. S. Johnson,
J. A. Kelley,
G. W. Smith,
Wash Parks,
C. A. Harrold,
J. D. Kelley,
G. Y. Mock,
S. F. Stevens,
G. L. Wright.

COMPANY B.

1st Sergeant—R. E. McMurrey.
5th Sergeant—H. B. Lindsey.

*Privates.*

J. P. Hughes,
Jas. Reid,
N. J. Fuller,
J. F. Ketchins,
S. D. Cobb,
Dan'l Senn.

COMPANY C.

1st Sergeant—W. E. Conly.
1st Corporal—Chas. W. Jeter.

*Privates.*

Robert S. Rust,
B. F. Glossup,
Jas. T. Barden,
Jas. B. Robertson,
Jno. A. Furguson,
W. L. Law,
S. P. Otts,
W. T. Tuggle,
T. J. Wilson.

COMPANY D.

1st Sergeant—J. A. Harrell.

*Privates.*

W. T. Anderson,
J. H. Tyner,
T. T. Crow,
J. H. White,
J. S. Bush.

COMPANY E.

1st Sergeant—J. S. Grooms.
3d Sergeant—Jesse W. Hill.
4th Sergeant—J. V. King.
5th Sergeant—W. H. Dumas.
4th Corporal—L. C. Duke.

*Privates.*

J. W. Hill,
W. V. Jester,
H. F. King,
Jno. M. McIlvine,
Jno. D. Staples,
O. W. Jester,
J. R. Jester,
Jones Amason,
P. H. Reynolds,
B. F. Stevens,
K. Smith.

COMPANY F.

1st Sergeant—W. S. Adair.
2d Sergeant—Austin Phelps.

*Privates.*

C. R. Buster,
T J. White,
S. H. Emerson,
A. J. Grigsby,
Wm. Stanley.

COMPANY G.

4th Sergeant—L. C. Warwick.
5th Sergeant—H. A. Massey.
Corporal—J. B. Wilson, 1st Arkansas.

*Privates.*

W J Alderson,
J. F. Brooks,
M. L. Crumpler,
H. J. P. Ferguson,
Hill Jones,
J F. Lauderdale,
J. A. Moore,
E. M. Mitchell,
P. A. Beeman,
Frank Courtney,
A. P Cummings,
G. W Fuller,
W J. Keeling,
D. H. Lewis,
R. M. McDowell,
V Q. Warwick.

COMPANY H.

4th Sergeant—T. W Hagood.

*Privates.*

Joe May,
J. W. Cook,
G. B. McDonald,
Jeff Thornsbury.

COMPANY I.

1st Sergeant—J. S. Willians.
3d Sergeant—W G. Lockhart.
3d Corporal—B. B. Newbern.

*Privates.*

Moses Garner,
W H. G. Morgan,
E. D. Goza,
Robert Ratteree,
John C. Jones,
J. W Rhodes,
J. M. Robertson,
J. S. Shirley,
W. T Brewer.

COMPANY K.

1st Sergeant—H. C. Denson.
2d Sergeant—J. L. F. Hill.
3d Sergeant—M. L. McCurdie.

*Privates.*

A. P Bennett, J. H. Campbell,
W D. Everett, J. H. Goldsby,
Thomas Morris, R. P. Noble,
D. T. White, J. H. Albrecht,
J. C. Gilliam, A. W Holcomb,
J. H. I. Fountain, Geo. Jackson,
J. C. Phillips, R. M. Roberts.

*Musicians.*

E. L. Bigham, G. A. Bailey,
R. J. Bailey, J. B. Jackson,
R. J. Lowry, G. F. Melton,
J D. Randle, F. M. Ward,
B. F. Ward.

Hospital Steward—H. C. White.

A. C. Jones, Captain, commanding regiment.
Jo. Miles, Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant. [130]

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## FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

Sergeant-Major—J M. Smither.
Orderly Sergeant—J. T. Cross.
Hospital Steward—W H. H. Chadwick.

COMPANY A.

2d Sergeant—Chas. F. Settle.
3d Sergeant—Joseph H. Shepherd.

*Privates.*

Lewis Coleman, Geo. W Douglas,
James Downey, Wm. A. George,
John T. Hurt, James E. Landes,
James Stanger.

COMPANY B.

*Musician*—Albert H. Carter.

*Privates.*

Emil Besch, W. H. Carlton,
David M. Curry, Wesley Cherry,
Thos. T. DeGraffenriedt, John W Johnson,
Joseph C. Kindred, J. S. Obenshain.

COMPANY C.

2d Sergeant—John A. Green.

*Privates.*

John T Allison,
T. R. Pistate,
P. H. West,
E. W James,
J. P Copeland,
J. E. Swindles,
Henry T. Driscoll,
H. P. Traweek.

COMPANY D.

1st Sergeant—John C. Hill.
2d Corporal—Richard Hardy.

*Privates.*

Thos. J. Birdwell,
J. W Ewing,
Anthony F. Golding,
Thos. J. Lewis,
Wm. Powell,
Wm. A. Taylor,
Bernard Carrington,
Martin L. Gilbert,
Abner M. Hinson,
M. A. Lampkin,
Robert Stanton,
Alfred Underwood,
Wm. P Wilson.

COMPANY E.

3d Sergeant—Wm. C. LeGrand.
4th Sergeant—Sidney V Patrick.
5th Sergeant—Geo. B. Williams.

*Musicians.*

Jas. Hardeman,
John Fields.

*Privates.*

M. A. J. Evans,
W H. H. Gray,
W. R. Lott,
David O. Patrick,
Frank M. Smith,
Rufus Felder,
W. H. Innes,
W H. McCalister,
Simon B. Smith,
Joseph W Wallace.

COMPANY F.

1st Sergeant—Henry V. Angell.
2d Sergeant—Cadmus Wilborn.

*Privates.*

Basil C. Brashear,
Samuel E. Perley,
John V. Sloan,
Ranson Sweney,
Julius Beckman,
Joseph C. Ross,
Henry C. Shea,
Thomas W Taylor,
Frank Whittington.

COMPANY G.

1st Sergeant Lucilius Caldwell.
3d Sergeant—Wm. W Smith.
4th Sergeant—James Pool.
3d Corporal—James P. Smith.

*Privates.*

Elias B. McAmrich, Daniel McDonald,
David H. Mayes, Wm. A. Nabours,
John T. Austin, Geo. A. Bernard,
Wm. T Dyer, Hugh C. Jackson,
Constantine Nance, John B. Small,
Andrew J. Tomlinson.

COMPANY H.

1st Sergeant—Jacob Hemphill.
2d Sergeant—G. M. Sims.
3d Sergeant—Wm. Grayless.
4th Sergeant—S. W Small.

*Musician*—Wm. Cooper.

*Privates.*

A. D. Brinkley, A. H. Butler,
James Curry, J. A. Chesser,
Willis B. Darby, Milton P Foster,
P. K. Goree, Thos. S. Hay,
George Johnson, Thompson Kelly,
John Reader, Harvey Rose,
Isaiah Shields, J. A. Shaw,
James M. Small, S. E. Walters,
Robert T. Wilson, Wm. Woods.

COMPANY I.

1st Sergeant—Geo. W Clampitt.
2d Sergeant— Wm. O. Morgan.
3d Sergeant—Sam. D. Williams.
4th Sergeant—John S. Hafner.

*Privates.*

Ben. J. Baldwin, Fritz Bettis,
Willis G. Blue, Jas. R. Cliett,
Dan H. Carter, J. W. Deane,
Jas. A. Eatman, B. S. Fitzgerald,
Robert Flemming. Robert E. Fitzgerald,
Curran Holmes, A. W Holt,
John D. Howle. Jonathan A, Love,
Wm. R. McRee.

COMPANY K.

1st Sergeant—T. F. Meece.
4th Sergeant—A. B. Green.
4th Corporal—J F. Ford.

*Musicians.*

J. W Smith, W. Sandall.

*Privates.*

W G. D. Hendley, Henry C. Himans,
Mark A. Hubert, E. Kirkland,
R. A. Ashley, B. F. Meekins,
J. M. Bowen, D. A. Rowe,
J. D. Calvert, U. P Stephenson,
A. W Dunn, S: D. Waldrop,
A. J. Fairchilds, W D. Young.
Wm. McDowell. [149]

W T. Hill, Captain, commanding regiment.

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## FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT

### FIELD STAFF AND BAND.

Hospital Steward—Robert H. Lennard.

*Musicians.*

J. R. P. Jett, D. J. Goode,
T. D. Herst, Chas. Warner,
J H. Collins, P. R. Stamps,
D. H. Foster, Frank Deal.

### COMPANY A.

2nd Sergeant—P. H. Walker.
3rd Sergeant—W D. Mooney.
4th Sergeant—P J. Deel.

*Privates.*

T. W. Fletcher, J. M. Fields,
J. H. Gunn, W. A. Hall,
J S. Jones, A. J. Martin,
W H. Pitman, T. S. Simmons,
P. Thompson, W. B. Walker.

### COMPANY B.

5th Sergeant—W J Flanikin.
1st Corporal—J. E. Jones.
2nd Corporal—W. J. Tannehill.
4th Corporal—A. R. Masterson.

*Privates.*

L. B. Cox, J. K. P. Dunson,
A. A. Durfee, J. B. Henderson,
N. W Mayfield, A. T. Luckett,
A. R. Rice, S. P. Teague,
D. A. Todd.

COMPANY C.

2nd Sergeant--J. M. Adams.

*Privates.*

W Gearey, B. F. Merriman,
S. W. Montgomery.
W Hearn, Courier, General Field.

COMPANY D.

1st Sergeant—Jas. Patterson.
2nd Sergeant—A. E. Wilson.
3rd Sergeant—R. A. Burgess.
4th Sergeant—S. A. Jones.
5th Sergeant—Z. J. Harmon.
1st Corporal—J. M. White.

*Privates.*

W H. Burgess, J. S. Danmill,
A. A. Dimmitt, W Dunn,
J B. Gregory, J. F. Holmes,
G. W Little, John Rodgers,
F. C. White, B. Schmidtz,
G. A. Hodges.

COMPANY E.

1st Sergeant—P. M. Ripley.
2nd Sergeant—W W. Dunklin.
1st Corporal--E. C. Sharp.

*Privates.*

S. J. Billingsley, G. N. Chenault,
W. E. Duncan, Samuel Fossett,
W M. King, W. H. Berton,
F. C. Mullens, W. A. Pamplin,
Jas. Robertson, N. N. Ripley,
H. B. Rogers, G. M. Taylor,
R. W Umberson, P. D. Williams.

COMPANY F.

1st Sergeant—J. D. Murrey.

*Privates.*

Chas. McAllister, Courier, General Field.
H. G. Abbott, Jas. Alford,
S. H. Ardour, W. H. Dunn,
L. T. Pogue.

COMPANY G.

1st Sergeant--L. H. Barry.
2nd Sergeant—W M. Baines.
3rd Sergeant—W A. Stacey.
5th Sergeant—W J. Grissett.
2nd Corporal—J. F. Martin.
4th Corporal—B. F. Kelley.

*Privates.*

Jas. Aiken,
D. R. Blackshear,
E. C. Davis,
C. G. Mooring,
S. A. Medkiff,
H. F. Plaster,
G. S. Qualls,
H. E. Shafer,
T G. Wallingford,
J J. Blackshear,
J. J. Cooke,
G. W Jones,
W. A. Martin,
J. T. Muse,
J. M. Pinckney,
J. S. Reynolds,
A. J. Stewart,
H. F Williams.

COMPANY H.

4th Sergeant—W. T. C. May
1st Corporal—R. H. Stewart.
4th Corporal—J. H. Hall.

*Privates.*

T C. Dillard,
R. M. May,
Thos. A. Wynne,
H. Keiser,
A. J McCowan,
W A. Watson.

COMPANY I.

4th Sergeant--R. G. Holloway

*Privates.*

W. B. Allen,
J. W Crabtree,
H. L. Harrison,
J. W Holdeman,
L. W Rice,
W W Templeton,
M. Barry,
A. M. Crossland,
J. J. Harrison,
J. H. Orendoff,
J. R. Shaw.
J. H. Tredwell,
J. C. Welch.

COMPANY K.

1st Sergeant—J. H. Kimbrough.
3rd Sergeant—M. H. Hodge.
5th Sergeant—T. C. Banks.

*Privates.*

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|---|---|
| Jos. Baker, | A. Boles, |
| J. M. Campbell, | L. D. Champion, |
| M. Chapman, | W T. Brown, |
| J. F. Ellege, | J. F. Gibbons, |
| L. J. Guthrie, | H. A. Larroo, |
| J. J. Pickering, | J. Rice. [145] |

Lieut.-Col. C. M. Winkler, commanding regiment.

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## FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT.

Hospital Steward—W A. Forte.

COMPANY A.

2nd Sergeant—A. Alford.
*Private*—G. Mathews.

COMPANY C.

4th Sergeant—J. N. Freeman.

*Privates.*

| | |
|---|---|
| O. G. Armstrong, | J W Armstrong, |
| H. F. M. Freeman, | J. P. Neil. |

COMPANY D.

2d Sergeant—D. F. Storey.
3d Sergeant—E. C. Powell.
1st Corporal—J. T. Dixon.

*Privates.*

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|---|---|
| A. J. Adams, | S. L. Davenport, |
| W. L. Durham, | P H. Glaze, |
| G. F. Moss, | W. O. Moore, |
| S. W Oliver, | F. T. Oliver, |
| J. W Smith, | Corporal J. L. Allen. |

COMPANY E.

4th Sergeant—W H. Coleman.

*Privates.*

| | |
|---|---|
| J. A. Clarke, | F. M. Mays, |
| S. F. Perry, | R. G. Sands, |
| G. F. Heard, | T. H. Langley, |

J. T. Longino.

J. W Trowbridge, Courier at Brigade Headquarters,
S. T. Watson, Courier at Brigade Headqurters.

COMPANY F.

*Privates.*

J. M. Snowden, A. S. Crarey.

COMPANY G.

1st Sergeant—G. W Chambers.
2d Sergeant—W P. Bowen.
4th Sergeant—J Parker.
1st Corporal—J. R. Keeling.

*Privates.*

L. A. Adams, D. B. Chambers,
J. W. Davis, H. Darnell,
F. M. Hopkins, G. W Kennedy,
T. F. Muin, J. W Mathews,
F. M. Mathews, B. Y. Milan,
J. Lewellen, J. N. Petty,
T. G. Seay, W J. Watts,
W. B. Henry, W B. Kimbrough,
J. A. Knox, M. A. Knox,
Jas. Ward, R. F. Wren,
S. F. Black, A. P Cooke.

COMPANY H.

1st Sergeant—H. G. Hickman.
4th Sergeant—Geo. Hollinsworth.
5th Sergeant—C. C. Baker.
1st Corporal—J. E. Evans.
2d Corporal—W H. Moore.

*Privates.*

P. A. Blanton, Jas. Bolton,
T R. Edwards, A. J. Fry,
N. Hollinsworth, J. Henegsburger,
J. A. Knight, Joe A. Knight,
J. M. Herrington, T. B. Davidson,
J. Laflin, L. G. McKinsie,
J. P. Surratt, A. N. Fennell.

COMPANY I.

2d Sergeant—R. F. Emmons.
5th Sergeant—D. B. Bush.
Commissary Sergeant—A. Aldrich.
1st Corporal—J. M. Drawhorn.

*Privates.*

J. Harris, T. W. H. McCall,
F. M. Morris, D. M. McLean,
Chas. Scully.

COMPANY K.

2d Sergeant—O. T Hanks.
3d Sergeant—H. S. Bennett.
3d Corporal—J. Branden.
4th Corporal—W. F. Brooks.

*Privates.*

O. T. Hail,
A. J. Presselle,
H. C. Powell,
A. J. Wilson,
B. D. Dunham,
W H. Watson,
Joe O. Brown,
S. N Peterson,
J. O. Noble,
Geo. W Menefee.

COMPANY L.

3d Sergeant—J. C. Pratt.
4th Sergeant—W. A. Shelton.

*Privates.*

Samuel Clarke,
J. Dillon,
M. Garrity,
John McCarty,
B. R. Stoddard,
W. B. Von Hutton,
M. L. Wagner,
R. A. Curtis,
L. F. Delardenier,
T. L. McCarty,
G. A. Merke,
H. Schultz,
A. W Wood,
Wm. Hoskins,
Jas. Welch.

COMPANY M.

1st Sergeant—T. W Peary.
2d Sergeant—W A. Roach.
3d Sergeant—F. M. Slater.
4th Sergeant—G. B. Lundy.
5th Sergeant—D. H. Hamilton.
Drummer—S. S. Watson.

*Privates.*

B. J. Caps,
W F. Enfinger,
S. Stubblefield,
W T. White,
S. Demirry,
T. E. Hathorn,
W Tullous,
J. A. White,
Jo Wilson.

F. S. Bass, Colonel, commauding regimeut.
Jno. H. Leete, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant.

## GENERAL J. B. HOOD.

General John Bell Hood was born in Owensville, Bath county, Kentucky, June 29, 1831, and was brought up at Mount Sterling, Montgomery county, Kentucky. Of his childhood and youth we know nothing. except that his father was a physician who occupied a high position in the medical world, and was desirous that his son should adopt the same profession, offering the inducement of completing his studies in Europe. The young man, however, had his dreams of future glory and his heart set upon a military life, as his ardor had been excited by deeds of daring of both his grandfathers, who were soldiers under Washington. They were of English origin, had settled in Virginia, but emigrated to Kentucky, "the dark and bloody ground," where they lived in constant warfare with the Indians, and one had married at Fort Boonesboro, the first fortification constructed in the State.

His anxiety upon the subject of a military education induced his maternal uncle, Judge French, then a member of Congress, to obtain for him an appointment to West Point. He entered that military academy in 1849, at the age of seventeen, and graduated, in 1853, in the class with Sheridan, McPherson and Schofield. He was appointed brevet second lieutenant of the 4th infantry, then serving in California. Sailing from New York, via Panama, he reached San Francisco and was stationed a short time at Benecia Barracks, when he was directed to report for duty at Fort Jones, Scott's Valley, in the northern part of California, where he found Colonel Buchanan in command of a regiment, with Captain U. S. Grant as quartermaster. While here game was plentiful and Lieutenant Hood and another member of his mess sent their surplus game to market, cultivated a field and sowed wheat. Before this financial scheme came to perfection and the wheat harvested, he was ordered, in command of a detachment of dragoons, to serve as escort to Lieutenant Williams, of the topographical engineers, upon a surveying expedition in the direction of Salt Lake.

These duties were soon brought to a close by an appointment as second lieutenant in the 2d cavalry, a new regiment organized by act of Congress, in 1855, commanded by Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, with R. E. Lee as lieutenant-colonel, George Thomas and W J. Hardee as majors. Lieutenant Philip Sheridan relieved him, and he returned to San Francisco, en route

to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, the rendezvous of his regiment. Here he met, in his bank, W. T. Sherman.

Thus early was he thrown with the men who were destined to be engaged on different sides of the most desperate contest that has ever engaged the attention of the American people—men who afterwards became distinguished actors in the military drama—rendered immortal by their skill and valor.

While at Jefferson Barracks he received his share of the profits of the wheat crop—one thousand dollars in gold.

In November he marched with his regiment to Fort Belknap, Texas (no railroads at that time), reaching his destination in December. Camp Cooper was established soon after upon the Clear Fork of the Brazos.

The government had under advisement the construction of a fort, and Colonel Lee was in the habit of riding over the country in search of a suitable location, taking some of his officers along to get their opinion with regard to establishing a military post.

Lieutenant Hood frequently accompanied him on these excursions, and here he spent a most delightful season of enjoyment, galloping over the beautiful prairies, breathing the balmy air, in the association with cultured gentlemen. Here was formed the attachment between Generals Lee and Hood which was never interrupted throughout their lives,—the young officer listening to his elder's words of wisdom and gauging his conduct by the high standard of morality set up for his emulation by the living example of the model gentleman who was his daily companion. Perhaps more than any other, this association had a directing influence upon his future, as all who knew General Hood are familiar with his keen sense of honor—his high-bred avoidance of the debasing vices that cast a blemish upon many human characters.

He was ordered to Fort Mason, near the Llano river, during the latter part of this year. On July 5, 1857, he left the fort, in command of twenty-five men, on a scouting expedition, in search of Indians. Provided with thirty days rations, an Indian guide and compass, the party traversed the country between the Concho rivers and Mexico, struck a trail and followed the red men in spite of the desert country, or Staked Plains which lay beyond, the scarcity of water for their canteens, and danger of getting so far into the wilderness. Orders had been received at camp from Washington before they left that a party of Tonkaway Indians were expected at the reservation, would raise a white flag as signal of their approach, and it must be respected.

Lieutenant Hood came up with the Indians, and as they raised a white flag, he did not attack.

Suddenly the wily foe threw down their treacherous signal and commenced firing. The struggle commenced and grew desperate, the Indians fighting hand to hand. Their ammunition was all expended, the ground, covered with a growth of Spanish daggers, strewn with the dead and wounded. Two of the scouting party were killed and several wounded, amongst the latter was Lieutenant Hood, having his hand pinned to his bridle with an arrow. The attacking party were Comanches and Lipans. The howl of distress from the Indians indicated they had fought long enough, and when night approached they gathered up the dead and wounded and moved toward the Rio Grande. The troop returned to Fort Mason.

General Twiggs, commanding the department, said officially: "Lieutenant Hood's affair was a gallant one, and much credit is due to both officer and men." The Indians lost nineteen warriors.

After his return to Fort Mason he was promoted first lieutenant and placed on duty at Camp Colorado.

In 1858 he established Camp Wood on the Nueces river, and continued there until, while on leave of absence in November, 1860, he was ordered to report for duty as chief of cavalry at West Point. He went to Washington and asked to be relieved from the order, stating he feared war would soon be declared, in which event he preferred to act with freedom.

Colonel Cooper, adjutant-general, exclaimed: "Mr. Hood, you surprise me. This is a post and position sought by every soldier."

He, however, acceded to his request, and, before his leave of absence expired, hostilities were declared.

He returned at once to Texas, parting with his command at Indianola, bidding his comrades a reluctant farewell, but duty to his native South seemed paramount to that he owed the United States government.

Becoming convinced no action would be taken in a decided manner by Kentucky, he proceeded to Montgomery, Ala., then the seat of Confederate government, and offered his sword to its service.

He was ordered to report to Colonel R. E. Lee at Richmond, in command of State troops by authority of the governor of Virginia.

All these circumstances explain General Hood's affection for Texas and his preference, on all occasions, for Texas troops. He had visited, during his five years' service on the Texas frontier, many portions of the beautiful country, was impressed with its vast, undeveloped resources, and had determined, when tired of

military life, to make it his home. He entered the service from Texas, and always spoke of it as his adopted home.

Colonel Lee sent him at once to Yorktown to report to Colonel Magruder, who assigned him to the command of some cavalry companies with the rank of major.

After the battle of Bethel, he led his men into the swamp and attacked the Federals upon the spot where Colonel Drew, of the Louisiana battalion, had been killed. While here, annoying with his cavalry the troops in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel, and, in September, was summoned to Richmond, appointed colonel and directed to organize the 4th Texas regiment of infantry, which had arrived from that State, and were lying in camp near the city, at a place styled "Camp Texas."

His distinguished services have been duly recorded in this work. When given the command of the Western army, he suffered under the most disadvantageous circumstances. The men were never united under any one leader; were dissatisfied and disheartened by continued retreating; demoralization was already at work, causing desertion by hundreds, and making the position exceedingly difficult to fill with credit to himself or honor to the cause.

When relieved of his command at his own request, after the sad finale of turning over the troops to his successor, he proceeded to Richmond, and was cheered by the confidence of President Davis and General Lee, who commissioned him to bring to the assistance of that general all troops from the Trans-Mississippi Department who would follow him. While *en route* under these orders, he received the painful news of the surrender at Appomattox, but continued his journey until he learned of General Kirby Smith's disbandment in the Trans-Mississippi Department. May 31, 1865, he rode into Natchez, and offered to surrender his sword to Major-General Davidson, who, courteously bade him to retain it, and allowed him to proceed on his way to New Orleans.

General Frank Blair said of him: "The great fault of both Johnston and Hood was that they did not have men enough to contend with Sherman's army. It was natural enough, after the failure of General Johnston to check our advance, other tactics should be employed, and no man could have been found who could have executed this policy with greater skill, ability and vigor than General Hood."

His occupation was now gone. All his life a military man, when the Confederacy became only a dream of the past, it was difficult to get accustomed to the situation, to bring his mind

into the narrow limits of the ordinary business affairs of life. To do this, after handling armies, required more than Spartan courage.

Forming a company with other distinguished Southern gentlemen, he entered into the insurance business, but the profits were not remunerative and they dissolved, he being only an agent afterwards for other companies until the time of his death.

He married in New Orleans, after the war, Miss Hennen, daughter of a once distinguished jurist, who possessed all those refined womanly traits of character calculated to make the sum total of man's earthly happiness, while a group of lovely children gathered around their hearth-stone of whom any parents might be proud.

Thus the years passed on, surrounded by the tenderest joys of earth, until, in an evil hour, disease laid its hand upon the wife and mother, and she died suddenly of yellow fever.

Just three weeks afterwards, the brave general, the noble friend, the loving father, followed the faithful wife to that laud where the weary are at rest and loved ones are again united.

Tortured with the realization of the destitute and helpless condition of his young children (one of whom died the same day as the father), remembering all the devotion of his old soldiers, he bequeathed to them a touching legacy, saying: "I leave my children to Hood's Texas Brigade."

The whole country was shocked at the misfortune that had overtaken these doubly-orphaned ones, and the brigade accepted the trust in good faith.

Mrs. Hennen, their grandmother, came to Austin, Texas, and selected for them a home, the brigade having made arrangements to care for and educate them properly, but it was decreed otherwise.

Just before the preparations for removal were complete the grandmother died, and the guardians appointed by her decided to accept the invitatiou of wealthy citizens North aud South, who formally adopted the little ones as their own, promising to make them heirs of their fortunes.

The brigade submitted to this arrangement, not through any desire to shirk the responsibility, but because with their broken fortunes and decimated numbers, the future interests of the children were better secured.

In looking over the record of this man amongst men, we are struck with the nobility of purpose, the faith in his own powers, the belief in the justice of the cause, the wonderful perseverance he displayed, and the powerful will subservient to his control.

Wounded in the arm which was never entirely sound after-

wards, with the loss of a limb, amputated by one of the most difficult operations, destined to walk only on crutches, he conceived and carried out the Western campaign, which only lacked success to place it among the rest of his remarkable exploits, he ever evinced the indomitable spirit which reigned in the bosom of General Lee.

His remains lie in Washington Street Cemetery, New Orleans, in the tomb with his wife and young daughter, with only a plain marble slab to mark the spot and tell to passers-by a great man's ashes there moulder into decay, the tablet bearing only the inscription:

JOHN BELL HOOD,

GENERAL IN THE LATE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

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Born June 29, 1831, at Owensville, Kentucky.
Died, August 30, 1879.

While visiting New Orleans the writer made a pilgrimage to the spot where the silence of the cemetery is undisturbed by any sound save the breeze stirring the leaves of the trees, from whose branches the long moss hangs in graceful drapery, and where only a bright colored rose stands sentinel above the head of the fallen brave.

I gazed at the bronze statue of General Lee, erected as a monument of his matchless genius, at the intersection of two streets in the busy marts of the city. visited Metaire Cemetery and stood within the tomb of the Louisiana soldiers from the Army of Northern Virginia, bearing upon the summit in granite the life-size statue of General Jackson, and a great hope sprung up that some time in the future we would have General Hood's statue in our State capitol grounds.

So proud to claim his connection with Texans we would have the marble speak in mute eloquence the story of our affection, placing his record before the world with grateful remembrance.

There is a monument at Austin, Texas, not reared with blocks of stone, which would be prized by the great hero himself as a beautiful tribute to his life and services—the Confederate Home for veterans of the war.

This enterprise stands as a perpetual memorial, began by the John B. Hood Camp, Confederate Veterans, which round a small nucleus of devoted hearts, gained headway under difficulties, the means for purchasing the property and keeping it in operation the result alone of private donations from the people, men, women and children.

The last session of the legislature adopted it as a State insti-

tution, receiving it from the Camp as a sacred trust, and placing it forever beyond want, where more than eighty invalid soldiers find a permanent home, freed from harassing care and anxiety for a helpless future. Six of these were members of Hood's Texas Brigade, disabled from arduous service in the Army of Northern Virginia.

"Honor and glory were given to cherish;
Cherish these then, though all else decay,
Landmarks be these, that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day."

Deep down in the heart is the belief that when the roll of centuries is called, if the scattered remnant of the old brigade christened with the name of their beloved leader, will only remain faithful to the principles that actuated his life, as one by one they "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees" they will receive the welcome plaudit from the Commander of the Universe: "Well done good and faithful servant." They will then with clearer vision, read from the book of fate, and understand that the "Lost Cause," with its fearful baptism of blood and tears, and terrible sacrifice of life, has not been in vain, if it has led them up the rugged heights of the "Sweet by and by." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

## GOV FRANK R. LUBBOCK.

This distinguished Texan merits more than a passing notice, as a member of President Davis' staff, companion of his capture, and life-long friend of the man he ever held in veneration and respect.

He was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, educated at Beaufort College, and was undergoing an examination for West Point when the death of his father necessitated his remaining at home with his mother, as the eldest of a family of young children. Entering into business at an early age, he evinced great energy, and was induced to go to New Orleans, where he successfully conducted the drug business, and where he married a most charming and cultivated girl, when only nineteen years of age.

Texas was attracting much attention just then, and he came to Velasco with a cargo of arms, ammunition and flour, and threw his fortunes with the new country, then struggling for independence.

After the war was over, and Texas a republic, he brought his wife to Houston, where, in January, 1837, with Judge Franklin, Mosley Baker, J. K. Allen, and others, they located and built the first houses. This point had been selected as the seat of government, and the following spring the archives were removed and an extra session of Congress called.

Mr. Lubbock was elected assistant clerk of the Congress, and the following year, clerk. He was then elected comptroller; district clerk of Harris county for sixteen years; secretary of Democratic convention, etc. At the Waco convention, in 1857, he was nominated, on the second ballot, for lieutenant-governor. In 1861, he was elected governor.

"During his two years' term, he was a constant worker to establish the independence of the Confederate States, and preserving the peace and quiet of the frontier of Texas."

In January, 1863, he refused re-election as governor, preferring to cast his lot with the army. He was commissioned as lieutenant colonel, and assigned to duty with General Magruder; then with General Wharton, in command of all cavalry forces in Texas, with whom he served until the close of the Louisiana campaign.

In July, 1864, President Davis summoned him to Richmond, making him one of his aids, with the rank of colonel of cavalry.

The service was accepted. He went to Richmond, and was

actively engaged in such a manner as to receive the commendations of the executive.

Captured with his chieftain, after the surrender of the Confederate armies, in company with Judge Reagan and other officials, he was taken to Fortress Monroe, thence to Fort Delaware, where he was kept in solitary confinement upward of seven months before being released.

After returning to Texas, he engaged in business at Houston, made a trip to Europe, and was active in all enterprises for the advancement of his beloved South.

In 1876, he was elected State treasurer, which position he held without rivalry until, in 1890, he refused re-election, deciding to spend the remnant of his days freed from the trammels of office.

No man ever lived in Texas possessing more of the confidence of the people than this honorable, high-toned gentleman of the old school.

In a private letter to the writer, after President Davis' death, he said: "You know how proud I was of having served under him, and my devotion to him and his family obtained for me a warm place in the hearts of himself, his wife and children. I vowed never to desert his fortunes, but to remain with him to the bitter end; our mutual friend, Judge Reagan, did the same. I also determined that, unless Providence prevented, I would be present at his burial, to pay the last sad tribute to the greatest and best man of the century.

"I was enabled to be there. Never again will there be in the South such an outpouring of people, not from curiosity, but from love and respect.

"After the funeral, there was a meeting of the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, presided over by General J. B. Gordon, governor of Georgia. There were eight Southern governors present, many ex-Confederate generals, etc.—a very large meeting.

"Having served as pall-bearer, I was very much fatigued and worn out with the excitement of the day, and would not have attended, but a friend insisted I should be present. After speeches by governors, and others, I was called on, with no intimation whatever of such a purpose. I afterwards wrote out my remarks, as nearly as I could recall them, by request, and enclose you a copy:

" 'HONORABLE COMRADES:—What can I add to the beautiful and patriotic speeches that have been made to-night by the distinguished veterans assembled to do honor to the memory of our illustrious chieftain, and to provide for his devoted wife and children.

" 'I must, however, venture to utter a few words to give relief

to my aching heart. Standing in the rotunda of the grand capitol at Austin, Texas, when the news announced that Jefferson Davis had passed over the river, from the fullness of my heart I said: "Jefferson Davis dead! Then the light of the greatest and best man of the century has been extinguished. Jefferson Davis, the embodiment of patriotism, the true soldier, the intelligent statesman, the ripe scholar, the refined gentleman, and, above all, the earnest follower of Christ!"

" 'Sirs, it was my good fortune to be most intimately connected with this great and noble man, just after I left the office of governor for the Confederate army. Jefferson Davis, without the slightest knowledge on my part of his intention to do so, honored me by nominating me as colonel of cavalry and aid-de-camp to himself.

" 'I reported to him as fast as horse and rail could take me to Richmond, and I served with him, in his military family. to the bitter end.

" 'I had previously known Mr. Davis; and to know him, was to admire the many qualities that marked him as a great man.

" 'From closest contact, I soon learned to love him for his noble manhood, his devotion to his country, his earnestness in the discharge of the great trusts committed to his hands by a devoted and admiring people, and for the tender care of those connected with him, his suavity to his inferiors in rank, his fair dealing in all things with all men. I loved him for his great heart.

" 'I took pleasure in being near him and listening to his conversation, so full of intelligence, so chaste, so elegant, and there was soul iu it all.

" 'My comrades, he was a great man; the greatest, all in all, this century has produced.

" 'They say he is dead! My comrades, he is beyond our sight, but he is not dead. He lives in the spirit land. He lives with Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, and others of our true, pure men; as the distinguished bishop said to-day: "When the roll-call is made in heaveu, Jefferson Davis answers, 'here.' "

" 'Yes, we all know such as he make up the kingdom of heaven.

" 'He is not dead, he lives a higher life. He is not dead, though we have laid him in the tomb, for he lives in our hearts, and he will ever live in the hearts of our children.

" 'Commander: Comrades: I approve and endorse the resolutions offered by our distinguished comrade, General Stephen D. Lee, and will do all in my power to aid in carrying them into effect.' "

## ADDRESSES AT THE BRENHAM REUNION IN 1881.

At the reuniou of Hood's brigade at Brenham, Texas, Hon. D. C. Giddings, of that place, welcomed them in the name of the people of Washington county:

"We feel honored by your presence, and would we be if we were not ready to extend to you that welcome which your conduct so richly merits at the hands of the people of Texas? We welcome you, too, because your presence will tend to dissipate the error that the reunion of the two armies will tend to keep alive the animosities of the late war Had the matter of issue in that war been left to a vote of the soldiers of the two parties, or even of the Union soldiers, a peaceful solution would have followed and much bloodshed been saved. Success is the measure of merit. Had you been successful, the world would have rang with peans of your praise. But as you fought in a lost cause, we of the South claim the right to pay you tribute. All honor to the men who fought on both sides, whether they wore the blue or the gray. Their blood and their ashes mingle in the same soil, and together have nourished the beauteous flowers that grow on their mounds. Washington county welcomes to her borders the soldiers of the Lost Cause and just as warmly welcomes the honest soldiers of the Union."

Major John M. Hendenson, of Bryan, on behalf of the brigade, responded as follows:

"FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I feel it a pleasing task to return, however feebly, our gratitude for this splendid ovation, but who would have expected less from the people of old Washington county, from whence went forth to the battle-fields of Virginia, two of the thirty companies which composed Hood's Texas Brigade.

"We have met again, fellow-soldiers, after an interval of a year. As is our custom, we have come together from every portion of our beautiful State to hold our annual reunion. For the time being the busy cares of life are forgotten; the farmer has left his plow; the mechanic his shop; the merchant his store; the stockman his ranch; the lawyer and physician their office, and the remnant of Hood's Texas Brigade have assembled together. May I inquire for what purpose are we here? I know it has been said that the object of these organizations is to foster and keep alive

the animosities of the late war. By others it has been charged that they have a political significance.

"Comrades, we have met for a nobler purpose. We have assembled together in social reunion, and our hearts go out to one another over the sacred recollections of the past. We are soldiers of the Lost Cause, but we feel we suffered no dishonor in defeat, and we are here to cement afresh ties that were welded amid scenes that tried men's souls. To-day, where we now stand, the mystic chords of memory are touched, we look back across the lapse of nearly twenty years and recall our share of that sanguinary drama which drenched this land with fraternal blood.

"It is unnecessary that I should do more than allude to the career of the Texas brigade in Virginia, for you, my countrymen, are familiar with its achievements. There was scarcely a battle of importance fought from Eltham's Landing to Appomattox, in which it was not engaged, and in some, it bore a conspicuous part.

"At Eltham's Landing it successfully aided in covering the flank of our army on its retreat from Yorktown; and such was the bravery of the 1st Texas regiment on that occasion that General Smith, the division commander, said of it: 'Had he twenty thousand such men he would undertake a successful invasion of the North.'

"Again, at Gaines' Farm, the brigade acted no mean part in securing that glorious victory, and the 4th Texas, by its deeds of daring valor, covered itself with immortal renown.

"At second Manassas the command was again conspicuous, and by their gallantry did much to achieve that splendid success. The lamented Hood said of the 5th regiment on that field of battle: 'It slipped the bridle, broke through three lines of battle, and penetrated to the very heart of the enemy.'

"At Sharpsburg too, throughout that terrible day, which has been characterized as the fiercest struggle of the war, the Texas brigade fought with desperate valor and against fearful odds.

"At Gettysburg, and on other fields, they received honorable mention.

"But if there was no other page in the battle history of that brigade than the Wilderness, it would stand alone as a sufficient monument of the heroism and valor of the little band of Texans. The passage of the bridge at Lodi by Napoleon was a grand scene; the assault of MacDonald at Wagram, with his column of 16,000, was a sublime spectacle; and the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, since made immortal by the poet's pen, was a heroic picture; these all mark epochs of the courage of men on the field of battle; but to my mind the charge of the Texas bri-

gade at the Wilderness, under the eye of the immortal Lee, stands without a parallel in the annals of war. Those were trained soldiery, and moved to the onslaught like a piece of machinery, driven to their duty by the stern rules of discipline. These moved to the charge in the face of overwhelming odds, and against a victorious enemy. They charged with the coolness of veterans, but not more nerved by discipline than by the fires of patriotism which burned in the bosom of each citizen-soldier, and which determined him to do or die in a cause which he deemed just and holy.

"'Musketry to right of them,
Musketry to left of them,
Musketry in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they charged and well,
Into the jaws of death.'

"Though no sculptured marble rears aloft its spotless shaft, to tell to the stranger that 'there, too, fell a Thermopylæ,' though no paternal government stretches forth its protecting arms to raise a splendid mausoleum to the fallen Confederate heroes of the Wilderness, yet their deeds of valor are enshrined in the hearts of the admirers of true courage and manhood throughout the world; and in the urn of history the brightest page will be reserved in which their memories will be embalmed, and go sounding down the ages to the remotest time.

"Suffice it that this little band of Texans, surrounded, as they were, by the most extraordinary circumstances, felt and realized that Texas had committed to their care and keeping her fair fame and her sacred honor. They were inspired by the deeds of the illustrious heroes of the Alamo, of Goliad, of San Jacinto, and they determined to bear aloft the honor of their State upon the points of their bayonets—to victory or death.

"It was no ignoble task to earn a place in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia; and Texas need not feel ashamed of the deeds of these of her children, written in letters of blood upon almost every battle-field of Virginia. No history will ever record that in the hour of danger these men ever proved recreant to the trust confided to them, or that, in the shock of battle, they ever turned their backs upon the enemy.

"'Wherever death's quick pang was quickest,
Where the battle's wreck lay thickest
There, be sure, would they be charging.'

"Many of them, alas! will never charge again. How many of

them sleep their last sleep on the soil of the Old Dominion, their bones bleaching on the battle-fields of that classic land!

"'On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
Where glory guards, with solemn sound,
The bivouac of the dead.'

"Denny and Black fell at Eltham's Landing; Ryan and Marshall offered up their lives at Gaines' Farm; the soil of the Rappahannock drank up the blood of the gallant Whaley; the bold spirit of the chivalrous Upton went forth to meet the God of battle from the plains of Manassas, and as he would have chosen, Gregg, too, the Chevalier Bayard of the brigade, poured out his heart's blood in a skirmish in front of Richmond, though he had often courted death upon nobler fields; while Turner, the faithful soldier, is quietly sleeping under the green sod at Suffolk. Others of equal valor, courage and devotion, if not of equal fame, rest in nameless graves, awaiting the resurrection morn, which shall call all true soldiers to duty.

"Let us, the survivors of that noble band of brothers, emulate their example in the battle of life which is before us.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we thank you for the evidences of your hospitality."

# TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

BY MOLLIE E. MOORE, THE SWEET TEXAS SONGSTRESS.

[Read at the Third Annual Reunion, Galveston, June 27, 1874.)

"I wake my slumbering harp again,
I sweep once more its silent strings,
I trembling touch the olden strain,
Whose every note some memory brings;
It led to battle once, your blades
Triumphant drew, a trumpet tone
To victory once your bold brigade,
Where banners waved and rifles shone.

"But hushed by griefs I dare not name,
The song hath slept thro' lonesome years,
With that neglected oriflamme
Whose burning stars were quenched in tears;
And if its lightness all is fled,
Its broken chords allay the strain,
'Tis but because the hopes are dead
That gave it strength and sweetness then.

"Ye are come to the Halls of Heroes—

"A ring of old music is in the air,
That thrills like a thrill of the days gone by,
With its martial burden 'We do, and we dare!'
And the heart as of old beats fast, beats high;
There are flags on the walls whose dark blood stains
Tell mighty deeds of the battle rout—
Of the columns flying along the lane—
Of Honor and Duty—of Hope and Doubt.

"There are voices mingling that once rang out
High and clear thro' the battle din,
Sending the brave with a clarion shout,
To where danger with death was closing in.
There are scars of a hundred battles won
And lost, on the faces gathered here,
And the records of daring deeds that were done
On a hundred fields in the days that were!

"But, room for the dead! Make room for the dead!

"There are phantom forms that come crowding in
With rifle in hand and sword at knee,
A silent army whose battles are won—
Grand and fearless that followed Lee.
There blazes the burning oriflamme
In the hand that bore it at Malvern Hill,
And here is the group that dealt such shame
To the flying foe at Gaines' Mill.

"All here! From the blue-eyed boy who went
In a blaze of glory from Seven Pines,
To the bearded man whose blood was spent
Unknown and unwatched on the picket lines.
And a ring of the old music in the air
That thrills like a thrill of the days gone by
With the martial burden, we 'do and we dare,'
And the heart, as of old, beats fast, beats high.

"Ye are come to the halls of heroes!

"Comrades, both living and dead, arise,
And pledge me in silence that wonderful past,
With its bloody fields and its gloomy skies
And its hope sown thick on the battle blast,
For its spirit is here in our midst to-day,
Breaking and blessing the bread of our pain,
Surely the stone shall be rolled away
And that past shall rise and rejoice again."

## LATEST WORK OF VIRGINIA WOMEN.

As so much has been given of the labor of love of the women of Richmond during the days of the Confederacy, this work would be incomplete without some notice of their exertions of a later date.

Soon after the close of the war two societies were organized, the Hollywood and Oakwood Memorial Associations.

These ladies banded together for the purpose of caring for the graves of the soldiers buried from the hospitals; to gather the dead from the battle-fields; to erect a monument at each place, and to institute, upon the anniversary of General Jackson's death, in May, a day to be kept sacredly as a holiday, when each unknown grave should be decorated every returning spring, with the floral tributes of their love and continued affection.

The visitor to these cemeteries is struck with the sad mourn-

fulness of this army of graves. There lie the defenders of a lost cause, side by side, far from home and loved ones—vast hillocks of tufted green, the gentle zephyr sighing through the branches of the giant oaks, a continued requiem above their sacrifice of blood and life.

Not long since I wandered in the midst of this devoted remembrance, proud that above place and power, fashion and the greed of gain, this sacred dust is cherished and the past with its remarkable history is not forgotten.

Thank God for a people who have shown to succeeding generations their appreciation of the brave, unknown, Southern soldier!

At Oakwood, in the eastern limit of the city, the dead from the adjacent battle-fields are buried in a wide semi-circle, around the tall, white monument that rears its lofty head above a broad granite base, alongside their comrades who died from wounds received in the many engagements around the city

This bears the inscription:

TO THE SIXTEEN THOUSAND CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WHO LIE BURIED HERE FROM EVERY SOUTHERN STATE [here follows name of each State] ERECTED BY OAKWOOD LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

No pen can describe this scene or adequately depict the sensations felt as all the immolation of self is here brought sensibly to view, but amidst it all glowed the ennobling thought that they are cared for still, and as long as these daisy-starred graves here remain, once a year, at least, the women will unite with the true and brave in a spontaneous tribute to the past

At Hollywood the grounds are designed more artistically, divided by avenues that wind gracefully over hill and through dale, past vast mausoleums and hill-side vaults, flowering beds, shady woodland nooks, murmuring streams, and other attractions of fine landscape gardening.

Confederate avenue was the locality we sought—the Mecca of our pilgrimage. Stately trees threw their shadows, interspersed by patches of sunshine, cool and refreshing, over all the surroundings.

As I trod the gravelled walks and threaded the mazes of arbor vitæ, cedar and holly, strange thoughts swelled within my bosom. Longtreet's corps was again passing through the city as I once saw them, bouyant with hope, cheerful amid privation—the sunny-faced heroes of every battle-field.

I stood upon the eminence from which the monument rises. As far as the eye can reach—nothing but graves—12,000 Southern soldiers resting side by side, with only wooden head-boards

to mark their place of slumber, their lovely beds attesting to the continued care they receive.

Sitting down at the base of the monument, I fell into a reverie, having wandered off alone to commune with the past undisturbed.

Here they had brought the dead from the battle-field of Gettysburg,—we had read of the procession a mile in length,—the remains escorted by old military companies, city officials, citizens and ladies of the Association.

What a picture! Grand, glorious old Virginia preserving her ancient dignity even beyond the realm of life! The flag under which these had marched to a glorious death had been furled in black midnight, and gone down in grief and agony, but men and women were still faithful, and could still scatter flowers, and water them with tears, above the breasts of the unconquered dead.

The monument is a tall pyramid of native rough-hewn granite, put together with mathematical exactness, no mortar or cement used in its construction. Half-way up its rugged four sides a marble tablet, is inserted, bearing the words: "OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD."

Along its broad base is planted honeysuckle, running roses, ivy, wisteria, and Virginia creeper. They have thrown out their tendrils in a loving clasp, grown in and out among the crevices of the rock, climbing nearly to the summit—a mass of living green—a never-dying memory of the buried brave. There it stands, against the blue vault of the sky, prominent from all points,—the simplest. grandest, most beautiful, most wonderful testimonial ever erected to perpetuate the memory of the loved and lost.

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

"You marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age has flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of Glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb."

* * *

The dead are honored, but the living are also cherished, as the "Soldiers Home," beyond the equestrian statue of General Lee, in the western suburbs of the city, bears witness.

The building was purchased through the exertions of the R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, assisted by the Hollywood and Oakwood Associations, and here are gathered several hundred Confederate soldiers.

The grounds and drives are handsomely kept, inviting visitors to enjoy the surroundings.

The reception room, in the principal building, is adorned by full-length portraits of Generals Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and other leaders, the expensive work of local artists.

A Confederate museum of curiosities is carefully preserved, while books in glass cases line one end of the long room.

To the left of the building is a row of eight two-story cottages, in Queen Anne style, donated by patriotic sons of Virginia, two by Northern admirers, and another by Miss Smith, daughter of Governor Smith, who built this, and also placed in the chapel a stained glass memorial window, in memory of her only brother, who was killed in battle.

The little chapel stands beyond the row of cottages, near the main road. Each stained glass window, altar railing, pulpit, seat, etc., is a memorial offering of some one serving in the Confederate cause. Each denomination holds services here alternately, every Sabbath afternoon.

Along the walks, and in front of each cottage, are plots and rows of ever-blooming roses, geraniums, and other attractive plants. These are cared for by the old soldiers, who find this light employment pleasing, giving them exercise and out-door work.

The institution is upon an independent basis. The city developing in that direction, lots have been sold from the extensive grounds, and a large sum realized. This, together with a liberal yearly appropriation from the State legislature, has placed the Soldiers Home forever beyond want. Thus the dead and the living both share the tenderest care from a cultivated, appreciative people, and heaven's choicest blessings will rest as a benediction over each doubly-consecrated life.

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## PRAYER OF THE SOUTH.

FATHER RYAN.

My heart is filled with anguish, deep and vast,
  My hopes are buried with my children's dust,
My joys have fled, my tears are flowing fast.
  In whom, save Thee, our Father, shall we trust?

to mark their place of slumber, their lovely beds attesting to the continued care they receive.

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My heart is filled with anguish, deep and vast,
  My hopes are buried with my children's dust,
My joys have fled, my tears are flowing fast.
  In whom, save Thee, our Father, shall we trust?

Pity me, Father, for His holy sake
  Whose broken heart bled at the feet of grief,
That hearts of earth, whenever they shall break,
  Might go to His, and find a sure relief.

Girdled with gloom, of all my brightness shorn,
  And garmented with grief, I kiss Thy rod,
And turn my face, with tears all wet and worn,
  To catch one smile of pity from my God.
Around me blight, where all before was bloom,
  And so much lost, alas! and nothing won
Save this—that I can lean on wreck and tomb
  And weep, and weeping pray, Thy will be done.

My children, Father, Thy forgiveness need;
  Alas, their hearts have only place for tears!
Forgive them, Father, ev'ry wrongful deed,
  And every sin of these four bloody years;
And give them strength to bear their boundless loss,
  And from their hearts take every thought of hate;
And while they climb their Calvary with their Cross,
  Oh! help them, Father, to endure its weight.

And for my dead, my Father, may I pray?
  Ah! sighs may soothe, but prayer will soothe me more.
I keep eternal watch above their clay;
  Oh! rest their souls, my Father, I implore!
Forgive my foes—they know not what they do—
  Forgive them all the tears they made me shed;
Forgive them, though my noblest sons they slew,
  And bless them, though they curse my poor, dear dead.

Oh! may my woes be each a carrier-dove,
  With swift, white wings, that bathing in my tears,
Will bear Thee, Father, all my prayers of love,
  And bring me peace in all my doubts and fears.
Father, I kneel, 'mid ruin, wreck and grave—
  A desert waste, where all was erst so fair—
And for my children and my foes I crave
  Pity and pardon. Father, hear my prayer.

[THE END.]